Collier's

FEBRUARY 14, 1948

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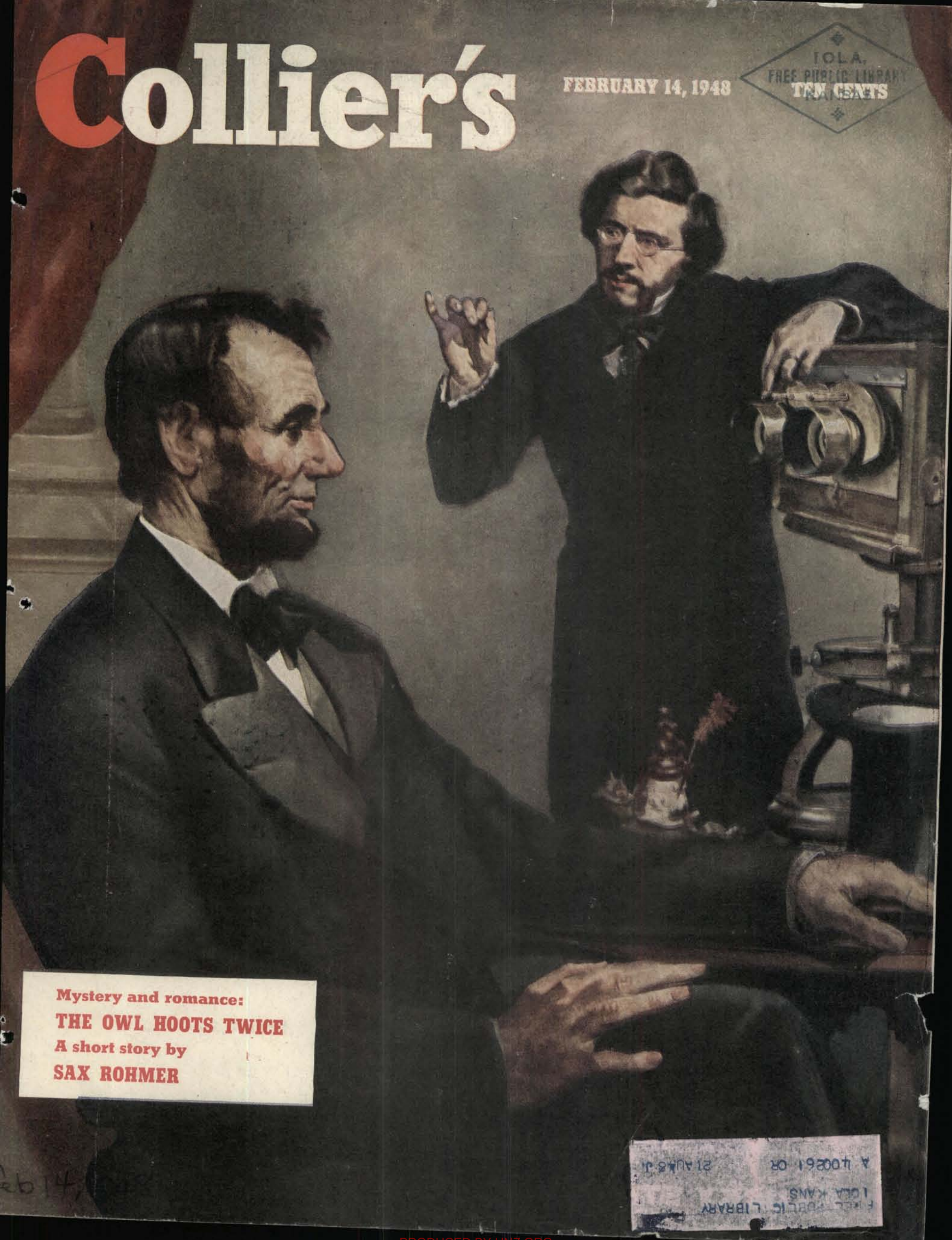

Mystery and romance:
THE OWL HOOTS TWICE
A short story by
SAX ROHMER

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Of Topmost Choice

Of Topmost Choice

There is a mellow glow in the amber depths of OLD TAYLOR and a rich bouquet that plainly indicates the bluegrass heritage of this fine, bonded bourbon. But it is only when OLD TAYLOR passes your lips that you realize why this proud product of old Kentucky is the *topmost choice* of those who know, and love, good bourbon.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

100 Proof

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y.

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June Cotey's smile wins a career in the clouds —

THE SMILE THAT WINS IS THE PEPSODENT SMILE!

June Cotey, Airline Stewardess, flies the exciting New York-to-Chicago run for American Airlines. It's a dream come true for Chicago-born June. For she set her heart on flying when she was a student at Chicago's Austin High. After leaving De Paul University, June joined the Airlines as a reservation clerk . . . progressed rapidly to receptionist in the personnel section — and there she won her "wings." Now passengers often comment on June's winning smile. "It's a Pepsodent smile," June says, "I like the taste of Pepsodent Tooth Paste—and it really keeps my teeth bright. You know, a bright smile is part of my job!"

WINS 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with June Cotey. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, and making teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

Do YOU have a winning smile? If Pepsodent has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. If used in our advertising you will receive regular professional model fees.

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THREE DARING DAUGHTERS"

Starring

JEANETTE MacDONALD · JOSE ITURBI

JANE POWELL

with Edward ARNOLD · Harry DAVENPORT

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by ALBERT MANNHEIMER, FREDERICK KOHNER, SONYA LEVIEN, JOHN MEEHAN

Directed by.....FRED M. WILCOX
Produced by.....JOE PASTERNAK

If one picture is worth a thousand words, M-G-M's new Technicolor motion picture, "Three Daring Daughters" is worth a thousand eloquent adjectives that run the gamut from Applaudable to Zestful.

"Three Daring Daughters" is a *B*eautiful job, with a *C*aptivating romance, *D*elightful comedy, *E*nchanting music, with *F*ascinating Jeanette MacDonald, *G*enius Jose Iturbi, *H*eavenly Technicolor—well, you get the idea. And you'll want to add your own enthusiastic adjectives when you've seen the picture. "Three Daring Daughters" is the latest of the fabulous M-G-M musical romances.

Jeanette MacDonald is gracious; her voice at its most thrilling. You'll welcome her back to the screen. Jose Iturbi, whose electrifying pianism scored in "Holiday In Mexico", does it again—and this time he plays a romantic role you won't forget. And teen-ager Jane Powell sings and acts with Jeanette and Jose to round out a talented threesome.

You've probably guessed that Jane Powell is one of the "Three Daring Daughters". Her small fry sisters are played by Ann Todd of "The Yearling" and appealing little Mary Eleanor Donahue. When these three start to break up their mother's second honeymoon, you laugh loud and long. Edward Arnold and Harry Davenport add to the gay proceedings.

For making "Three Daring Daughters" a triple treat of music, romance, humor, we offer three bravos to Director Fred Wilcox, and famous Producer Joe Pasternak, M-G-M's man with the magic touch in musicals.

Twelve musical numbers are rendered by real voices in this film. Perhaps the most hummable and one for the airwaves is "The Dickey Bird Song" with lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Sammy Fain.

With so many gifted godfathers, "Three Daring Daughters" can reasonably anticipate a very happy and successful future!

COLLIER'S

February 14, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FALLEN STAR OF TEXAS

DEAR SIRS: So Texas is going to secede (The Week's Mail, Jan. 24th) because Doak Walker of SMU didn't make Collier's All-America? So SMU could beat Collier's All-America playing on one arm and one leg? Well, what happened to the great Walker playing those damyankees, Penn State, in the Cotton Bowl game? The score was 13-13. Maybe Walker (and SMU) should have used both legs and arms. GUS SHAY, East Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Walker will be lucky to make the second team in '49 . . .
JOHN KELLY, Philadelphia, Pa.

DAMYANKEE LIE!

DEAR SIR: Your article about Biloxi, Mississippi (Salt Water, Salubrity and Sin, Jan. 3d), was very interesting and correct except for one glaring error. It's a low-down, dirty Yankee lie, an insult to the greatest of all Rebel cities—our beautiful lighthouse was never painted black out of mourning for Abe Lincoln! The light was painted to protect it from the salt spray, and any color would have done the job, black was just all to be found. I hope my children don't get hold of this piece of Yankee propaganda, it would ruin their knowledge of history. CARL SHORT, Biloxi, Miss.

SOUTH OF JUSTICE

GENTLEMEN: Anent Adventure in the South (Dec. 27th). I am a born Southerner, and still fighting the Civil War, although only 60 years of age—and I do it just because you damyankees keep trying to be just as insulting as possible toward the South, while at the same time you allow and condone conditions in the North that are even worse. Why don't you ever say anything at all about Harlem, for instance, and the undenied segregation there; or about the various sorts of injustices practiced against racial minorities other than Negroes in the North; the slums that other races have to live in; the fact that most of you high-hats wouldn't invite those of uncouth customs and manners to your own ultranice homes and social functions?
GAY MORRISON, Malvern, Ark.

INSURE THE EARTH

DEAR SIR: Mr. Smitter's We Are Plowing A New Dust Bowl (Dec. 27th) is a worthwhile contribution to national understanding of a grave problem—the conservation

(Continued on page 49)

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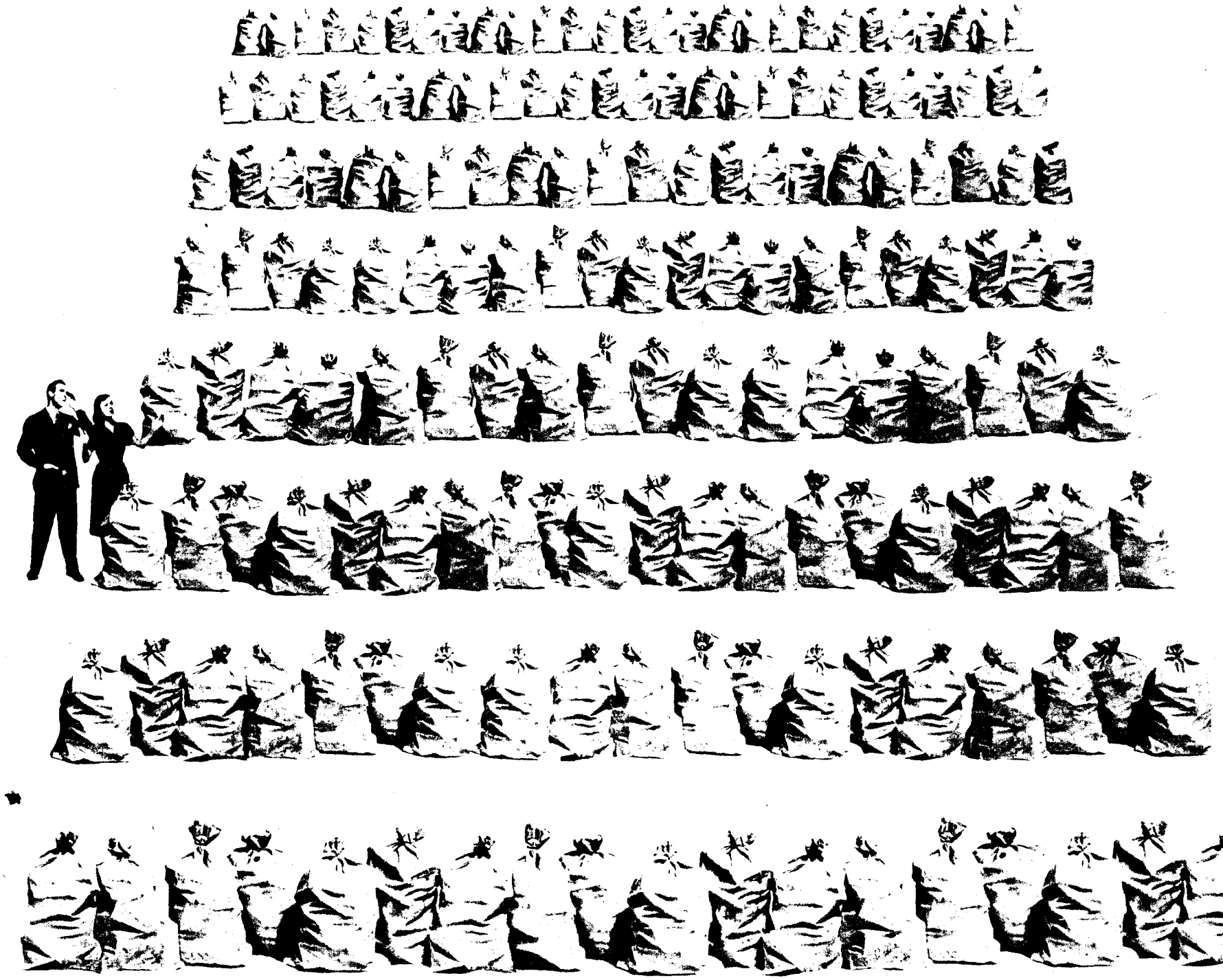

$1,700,000,000 from investors for new telephone facilities in the last two years

THERE are one hundred and seventy bags in this picture. Suppose each bag contained ten million dollars.

That would make $1,700,000,000 — the amount that investors have furnished for the expansion and improvement of your telephone service in the last two years. Further substantial amounts are being invested this year.

Investors put their money in the telephone business in the hope of security and a reasonable return. Every telephone user shares the benefits in more and better telephone service.

In the Bell System, the term investors means hundreds of thousands of small investors in every walk of life and in every section of the country — men and women just like yourself. The telephone business has been built by the savings of the many rather than the wealth of the few.

The large sums that have been put into new facilities in the last two years alone give you some idea of the cost of providing and improving telephone service. The instrument in your home and the few wires you see are only a small part of the $257 investment behind every telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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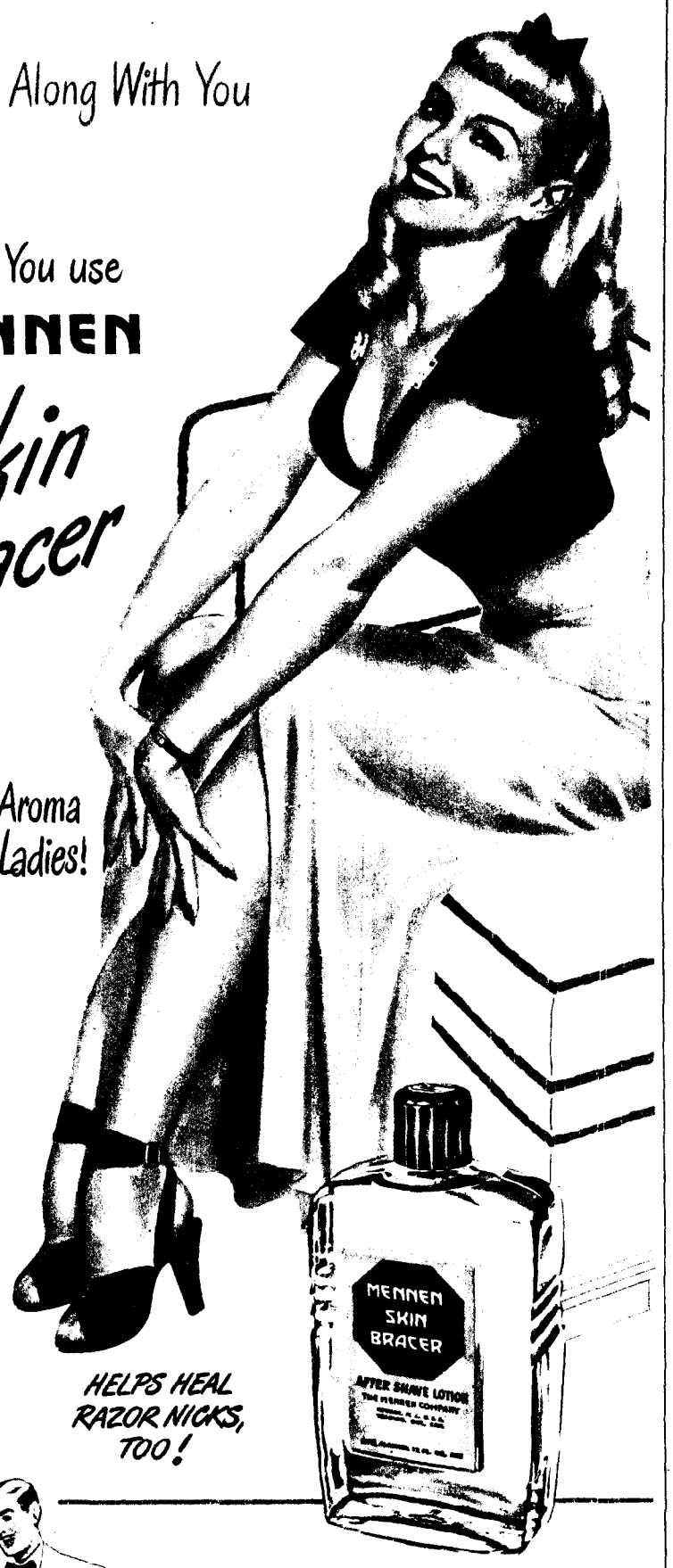
I'll Go Along With You

'cause You use
MENNEN
skin bracer

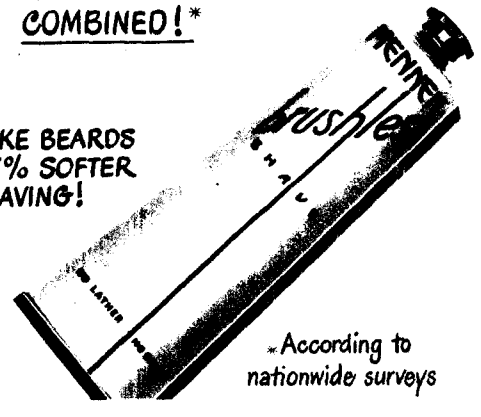
Its He-Man Aroma
"WOWS" the Ladies!



HELPS HEAL
RAZOR NICKS,
TOO!

MORE DOCTORS
Who Specialize in Skin Care
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS
THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS
COMBINED!*

HELPS MAKE BEARDS
UP TO 47% SOFTER
FOR SHAVING!



*According to
nationwide surveys

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A classic example of a multiple personality was that of Christine Beauchamp, who, in Boston in 1898 at the age of twenty-three, was found to have developed three extra personalities which had virtually supplanted her real one. These acquired personalities had their own temperaments, habits and attitudes; and they would successively take control of the young lady from an hour to several days at a time. Under one, she was sickly, retiring and prudish; under another, she was energetic, childish, gay and friendly; and under the third, she was vain, bold, sophisticated and had many male friends. After Miss B. had been treated by a specialist for seven years, the three personalities disappeared, her own natural self returned and, thereafter, she lived a normal life.

In a motorbus accident in Japan in 1934, the seven passengers, all men, saved their lives in one of the most incredible escapes on record. While rounding a mountain road, the bus skidded, went over a cliff and crashed several hundred feet below, killing the driver. Halfway down the mountain, however, the vehicle had bumped into a lone tree which checked its fall for an instant. During these few seconds, the men made a mass flying leap from the windows of the bus to the branches of the tree. Their amazing agility and timing were accounted for, in part, by the fact that they were aerialists, performing together in a trapeze act of a circus.

Because of its misleading name, the "black panther" is believed by most people to be a distinct species of the cat family such as the lion and tiger. Actually, the animal is a common leopard that happened to be born black instead of brightly spotted like its brothers and sisters.

A popular fallacy, even in England, is that London's Big Ben is a clock; actually, it is the name of the *bell* in the *Westminster Clock.*

An analysis of the stillbirths and live births registered in the United States between 1940 and 1944 discloses that some unknown factor has a protective effect on second pregnancies. In other words, the figures show that the chances of a second child being born alive to a mother at any age outnumber the chances of her first, third and later children.

Among the scores of exhibits that visitors are invited to operate in Philadelphia's Franklin Institute Museum, few surpass in interest a real Baldwin locomotive. While powered by an electric motor, the giant has "steam-engine controls" with which it can be moved forward or backed up on its track for a distance of 20 feet.

Although made nearly a decade ago, the official world's airplane record for altitude is still the 56,046 feet reached by Colonel Mario Pezzi in a Caproni machine over Montecelio, Italy, on October 22, 1938.

One of the longest and toughest automobile road races on record was Argentina's Gran Premio Internacional which ended in Buenos Aires on November 30, 1947. As the course was 3,315 miles over some of the roughest roads in the Andes at altitudes up to 15,000 feet, the race was run in six sections and the completion of each was followed by a rest period. Of the 99 starters, 25 finished, the winner being Oscar Galvez, who covered the six sections in 55 hours and six minutes and received prizes amounting to $70,000.—*By Luis Ferruggiaro, Buenos Aires, Argentina.*

During the 159-year history of the United States, 27 special sessions of Congress have been called, or an average of one every six years.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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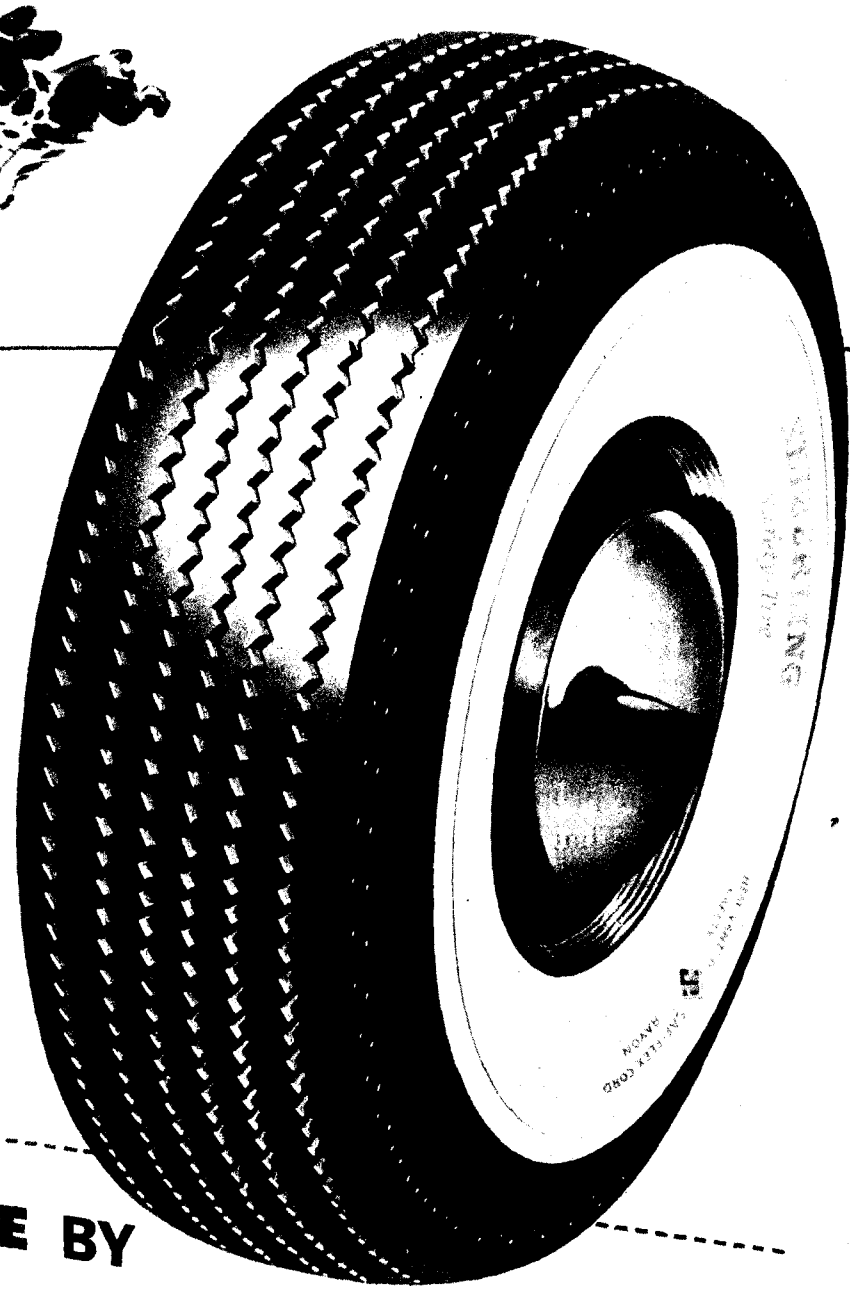
SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT

DANGEROUS: *Two on a* bicycle built for *one* make it hard to balance, to pedal and to steer! National Safety Council records show that 12% of the children killed in traffic in 1946 were riding bicycles, and many accidents were caused by double riding. Teach children to *play safe!*



SAFE: Four of Seiberling's new postwar SAFETY TIRES on your car is the *safe* way to drive, because only they give you the extra protection of . . .

SAW TOOTH TREAD that grips the road, wet or dry . . .

RAYON SAF-FLEX CORD that resists bruises and blowouts . . .

EXCLUSIVE HEAT-VENTS that protect against internal heat, Number One enemy of tire safety!

For your present car—and your next new one—*the Safety Tire is your best investment.*

THE SAFETY TIRE BY

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A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

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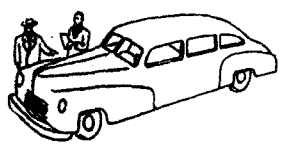
Looking for a way to STOP

. . . have your brakes checked at your local United Motors Service station



There's no mystery about safe, sure stops. Your brakes will "respond to a toe-touch"—instantly, smoothly, positively—through proper adjustments and *original-equipment parts*. That's what your United Motors Service station offers, so why not drive in today for safer tomorrows? You'll like the personal attention you get at the sign of United Motors. Wherever you drive, that sign means friendly service with the finest parts.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

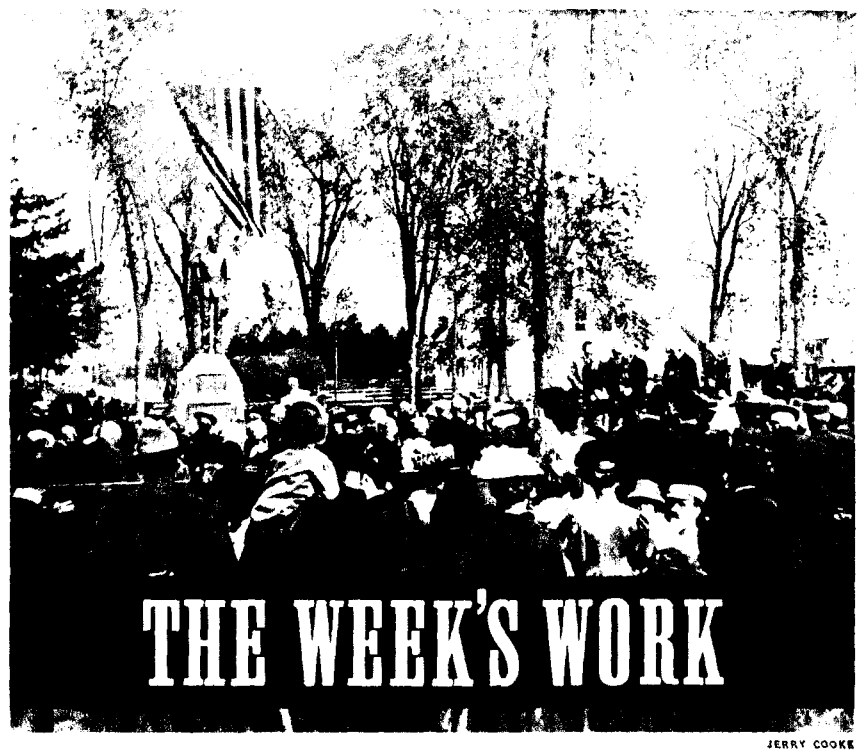
Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



JERRY COOKE

Dedication ceremony in 1911: Brownfield Civil War Memorial Statue

WHILE Corey Ford was helping fight the terrible New England forest fire that threatened to wipe out his home town of Freedom, New Hampshire, the same flames were striking the century-old neighboring Maine village of Brownfield, some 20 miles from Freedom on the opposite side of the mountain. As soon as Freedom was safe Ford drove through the charred woodlands to see what had happened to Brownfield. Brownfield was a ghost village; only the Civil War monument in the village square stood intact amid the wasteland of dead elms and yawning cellar holes.

That night when Ford got home, he wrote to Mr. Davenport, giving a description of what he had seen. Wrote Ford: "This isn't an article, because it's written like a story; and it isn't fiction, because every word is true. It's a Short Short Something."

Mr. Davenport figured out that, whatever it was, Ford's vignette was slightly terrific, and Photographer Cooke was flown to Maine immediately to take the picture which illustrates the piece: probably the first time a Short Short Story has been nonfictional, and so illustrated. And so The Statue, on p. 62, came about.

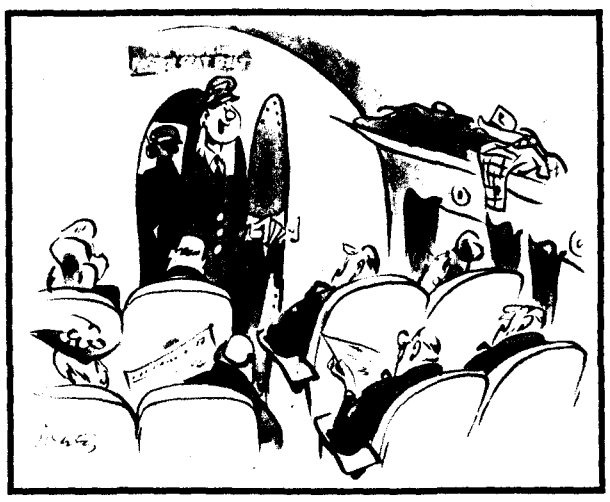
THIS week, Collier's concludes the exclusive saga of Cliff Evans and George Truman, Around the World With the Flivver Fliers (p. 28). In a way, Collier's provided a flight talisman for the boys. For when they fluttered into Tokyo, a G.I. handed them a clipping. It was from Collier's, the George Lichty cartoon below, captioned: "We're still lost, but we're making very good time!"

It bucked them up considerably. The gag, incidentally, came from the fertile brain of Buddy Blattner, of the New York Giants, who sold it to Collier's, who farmed it to Lichty.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR (Flag of Truce, p. 14), although considered pretty by his wife and eight-months-old son, is not kin to the Glamor Boy Anti-Red of Hollywood who bears a similar name. In fact, he's only twenty-six, from Carbondale, Illinois, an Illini grad, and once he worked on the weekly in his home town. Retiring from this job (he says to the relief of the community), he went to Tahiti to live and work. Going broke, he made his way back to the city room of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, after which he got on the staff of the New Yorker magazine.

This week's cover: Watch the Birdie, Mr. President! C. C. Beall, who is a Lincoln fan, depicts the President in a typically Lincolnesque pose at Mathew B. Brady's studio in Washington. That's Mr. Brady hovering over his stereoscopic camera, while three assistants, unseen in the painting, snap Mr. Lincoln from different angles.

Beall, who painted the shirt-sleeved Lincoln working on his Gettysburg Address, for Collier's in '44, said he learned that, rugged rail splitter though he was, Lincoln had unusually small, sensitive hands and a fine-shaped small head. In painting, Beall used a bronze of the Volk life mask of the Lincoln face, and life photographs of Lincoln and Brady from the collection of F. H. Meserve, of New York, leading Lincoln authority. . . . TED SHANE



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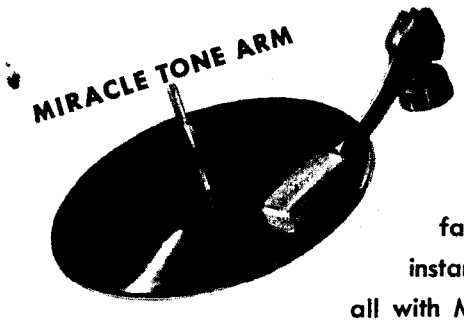
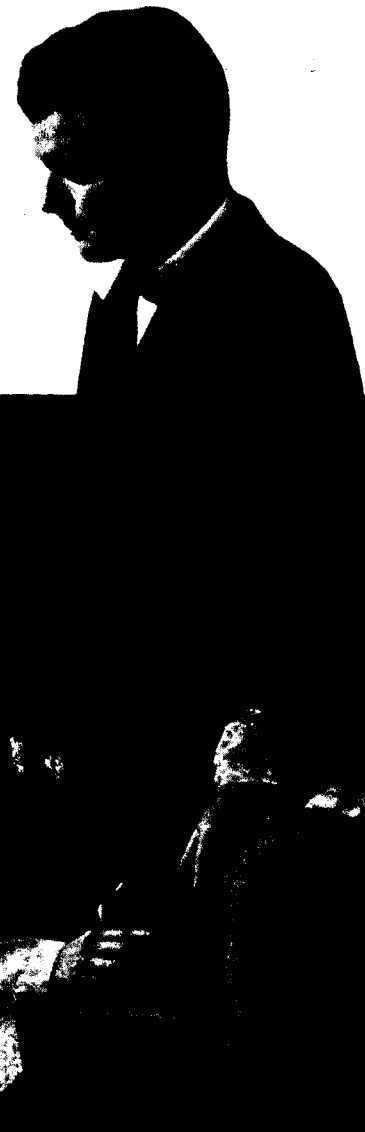
The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING

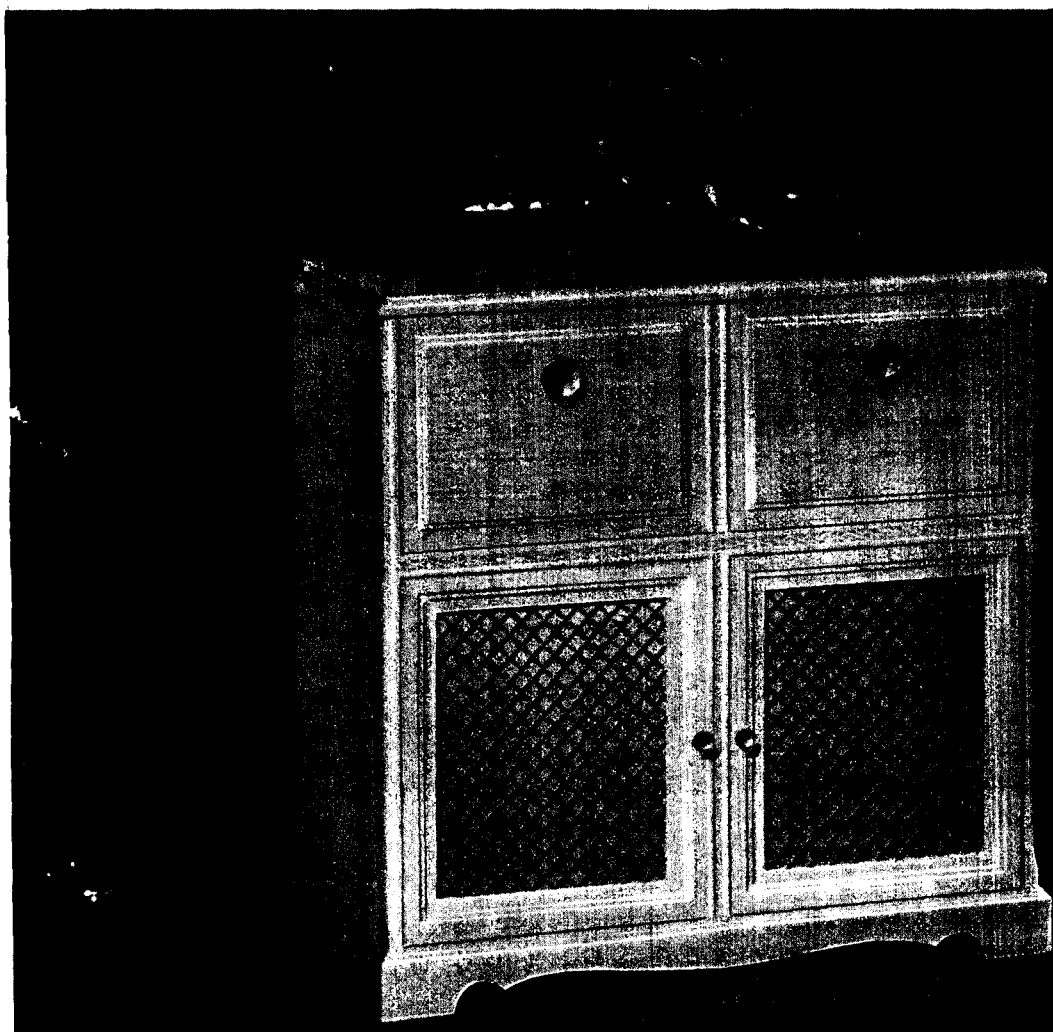
since the invention of the phonograph



It's the Miracle tone arm . . . bringing a new high in record listening pleasure. This remarkable electronic invention uses no coil, crystal, filament or special tubes . . . bans needle scratch, "talk-back" and other surface noise. Bass tones are richer, fuller . . . treble tones vividly brilliant. And for static-free radio listening, you'll thrill to Admiral's famous "ratio-detector" FM . . . an engineering triumph that provides positive, instantaneous tuning and silences between-station noises. Four popular models . . . all with Miracle tone arm . . . are illustrated below. Prices quoted are for walnut cabinet . . . also available in exquisite mahogany or blonde at slightly higher prices. See! Hear! Compare! . . . and you'll choose an Admiral.

America's Smart Set





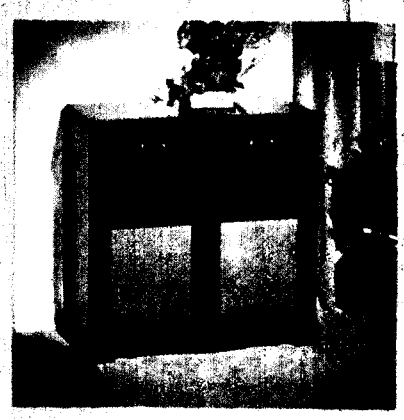
Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Model 64. Admiral FM-AM Radio-Phonograph in brilliant period cabinet. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Plays up to 12 records automatically. Static-free FM-AM superhet radio. Beautiful lighted Lucite dial. A possession you'll treasure for years. $249.95

All prices slightly higher in west and south

Model 60. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A smartly styled console at table model price. Slide-rule dial with 4 knob control. Storage space for 108 records in albums. Walnut cabinet (less grille). $99.95



Model 65. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A sensational value in an exquisite cabinet. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Powerful AC superhet radio. Beautiful "picture-frame" dial. $169.95

Model 73. The finest in furniture styling and beautiful music. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Tilt-tuning pull-out dial. Static-free FM radio. Compartment for 144 records in albums. $299.95

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Why great-aunt Emily always looked at the woodpile

After 30 years of marriage to a charming but somewhat shiftless husband, my Great-Aunt Emily's respect for a good provider knew no bounds.

Whenever Aunt Emily called on a neighbor, she always managed to steal a sharp look at the woodpile.

A big woodpile neatly sawed and stacked conveniently close to the kitchen door won the old lady's warm approval. She decided that here the man of the house was a good provider who showed real consideration for his wife and family.

It's perhaps a blessing that the oil burner and the electric stove have made it harder for the Aunt Emily's of today to pass judgment on their neighbors.

The woodpile of today's good provider is a figurative one that can't be measured by every visiting neighbor. It is called life insurance.

With life insurance, a man can guard his family against winters of want in case anything ever happens to him. With life insurance, he can educate his children and pay off his mortgage.

It all depends upon how big his woodpile of life insurance is and how carefully the wood is sawed.

And even a man in modest circumstances can have a pretty respectable woodpile if he takes advantage of a special plan* offered by The Travelers. Ask your Travelers agent about it.

**Travelers Triple Protection.* Pays *three times* the face value of the policy during the first 20 years the policy is in force (that's when a married man with children needs the most protection).

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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I was settling down again when I saw a faint light shining through a cranny in the wall. Someone holding a flashlight was coming toward the barn

THE OWL

BY SAX ROHMER

The famous creator of the infamous Fu Manchu writes a different kind of story —a tale of murder and mystery to hold you in suspense and keep you guessing

IT WAS dark when I got back to the barn. There was no one in Quarry Lane as I climbed over the stile, and the night was still and humid. Except for the people who had a week-end cottage at the top, practically nobody came along at this season.

Using the light sparingly, I made a careful search of the barn's ground floor before I ventured in. It was empty.

The bread and cheese and pickled onions I had eaten at the Forester Arms had satisfied my appetite. The ale was pretty weak—but we had got used to weak ale in England since the war. I felt sleepy. Perhaps that quart had been a mistake. But, God knows, I had needed it.

Back up in the loft I felt safe again. There were plenty of spy holes and I didn't think it likely I should be taken by surprise. I sleep lightly, and wake like a weasel at the faintest stirring.

As I lay down on my tramp's bed I thought about Mary Maguire, wondering if she suspected me.

I closed my eyes, and studied the mental picture. Old Bill Maguire, landlord of the Forester, came into it, but right in the foreground stood his daughter. Mary Maguire, with her high cheekbones and wide-spaced blue eyes, hardly conformed to the standard concept of a pretty girl—but she had a remarkable figure, and the eager friendliness of her smile made her seem beautiful. I wondered about her.

The Celts are unpredictable, in my experience—and I knew that Superintendent Stopes of the local police used the Forester. I had left by one door that evening as he had come in at another. And those wide-spaced eyes of Mary's could see a long way.

I wondered.

Just as I was dozing off, an unearthly yell jerked me from half dreams, and I sat up, tensely alert. The next moment I knew it was the big

(Continued on page 76)

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...AN POWER

BY WADE H. NICHOLS AND IKE VERN

The General Federation of Women's Clubs is a fearless fighter on the national scene but its strength is still impaired by a weak constitution. If its leaders achieve the solidarity they seek, this man's world will have something besides the atom bomb to worry about

THE level of sound in the clubroom is only a decibel short of complete disorder. Mrs. Arthur D. Thomas, presiding, is pleased. It's a lively meeting. Not bothering to quiet the others, the chair recognizes one of the nine young women whose hands are raised.

"Yes, Margaret?"

Margaret Bowers is a clubwoman. She is also the sort who might play tennis without being awkward in the forecourt backhand. She is thirty-two. Her tailored suit looks new, without having the New Look.

"I was shocked," Margaret Bowers says, "when I heard that the national convention had turned down that resolution on displaced persons. I wouldn't see any point in the federation if it felt that way!"

The indignant Miss Bowers is attending a board meeting of the Ginter Park Junior Women's Club of Richmond, Virginia. She is talking in, as and to a minuscule portion of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. What she has to say may not be world-shaking, but when she says it she is helping to shape the whole federation's policy. And *that* gives her words a carrying power which may reach into a lot of places—the halls of Congress, the grain-trading pits at Chicago and even the curtained booth at your own polling place.

Her ideas on displaced persons are in order. Betty Thomas, the club's president, has been reporting on last summer's federation convention, to which she was a delegate. Miss Bowers thinks the delegates did the right thing when they reversed an early vote and went on record favoring the Stratton bill, which would admit to the U.S. "a fair share" of Europe's displaced persons under existing unfilled immigration quotas.

There are 22 other women in the room. Their ages range from eighteen to thirty-three. Thirteen have husbands who were in service. All except

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two or three have something to say about this bill. At least half know where they stand.

Their arguments parallel the convention's. Some think that any influx of foreigners would aggravate this country's housing problem; others, that new productive workers would help us overcome shortages. One complains that the women "acted just like women—changing their minds"; but another retorts that intelligent people *do* change their minds when they learn new facts. The majority, in the end, decides that the measure before Congress represents a responsibility which the country must not shirk.

This club, mirroring the views of its parent organization, is one of some 17,000 affiliated, directly or indirectly, with the General Federation. Its members are among the 3,000,000 women whose lives and thinking the GFWC claims to "touch."

Not Discouraged by Ridicule

Clubs like this are busily trying to bring off what they consider a social revolution. Because of outsiders' long-standing apathy, they may do exactly that. Nonmembers have been saying for years that women's clubs represent "organized futility." Cartoonists have built lifetime careers kidding them. The clubs have been ignored, chided, rebuked and ridiculed.

Part of the trouble grows out of a misunderstanding. The General Federation now looms so large in the women's-club movement that it is frequently mistaken for the whole thing. It isn't, but it is often blamed anyway for the faults of its sisters. There are several national organizations of women's clubs. Most of these are quite unrelated to the General Federation, which does number among its millions the memberships of several national groups on which it exerts top-level influence.

Local clubs can be related to the General Federation in a number of ways. Among those which properly call themselves "federated," a good many are part of affiliated city or county federations, but have no direct relationship to the national organization. In most cases, if a club belongs to a state federation, it is automatically a member of the General Federation. But this is not necessarily so in all states.

The federation's "touch" is often a light one. About 650,000 women pay dues of 15 cents a year; the other "members" pay nothing. The latter belong to subordinate affiliated federations or to allied national organizations. The federation's asserted influence on them is well backed up by its indirect membership. Clubwomen twice removed from the federation say flatly they are "terribly federation-minded." Three million women sincerely regard it as an influence in their lives.

The General Federation represents itself as having a special kind of two-sided character. It is a philanthropic and social-service group, with all kinds of culture thrown in. But at the same time it claims to be a force in politics at every level, from municipal government to international relations.

It's hard to avoid being curious, first, about the federation's political impact. There is no doubt that it is making noises like a pressure group. Its president and legislative chairman are registered with Congress as lobbyists. It is urging economies here and new appropriations there. It is playing in the big time.

Nearly all of its policies are based on resolutions passed at conventions. An accepted resolution stands as policy for six years unless revised or repealed in the meantime. At present the federation has 86 active policies.

Like most organizations, it has its

(Continued on page 30)

Members of Ginter Park club's legislation committee discuss teachers' pay with Governor Tuck, who helped with raises in 1947 but opposes more increases

Musical programs are more popular than lectures at meetings of the Ginter Park Women's Club in Richmond, Va. At left, students from the Richmond Professional Institute play for the members. Below, teen-agers dance in the rumpus room maintained for them by the club in the Ginter Community Building

A summer day camp for Richmond's underprivileged children is a project of Ginter Park Junior Women's Club. Above, Dr. Fleming Gill examines youngsters who will attend camp. Below, Mrs. J. L. Blair Buck, president of the GFWC (wearing fur cape), who is registered with Congress as an unpaid lobbyist

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FLAG OF TRUCE

BY ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

You think you had a tough war! Look what Henry went through!

TWENTY-FOUR hours," said Mary to herself, "and this marriage of mine should be over." Sitting down to light a cigarette, she wondered how life would be without Henry; wrapped in a light swirl of smoke she thought of their interrupted career. "A birthday party is a *stinking* time to quit," she said argumentatively, but since the apartment was empty, save for herself, nobody denied it.

Before the war, she reflected, things had been different. In a modest way, Henry's star had glowed with promise. As a junior editor for the biggest publishing house in New York, he had shown a valuable flair for working with authors of a comical turn of mind. For example, the whole office recognized that he, and he alone, could mollify J. Biggsworth Stokes, the humorous essayist, when it became necessary to keep down a word count. Once, a liquid luncheon at 21 and an exhausting afternoon of roaring with the appreciation that only Henry could stimulate, had led to a few apologetic cuts in the text, and had prevented Stokes from stalking over to Scribner's with Horse and Buggy Plumber. The book had sold 396,000 copies, was described by Time as "zany, reminiscent of late, great Twain," and was snapped up by RKO, emerging, curiously enough, as a Western.

"Henry was wonderful," said Mary to the walls, "*before* the war." They had lived together for two years, then. And in August of 1942, Henry had gone off to fight. He had done it, she remembered, in high good humor. At a farewell party the office had given him, he had appeared in a painfully new white uniform, with rolled-up cuffs and a sword that an enterprising salesman had assured him was regulation equipment. Around midnight, having attained a distinguished edge on company Martinis, he was conveyed to the station while coining military sentiments like "Out of the trenches by Christmas," "Fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer," and "Hooray for the torpedoes!" Henry had even started a funny book of his own, in those days.

He had gone to a Navy indoctrination school, verified his commission, and then, at almost no notice, been shipped to the Pacific. Mary never knew quite where. "I wish I could tell you," he said in his early letters, "but it's against the security regulations." She knew only that Henry was not aboard ships, except for short hops from base to base, but she gathered that he had something to do with airplanes. While the weeks passed, with almost maddening slowness at first, she strengthened her will by imagining how terrible it must be for Henry. Never once did she have a date or do anything that Henry would have disapproved, but there were times when she felt a strong need for him. At the end of two years—two very long years—he was given a furlough, and she flew to the West Coast to meet him. Their two weeks at the Hopkins in San Francisco were marked by a bleak, moody detachment on Henry's part. He had changed; at times he was irritable and snapped at her for no reason at all. They were both miserable. Their leave-taking, when he boarded the big Navy amphibian, was hopelessly strained, almost wordless.

Mary knew she couldn't sit waiting any longer, and turning to her father she said, "Wasn't that the goose you ate in the shell hole with General Pershing, Pop?"

Henry had been out nearly a year now, Mary thought. "And what a *lovely* year," she added aloud. She could not remember one really happy week. His irritation had increased, his detachment broadened. The war had done something furtive and horrible to Henry. His sensitivity about his experiences transcended all the clichés she had ever heard on the subject. Since his return, he had never divulged, spontaneously or under questioning, any details of his military life. With one exception—when Mary found a ribbon in his jacket pocket and asked him what it was, he replied, in a surly and muffled tone, "Legion of Merit," but when she asked what it meant, he had whirled around and snapped, "Please shut up, will you? Leave me alone. I don't want to discuss that or any part of it—ever, do you understand? Drop it, for good!" His work, too, had suffered; he was even irritable with his colleagues, and on one awful occasion he had been unmistakably sharp with J. Biggsworth Stokes.

HENRY had been out almost a year, and now, tomorrow, came his birthday, a traditionally festive occasion, with her father and mother turning up for a turkey dinner, with cranberry sauce. The thought was so unbearable that Mary got up and, with a guilty look around, poured herself a small glass of sherry. Four or five sips made her feel warm and comfortable, but her mental clarity was unaffected. "Tomorrow ought to do it," she said, and lighted another cigarette. Of all the known bores on the subject of the first World War, she mused, my father Fred, after two drinks, is out in front of the pack by at least four laps. It was funny. Sober, he never seemed to mention it, but bring on a celebration like a birthday dinner and . . .

The prospect was too dismal to contemplate; she decided to take a nap and forget it.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HANK!"

Oh, swell, she thought, the perfect beginning. Hank. Just like that, and if there was one name Henry couldn't stand . . . .

"Mother, Dad." She kissed them wanly. "Has he?" she said to her mother, nodding toward Fred, who, in taking off his topcoat, was unsuccessfully trying to pull a bottle covered with white tissue through one coat sleeve.

"I'm afraid so, dear."

"One?"

"Two before we left home and one at the club, I believe."

"Hank," cried Fred, who had somehow got out of the coat with the bottle intact, "a little present, my boy. Prewar, and I don't mean the late war—I mean the *war*, if you know what I mean."

Looking drawn and tense, Henry mumbled an indistinct thanks, and took the present into the kitchen, followed by his father-in-law. The pleasant smell of roasting turkey filled the room, reminding Fred, it appeared, of a time in that dark season of '17, when he and a buck sergeant named Pokey Edwards stole a goose from a French barnyard and cooked it in a culvert.

"Hank!" he cried, with a comradely whack on the shoulder that joggled Scotch from the newly opened bottle, "wish you could have seen that *goose!* Not just skinny, you know. Not just a *skinny* goose. There wasn't any more damn' meat on that goose—"

His daughter's voice, calling from the living room, interrupted him.

He thrust his shiny red face, aglow with the carnival spirit, through the doorway. "Was telling Hank," he said, "was telling Hank about old Pokey Edwards and that goose we grabbed off in '17. There wasn't any more damn' meat on that goose—"

"Come on in here, Fred," said his wife. "Let Henry fix a drink. You'd like a nice drink, wouldn't you? Then we'll all sing Over There. And you can march. We're going to let you march with an umbrella, Fred."

He looked dubious for a moment, then came in and sat down with a determined show of sedateness. Watching him, Mary wondered if the shell hole at Château-Thierry or the visit from General Pershing was coming next, and she thought that either one would probably do the trick. When Henry joined them, holding the shaker in a grip so tight his knuckles showed white, she felt a little faint; then she saw her father preparing a sentence, and perversely her strength returned.

"There wasn't much doing at the club," he said, looking at them righteously.

Suddenly there was an overpowering reaction, a vast and compelling urge to laugh, and she knew that she couldn't sit waiting any longer. It's hopeless anyhow, she told herself, and to her father she said, "Wasn't that the goose you ate in the shell hole with General Pershing, Pop?"

Henry stiffened, beside her on the sofa, and only then did she feel sad. It was a shame; it *had* been fun, before the war.

"Funny your mentioning that," said Fred, getting up, "though I don't mean to infer—imply?—infer that I ever ate a goose with General Pershing, *nor* in any shell hole. We weren't in the same—mean to say we were in different—"

"Echelons?" said Henry.

Fred snapped his fingers. "We weren't in the same echelons, neither one of us."

"This is certainly a fascinating narrative," said Mary's mother. "What happened next?"

"Well, we were in this shell hole, say eight, make it nine feet across, and in the meantime the attack, *our* attack, if you get the picture, went on back, repulsed, and there we were—*right out in the middle of no man's land!*"

"Why did you get in a shell hole, Fred? Aren't they awful muddy? It seems silly, all those grown men crawling down in a hole like that."

"It was an *attack*. We were taking cover."

"It was dark, as I remember," Mary suggested.

"Pitch dark. But we got up—six of us, not counting the lieutenant, who was dead, and—"

"He didn't join you, then?" asked his wife.

"Who didn't?"

"The lieutenant."

"I just said he was *dead*, for God's sake!"

"Go on."

"And we hadn't got more than fifteen yards out, crawling on our bellies—"

"Only way to travel in the Army, I hear," said Mary, trying to keep from glancing in her husband's direction.

"Look here," said her father, "*do* you or *don't* you want to hear this?"

"But we *do*," cried his wife.

"Well, give me a chance, then. So we hadn't got more than fifteen yards out when they cut loose with a bunch of Very lights. *(Continued on page 61)*

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CITY TO ORDER

BY

HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

On the rolling hills south of Chicago a city for 30,000 people is being built in one operation. Its creators, the American Community Builders, have taken all the essentials for an ideal community and are piecing them together like a jigsaw puzzle

Carroll F. Sweet, Sr., ex-banker, dreamed of a town for vets, then finagled to get the men who could build the "dream city"

America's first "planned" postwar city, under construction near Chicago, will look like this when completed. First of its 30,000 people will move in soon. Planners designed for safety, cleanliness, and "a better life"

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Using models, architects arrange roof colors to harmonize throughout the city. A problem still facing planners is to determine how many saloons are needed

Top architects Schlossman, Bennett and Loebl show Phil Klutznick, head of the American Community Builders (seated), their final doorknob selection

EARLY one gray morning in October a small group of men stood around a bulldozer in a field some thirty miles south of Chicago's noisy Loop. They shivered and waited while the driver got his yellow monster started. Then, voiceless in the roar of the engine, they fell back and watched the tractor's blade nuzzle back the sparse grassland from the clay of Illinois.

In ten thousand ways all this resembled the start of any construction job. In one particular way it differed. For this was the physical beginning of a city that was going to be built to its full growth from scratch. It was the first really planned postwar town, a superhousing project.

The revolutionary thing about it was that the entire job was being designed and built to create not so much a large collection of houses as a comfortable, pleasant life for 30,000 people who would not be beset by any of the major nuisances that attend living in present-day towns. Virtually all the other large-scale projects in the country are repeating the old faults by building residences far from downtown districts, and with little or no regard for maintenance of cleanliness, the growing traffic problem and distances to work, schools and between shops.

"We aren't interested in houses alone," Philip M. Klutznick, head of the American Community Builders, Inc., told us. "We are trying to create a better life for people. In our view, we will have failed if all we do is produce houses."

The American Community Builders is the team that is bringing a whole city into being in the one operation. It expects to produce, in this town, a kind of life that has been enjoyed chiefly by families in the upper income brackets. Rents will be from $62 to $90 a month, and children will be welcome. The more the merrier.

The first houses will be ready for occupancy this spring. There will be enough to accommodate around 250 families. Others of the new population will follow as more homes are completed, until the first 3,000 units are finished. All will be for rent, and all will constitute the first of two phases in the construction. The second phase —the building of 5,000 homes for sale—will begin soon.

The builders hope the city's population will not be permitted to exceed the planned 30,000. They feel that if it should get to be any bigger than that, it might begin to develop all the defects of the average suburb. Any further similar construction should be put into new communities separate from Chicago like this one, and like this one, a satellite to the Illinois metropolis. The whole idea behind the initial project is to plan for every exigency of living, every comfort, and then to remain within those planned limits indefinitely. Any extension of the original base would throw the whole program out of balance. But there can be any number of satellites, each remaining permanently within the orbit prescribed by its own blueprints.

The 2,500-acre site for the ACB project lies in a green-belt area bounded on the north by the New York Central and Belt Line railroads, and the Lincoln Highway; on the east by the Cook County Forest Preserve; on the south by rich farmland, and on the west by the Illinois Central Railroad, which will furnish fast commuting service into Chicago proper.

Construction of a project like this had been heretofore considered too gigantic and too complex for anyone but the federal government, with its right of eminent domain and taxpayers' dollars. The experiment in social planning is being conducted without government subsidy and for profits. When it is finished it is expected to be one of the biggest housing feathers in the cap of private enterprise.

The new city has been financed by three insurance companies—the New York Life, the Northwestern Mutual and the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada—to the tune of $27,500,000, the largest single set of mortgages ever insured by the Federal Housing Authority.

Klutznick and his associates like to

(Continued on page 52)

Foreman points out site for new building to Nathan Manilow, Chicago builder, who gambled $1,000,000 bank-rolling the project originally

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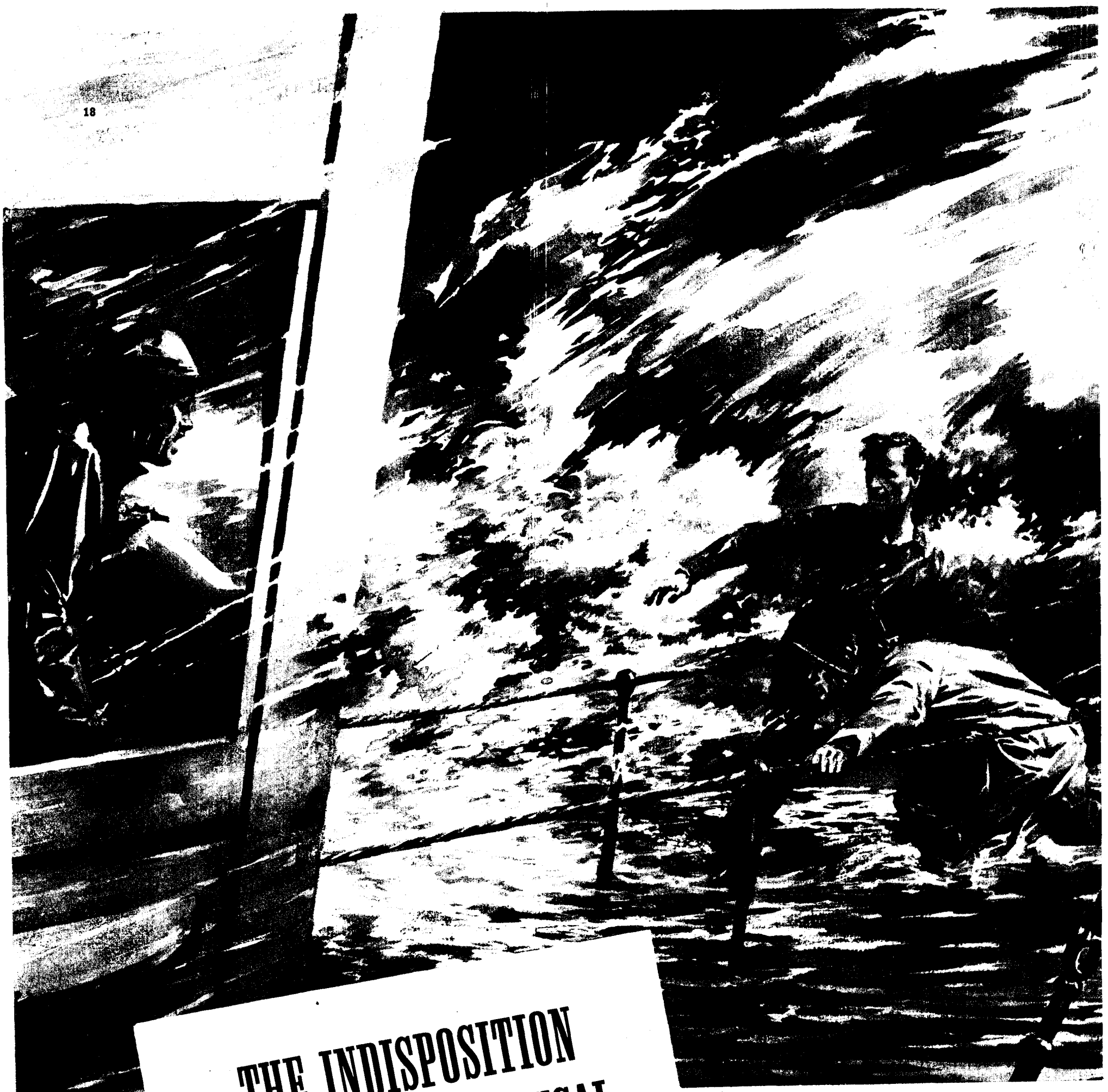

THE INDISPOSITION OF MISTER MACDOUGAL

BY FRANK LASKIER

The bitter choice was clear—the safety of his ship or the life of a shipmate

MACDOUGAL was from the Western Islands, a gaunt Scotsman with a hard granite face and the mouth of a hanging judge. The great width of his shoulders made his height more impressive; his strength was a byword. No one had ever seen him exhausted, even by the hardest of weather, and few people had known him to smile. His rasping voice was a goad that drove men to the dropping point. He had no nickname, not "Mac" or even "Bo'sun." He was Macdougal.

Any ship upon which he signed as boatswain was a workhouse. Captains

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The deck mounted high, higher; rubber-shod feet slipped as the ship dived with breath-taking speed. A great curling wall of water crashed down on the foredeck

and mates alike left him alone in his duties, giving him a free hand and the run of his tongue. During long voyages under Macdougal, good sailormen swore that they would settle scores with him when the ship paid off. His answer to these was to wait for them at the foot of the gangway. Others, not so rash, just swore that they would rather swallow the anchor than ship out under him again. Yet always they returned, for Macdougal gave as good as he asked, even though he asked perfection.

Now, with the Manitoulin headed east across the Atlantic into the teeth of a storm, Macdougal was not in his usual fettle. He was heard to refuse a third helping of mutton chops and potatoes for breakfast, and he complained that his pipe did not taste good. He took his normal cure for these things, a dose of pills, self-inflicted, that would have launched a liner from dry dock. It slowed up his loping gait about the ship and gave rise to the rumor that Macdougal was beginning to feel his quite considerable age.

The ship was carrying general cargo, and there was a deal of heavy work to be done. The forward deck was stacked with pit props, and these were in danger of breaking loose from their lashings under the pounding of the seas. Macdougal stood his share of the heaving and hauling, most of the time up to his waist in water on the exposed deck. His face took on a poisoned yellowish tinge and he kept strangely quiet for two days. Then he collapsed.

The watchkeepers of the four to eight went to turn him out one morning and found him on the deck of his cabin, half dressed and feebly trying to pull on his sea boots. They hauled him out of his clothes, got him back into his bunk and called the steward who acted as ship's doctor.

The weather grew worse as the wind shifted. The horizon closed into a tight circle of low-lying, wind-torn clouds atop a flying scud of angry gray sea; spray swept the decks in a fine rain. Macdougal was angry at the attention being paid to him, for his mind never left the problems of the ship. He kept muttering orders, but was docile enough as they made him comfortable. The steward took his temperature then slipped a hand under the blanket and touched him.

(Continued on page 56)

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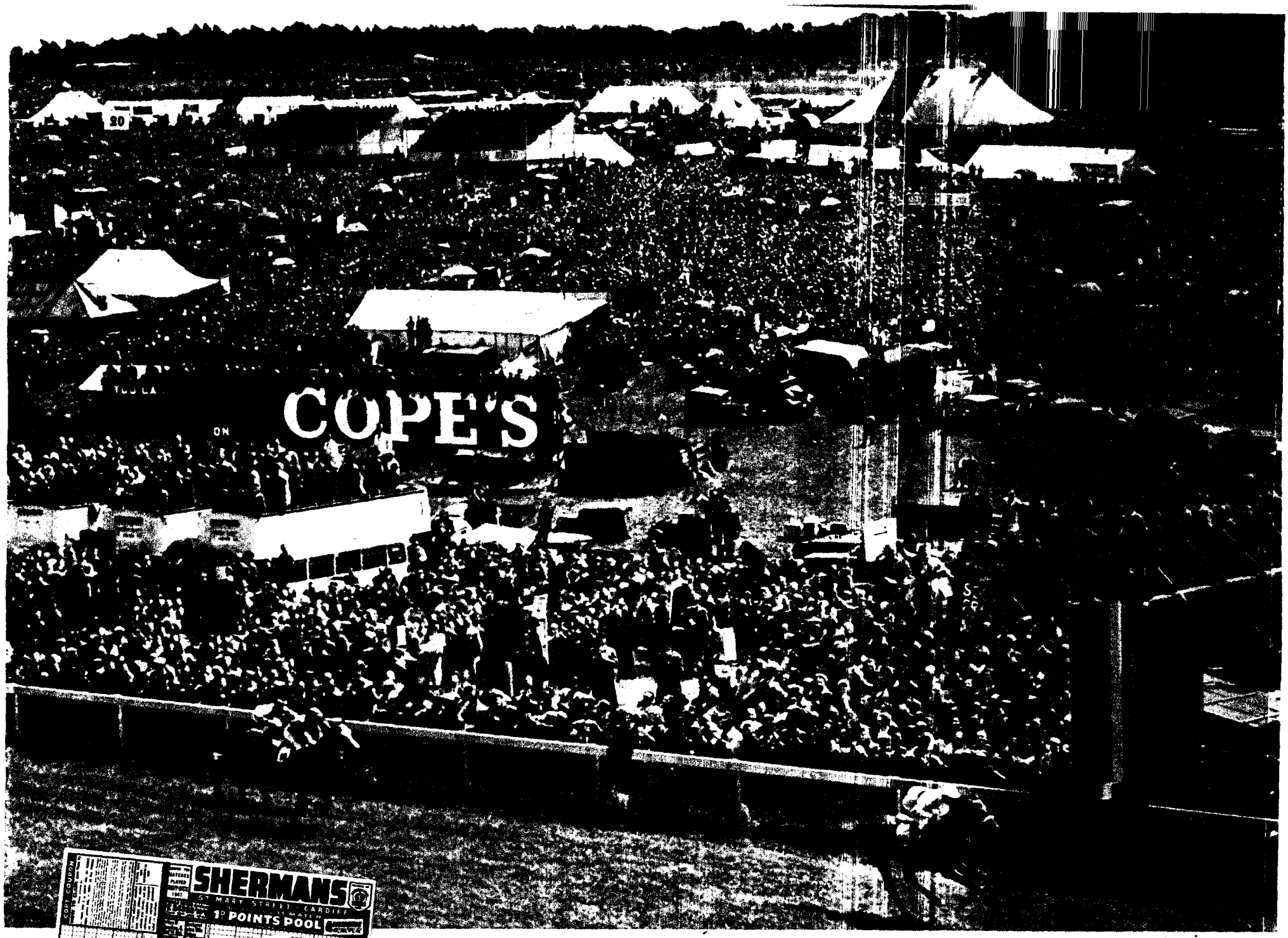
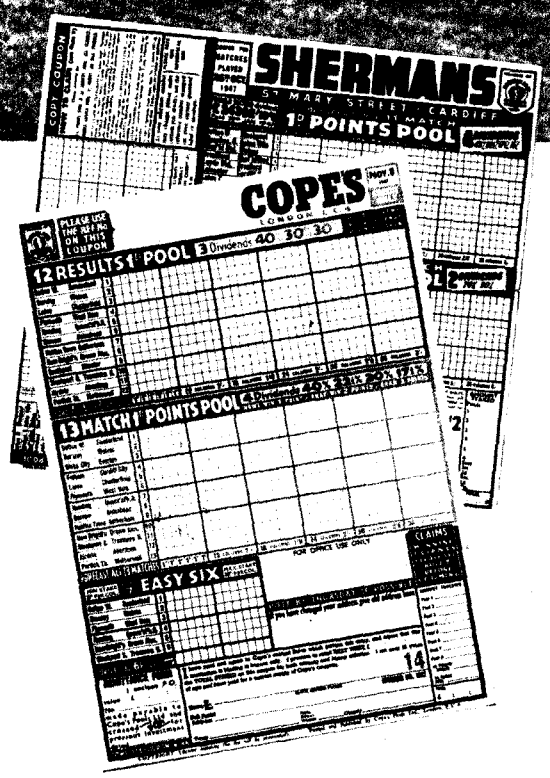


BRITISH COMBINE

The turf accountants (bookies) had a field day at the last British Derby at Epsom Downs, where Pearl Diver is seen winning easily. This is only one of the sporting events upon which millions of pounds are bet annually

THE LUCK OF THE BRITISH

BY PETER PACKER



Crawling from under their blanket of austerity, Britishers are now betting some $3,226,000,000 annually on soccer matches, dog and horse races and sundry games of chance. Part of the former "nation of shopkeepers" is rapidly becoming a nation of gamblers, according to the official viewers-with-alarm

PICK six o'clock of a Saturday evening between September and the following May for a visit to the average Britisher's home, and the chances are fairly good that no one will open the door. If it is opened, it may be reluctantly, and John Bull's well-known hospitality may be conspicuously absent. In that event, don't make polite conversation. It will be ignored.

Save for the mellifluously cultured accents of the B.B.C. announcer flowing from the radio, there won't be a sound. Mr. and Mrs. Bull and all the little Bulls will be sitting in a semicircle around the radio, listening raptly. On their laps will be sheets of paper which look like statisticians' graph sheets or pages out of a ration book. Pencils in hand, they will be scratching strange hieroglyphs on these sheets of paper and waiting with bated breath for the next cryptic remark of the announcer.

At six-thirty, when the announcer finally desists, you will discover that the Bull ménage has not been listening to next week's bad news on ration points or to another melancholy talk on why Britons must work harder, but to the results of some 50 soccer matches which were played that afternoon in England, Scotland and Wales.

If the family of six has met with average good fortune at forecasting results, Mr. Bull will have won about 35 shillings (a shilling is 20 cents) on the Points Pool, and young Johnny—age thirteen—who invested half his weekly pocket money in the Easy Six Pool, may have copped a pound ($4). The others will have lost. The small legal problem of Johnny being a minor has been circumvented by his 21-year-old sister Mary, who filled out Johnny's coupon in her name.

For the next 15 minutes the family will hold an inquest on the results of the games, then turn to a brief but hopeful consideration of the following week's matches, which may bring them the £20,000 jack pot—tax-free. In England, gambling winnings are called capital gains—hence, tax-free—and they are probably called thus for the same reason that bookmakers are called turf accountants.

And just in case you are skeptical about that jack pot, take a glance at any Sunday newspaper, and you'll find front-page reports of big money winners who have leaped from working-

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BRITISH COMBINE

Bearded turf accountant finds it warm work while his "tic-tac" man gets the current betting odds. Tic-tac men use a complicated system of long-range signaling to gather this information

Clerks in the office of a soccer pool sort out the pool coupons sent in weekly by poor but optimistic gamblers

Electric opening machines spew out thousands of slit envelopes containing as many dreams of sudden wealth

class anonymity to fame and fortune in the short space of a Saturday-afternoon soccer game.

Two weeks ago, for instance, Charles McDonald, a Glasgow builder's helper who had never earned more than £5 a week in his life, won £26,000 in a soccer pool. He was not at home when the pool agent called next day to present him with the check. It took three days before he was finally brought to bay in the Glasgow police cells where he had been awaiting trial on a charge of stealing plywood from his employer.

Fined £15 by the magistrate, the canny Scot asked and was granted time to pay, whereupon he calmly announced that he was the man who had won the big pool!

With prizes like this to aim for, it is no wonder that all in all, 7,000,000 soccer-pool coupons (equivalent to almost a sixth of the population) are filled out by John Bull and his family every week and mailed out with postal notes enclosed, to the annual tune of some £70,000,000. This does not include the revenue derived by the post office from handling 15,000,000 postal packets weekly, 8,000,000 going out from the fabulous office buildings of the pool promoters, and 7,000,000 coming back to them. Next year, say Britain's apprehensive moralists and economists, it will be more!

If you are still hankering to spend that same Saturday in the bosom of the average British family you are likely to find yourself pressed into service as a baby sitter. The rest of the family will disappear as soon as they've made you comfortable in the parlor with a good book and a pot of tea, and told you where the diapers are kept; destination—their favorite greyhound race track!

And How Grateful They Are!

"I wouldn't miss a Saturday night at the local track for worlds," says Mr. Bull modestly, as though it were a regular call on a bedridden friend, while Mrs. Bull and all the little Bulls who are old enough to walk eye you gratefully.

In a rather confused attempt at rationalization, Mrs. Bull smiles and says naïvely, "Well—it does keep our man out of the pubs, doesn't it?"

There are 20 of these year-round electric hare-chasing arenas within an hour's ride of the center of London, all apparently designed for keeping John Bull out of the pubs, and in the provinces there are 20 more. All operate at a handsome profit, despite the fact that the government has restricted their activities to one day a week. So handsome is this profit that last year a Mr. Sydney Parkes, managing director of the Wandsworth Stadium in southwest London, earned £430,000—more than any other individual in England or the United States, not excluding Leo McCarey of Hollywood, top U.S. earner, who raked in a mere £280,000 in English money.

Greyhound racing attracts 4,000,000 Britishers every week, and in the course of a year (1946 to be exact), gross receipts amounted to £330,000,000. When 1947 figures are available they are expected to be much higher.

Add the totals invested in soccer pools and greyhound racing, and you've got only *half* the gambling money in circulation. The sport of kings takes care of 90 per cent of the other half (about £370,000,000), while lotteries (like the Irish Sweepstakes), pin tables and other gaming machines account for the rest.

Eight hundred millions sterling is estimated to be the grand total of gambling money changing hands annually in Britain today—an amazing figure which has put gambling way up high on the list of important national industries, and which has caused people who thought of the British as a nation of shopkeepers to think of them now as a nation of gamblers.

This "vast and insidious traffic," as it has been called by the headmaster of one of England's famous public schools, is being viewed-with-alarm by sociologists, reformers, churchmen, educators and the more conservative Members of Parliament. Furthermore, the effect of gambling on the British people has become a major preoccupation of all the organizations and individuals whose self-appointed task it is to keep tab on what has become known as "the changing character of the nation."

One contributor to the pages of The Spectator, famous weekly magazine of comment and criticism, remarks that the enormous public interest in soccer pools alone is a social phenomenon which deserves special study, and goes on to say that England's industrial civilization has produced a sense of boredom and frustration in the common man for which gambling provides the exciting antidote.

The comments of other viewers-with-alarm are not quite so sweeping. Get rid of the austerity, they say, and you'll get rid of the gambling, a point of view which is vociferously seconded by the antisocialists.

(Continued on page 64)

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Guided by the big Durgin-Park flag, a fixture of the ancient warehouse restaurant, visitors make their way to the upstairs dining room by a circuitous route, often barking an unwary shin on a box of produce or barrel of fish. Regular patrons use the back door which leads directly to the marketmen's pet corner

A customer may bring his own steak or freshly caught fish to be broiled. Arthur the Fishman has dragged his codfish dinner solemnly up the stairs twice a week for 23 years

BOSTON BEANERY

BY ALLAN GOULD AND EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Don't look for swank at Durgin-Park, a dingy restaurant buried in a Boston warehouse, but if you're interested in eating good, lusty Yankee food, draw up a chair

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Beans should be baked for six hours for full flavor, says Chief Bean Man Edward Hallett. Durgin-Park baked-bean recipe is century old

After cutting generous wedges for 45 years, Martha Bence, pie girl, retired for three weeks. At the age of 76 she is back on job. Old-fashioned apple pie is favorite

Like Indian pudding, baked beans and other New England specialties, Yankee hot corn bread follows careful ritual. Blueberry cake or tea cake can be made from basic recipe

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Actresses like Abbey Moore (right) and friend are usually overwhelmed by size of meal but nevertheless plow through it valiantly. Red-check tablecloth is an old Durgin-Park tradition

Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't bother with a menu when he sat at this table. Neither did Cal Coolidge. Like other famous patrons they were served by waitress wearing bright green stockings. Joe Cronin, General Manager of Boston Red Sox (right), initiates son Corky into the mysteries of a New England boiled dinner

JAMES HALLETT, owner of Durgin-Park, Boston's gusty, century-and-more-old restaurant opposite sprawling Faneuil Hall Market, had an anxious moment the other evening. A patron of 31 years standing reached for a menu instead of ordering his usual heaping bowl of baked Indian pudding with two large kidney-shaped blobs of vanilla ice cream.

"I think I'll have something different tonight," he said studying it thoughtfully. "I'll take baked Indian pudding with *whipped cream.*"

During the past 75 years Durgin-Park, the home of Yankee cooking, has had only three changes of chefs, practically none in its stout menu. Without pretense it caters to the hearty appetites of straw-hatted, white-aproned market men, visiting celebrities, local characters and tourists from every part of the globe.

In an atmosphere of clattering dishes, conversation and sharp-tongued waitresses, it serves the time-hallowed specialty—roast beef rare—in big, thick slabs. Incredible quantities of Boston baked beans, New England boiled dinners, chowder, apple pie and apple pan dowdy and hot corn bread are consumed between the hours of 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. each business day. The restaurant is closed on Sundays and holidays.

In winter, bear steak takes its place on the tables along with the turkey, venison pie with the ever-present broiled scrod, and raccoon may appear on the menu along with roast ham. In the summer the demands for blueberry cake, strawberry shortcake and, for some mysterious reason, "bale of hay"—a combination of peas, string beans and potatoes—reach enormous proportions.

Of all the famous eating places in America, Durgin-Park is by far the least prepossessing. The ancient five-story building in which it is housed makes no attempt to disguise its dinginess with an air of quaintness.

Weaving through a confusion of barrels, boxes and crates piled high on the sidewalk to the narrow entrance, you ascend stairs to the dining rooms one flight up.

The dining rooms, a tin-ceilinged, rambling hall carelessly divided into three sections, are flanked by mustard-colored brick walls of nauseant hue, an interior decorator's apoplexy.

Like the 70-year-old plumbing in the men's room, which is the only entrance to the executive office, the owners have made but grudging concessions to expediency. When electricity came to Durgin-Park some years ago unshaded light bulbs were strung up without anyone bothering to remove the gas fixtures. They are still there. No cash register has ousted the 85-year-old cash drawer. No salesman has ever made progress toward supplanting the plain, old-fashioned tables which seat 20 persons, family style.

No one has ever reserved a table at Durgin-Park, although many have tried. Requests have been received by mail from as far away as New Zealand; telephone calls from Hollywood, New Orleans and Chicago. Jimmy O'Toole, the assistant manager, answers them when he has to. The answer is always, "No," except when the request comes from the snooty Back Bay. Then it is "Impossible."

"There is only one thing worse than serving bad food," explains O'Toole. "That is a vacant table with a 'reserved' sign on it while customers are standing around waiting for seats."

On an average Saturday evening Durgin-Park serves more than a thousand people between 6 P.M. and the closing time of 7:30 P.M. About 600 can be accommodated at a sitting.

You find a place at one of the long tables, push the heavy water pitcher out of your way, reach for a menu, pass a platter of bread to your neighbor, who may be Groucho Marx or Governor Bob Bradford or a Faneuil Hall Market butcher or Joe Doakes or a Cabot or a Lodge. If you're in a hurry you yell for a waitress, who rounds a coffee urn as though it were a pylon and comes toward you at a speed which makes you regret your impatience.

Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't bother with a printed menu at Durgin-Park when he went to Harvard. Neither did his sons. Nor Theodore Roosevelt nor his sons. Nor do a lot of others including ex-Governor Tobin, Jim Farley, Joe Cronin, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Arthur Godfrey, Helen Hayes or Arthur Treacher.

Waitresses like Edith MacDonald, who has been with Durgin-Park for 38 years, have long and accurate memories. You come in once, and the second time, unless you speak fast, you get what you ordered the first time.

On occasion this may lead to an involuntary habit. The late Cal Coolidge always ate a codfish dinner. The present lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, Arthur W. Coolidge, his fourth cousin, is a more voluble man than Cal was. He likes steak. But he gets the codfish dinner because Edith MacDonald associates him with Cal and he doesn't speak up quite fast enough. He is getting to like codfish dinners.

Annie Green Stockings, who retired after 40 years of service, was F.D.R.'s favorite waitress. To her he was a lobster man. Just as Fred Allen wasn't a comedian but a steak man. Annie had thousands of her customers mentally catalogued.

Despite her name she wasn't an Indian. She simply enjoyed wearing bright green stockings, a sprightly adornment which no one deplored. Such idiosyncrasies are respected if not encouraged at Durgin-Park.

Twice a week for the past 23 years a fisherman known only as "Arthur" has dragged a large cod solemnly up the front steps, just before the rush hour, and told William Bumble, the broiler cook, to prepare it for him. Thrice weekly for the past 41 years Johnny B. Given, a wholesale commission merchant, has brought his own 2½-pound steak to Bumble, and his predecessor, and stood by while it was broiled. Durgin-Park supplies the accompanying French-fried potatoes.

Every morning at eleven, *(Continued on page 50)*

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THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Story:

When old MORONI SKINNER came down from heaven to straighten out his shiftless, happy-go-lucky grandson, JACKSON SKINNER WHITETOP, he took a good look around the Mormon community in which he had lived. He found Jackson as lazy as ever, his house gone to ruin, his affairs in a mess. He found that HENRY BROWN, the storekeeper and sheep rancher who had taken over Jackson's sheep while Jackson was away in the Army, had been quietly defrauding him (and the income-tax people) ever since. Henry was unscrupulous in more ways than one: He was about to marry KATE JENSEN, BISHOP WALDO JENSEN'S daughter, even though he was the father of ANITA SMITH'S illegitimate child. Anita was the youngest daughter of old NEPHI SMITH, an apostate whose six girls had brought him nothing but shame, and Henry refused to do right by her; no one in the valley knew his secret. Jackson had been halfheartedly courting BEULAH HESS, who was also being courted by NED HOLT, Henry's sheepherder and unwilling partner in crime.

Old Moroni materialized in a vision to MILO FERGUSON, Henry's helper in the store, and berated him for having apostatized after the death of his wife ABBIE. More important, he also appeared to Jackson and gave him a good talking-to and told him to marry Katie. Then, having completed his earthly mission, he returned to heaven.

II

JACKSON was not a little awed. Grandpa Skinner was gone, just gone. Here one instant, gone the next. The wire loop of the door was still hooked over the nail. Overhead the mice were scurrying about. A chicken cackled outside. Jackson looked at himself wonderingly in the piece of mirror fastened to the wall. In a way, his face resembled Grandpa Skinner's. It was squarish, with steady eyes and a firm jaw; he hadn't noticed the resemblance before. He wondered if he could live up to the promise of that face. And then he chided himself. Of course he could; he'd had a visitation, hadn't he? There was nothing to worry about. It would all come true.

"Katie Jensen," he said dreamily. "Mrs. Katie Whitetop. Mrs. Jackson Whitetop." It was sure good to know there was nothing to worry about. If it was going to happen, then it would. He cast himself happily upon the bed to wait for it.

The bed had seen better days. The old oak frame was held together by a bit of baling wire and a nail here and there, and except for his bemused state Jackson never would have flung himself upon it with such abandoned ecstasy. It uttered a loud screak and collapsed, and Jackson fought clear, rubbing the back of his head where the oak headboard had hit him.

"Well, all right, Grandpa," he muttered. "I can take a hint."

He shaved, put on his best boots, a fresh pair of levis, a clean shirt, and his big hat. Then he took off the hat because it hurt the bump on his head. Then he put the hat back on because he thought maybe he needed a reminder, for a little while. He roped his buckboard team in the meadow, hitched up and drove south along the valley road, whistling happily.

At the store, old Milo Ferguson was sitting on the porch smoking a cigar furiously. "Out early this morning, Jack," Milo said in the manner of one uttering a truth with hidden meanings. "For you."

"Got considerable to do today." Jackson got out the makings. "Where's Henry?"

"He's gallivanting around getting ready to leave for Salt Lake in the morning. Why?"

"If you see him before I do, tell him I'd like to settle up. Figure on getting married up."

"Don't say?" Milo observed casually, squinting one eye.

"Yep. Figure on getting hitched to Katie Jensen."

To Jackson's surprise, Milo evinced no surprise at all. "H'm; don't say?" Milo observed. "Nice girl."

"Can't kick," admitted Jackson. His cigarette rolled, he pushed back his hat to lick the paper, and the lump on his head twinged him. He blinked guiltily at the cigarette; been a long time since he'd given a thought to the Word of Wisdom, but the throb of his head was surely a sign. Reluctantly, he poured the tobacco from the paper back into the sack, jerked the string tight and put the sack in his shirt pocket. Milo's sharp old eyes missed nothing. "Seeing you," Jackson said, continuing down the road.

"H'm," Milo mused. "So old Moroni told him to marry Katie, huh? Where do *I* come in?" He couldn't figure it out. Certainly he wouldn't have had that visitation unless it meant something. Heavenly spirits didn't appear to just anybody, especially apostates, for no good reason. . . .

When Jackson pulled in at the Jensen place, Katie and the old hand, Wishful, were crossing the yard toward the stables. Jackson's eye softened. His little wife! Cute as a button in levis, riding boots and a hickory shirt. He waved. "Hi!"

"Hi, yourself," Katie said. Wishful nodded. Jackson hopped over the wheel to follow them.

"Well, Brother Jackson," the bishop's voice said. Jackson looked about for the bishop, and spotted the eyes peering from their dark pouches from beneath the car standing in the yard.

"Looks like you're busy, sir."

"Always busy. Just checking the car over for the trip." There was the metallic clang of a slipping wrench. "You misbegotten son of perdition!" the bishop cried. "Barked my knuckle. What's on your mind?"

Jackson wondered how badly the bishop had barked his knuckle, and whether it was better to wait until he was in a happier mood or take a chance that the pain had humbled him. He took a chance. "Well, sir, I come to explain about this morning."

"I'm sure it was just a slip of the tongue, Brother Jackson." The bishop sucked at his knuckle. With help the way it was these days, he couldn't afford to stand on dignity. And he needed a man around the place while he was in Salt Lake. Needed another man steady; Wishful was getting old. "Ready to start work?"

"Well, not exactly. Can I have a word with you in private?"

A DROP of oil fell in the bishop's eye. He rubbed the eye with the barked knuckle. "Speak up, Brother Jackson! I haven't got all day!"

"Well, sir," Jackson said reluctantly; it certainly was the wrong psychological moment. "I guess what I said this morning was sort of a premonition. After you'd left, my grandfather appeared to me."

"Premonition? Fiddlesticks! You're not worthy of it."

"I know; but my grandfather appeared to me."

"Appeared to you? Which one?"

"Grandfather Skinner."

"Old Moroni Skinner? What did he say?"

"He told me to marry Katie."

The bishop looked at Jackson for a long moment, then began worming from under the car. He got up, slapped the dust from his coveralls, stripped them off, folded them, and set them on a front fender. "Come inside."

The bishop's wife was rolling out biscuits in the kitchen. "Sure a baker today, Jack."

"Going to be," Jackson said.

The bishop began washing up in the sink. Sister Jensen said, "Guess you'll be to the dance tonight, Jack."

"Wouldn't miss it."

"Bring Beulah Hess, I suppose?"

"Don't suppose so, Sister Jensen."

"Don't let that sheepherder beat your time, Jack."

"I'm not worried about Ned Holt. I'm taking another girl—Katie."

From the sink came a loud spluttering sound from the bishop. Sister Jensen cut a series of biscuits with the rim of a tin can. "You're pretty sure about it."

"Yes'm."

"Come into my office, Brother Jackson," the bishop said sharply, and led the way, wiping his hands on a towel as he went. The office was off the dining room. The bishop sat in the swivel chair at the roll-top desk and indicated a chair for Jackson. The bishop wiped his face and the back of his neck carefully with the towel, studying Jackson steadily. "Brother Jackson, when did you last pay your tithing?"

"Tithing? I guess you'd have the record of that, sir."

"I've got the records, but you ain't on them."

"Well, I guess I never have paid none, sir."

"And I haven't seen hide nor hair of you at church since you got back. Or before you went, either."

"No, sir."

The bishop surveyed the tobacco tag dangling on the yellow string from Jackson's shirt pocket. "And you don't obey the Word of Wisdom."

"I reckon I've been a little lax," Jackson admitted.

The bishop scrubbed his hair with the damp towel, and began combing. He was feeling master of the situation. This visitation business was a problem. It was the sacred privilege of any worthy Saint to receive a visitation; that was part of the gospel. Trouble was that some abused the privilege. All you had was a person's word for a thing like that. You had to draw a line between the genuine, the hysterical, the wishful and the mistaken. Not to mention the pure fabrications.

"Brother Jackson, I've been bishop out here longer than you've been alive. I've lived the gospel as best I could and I've tried to be worthy. But I've never had a visitation in my life, or so much as a prompting. And there's been some high church officials who never had a visitation, neither. Just why do you suppose an angel would appear to *you?*"

"It beats me, Bishop."

THE bishop took a small mirror from a drawer, looked at his oil-smeared eye, and rubbed at it with a corner of the towel. "Too many people in this church go around claiming to have talked with spirits. Mind you, I'm not a skeptic. I believe in visitations. It would be the greatest thing in my life if I had one myself. But I don't think everybody's worthy. I'm not. And we don't need 'em like we used to. Joseph said that himself. Or I guess it was Brigham—yes, it was Brigham. After Joseph passed on, Brigham Young got up and told the people there'd been too many visitations and he figured he could get along a spell on what was stored up ahead."

"But that was long ago," Jackson pointed out. "Maybe we're running short."

"Take Sister Ormand—a good, devout, God-fearing woman, even if she is a terrible gossip and a terrible pest in fast meeting—I'm speaking confidentially, you understand. Hear her tell it, God Almighty don't have nothing more to do, nothing else on His mind, than to supply her with messengers from heaven to tell her she'd better wear her rubbers because it's going to rain, or to show her where she put down her glasses, or to give her a new block design for a quilt. I wish everybody had Sister Ormand's faith," the bishop said, regarding Jackson pointedly. "But I feel that she's—well, you might say she's prone to exaggerate common sense and a hunch into something bigger. Me, I figure the good Lord's got something else on His mind, what with the world in the shape it's in, than to bother with Sister Ormand's glasses." The bishop put the towel on the desk and the mirror in the drawer. "Brother Jackson, I'm going to speak frank. You're a great disappointment

(Continued on page 36)

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP

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She was trying not to limp, when Jackson rattled alongside in the buckboard. "Well, hello, Katie Jensen," he said. "Going far?"

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"What's located here?" Ellen said. A voice from the back of the room said loudly, "The Panama Canal!"

TEACHER'S PET

BY WILLIAM PORTER

Extracurricular embarrassment of a schoolma'am with two problem children on her hands —both of them in love, one of them full grown

SHE saw the smoke coming from the chimney, and she sighed, because she knew George was waiting for her again.

All right, this morning, she told herself. Right this minute, and we'll get it straight. She had to have a little talk with George.

She slid off the pony, looped the reins over the stubby branch of the dead elm tree, and tied them loosely. She gave him an absent-minded pat on the nose and headed for the schoolhouse.

Again she noticed that the sign needed repainting. *It was still legible, but fading. It read:* PIETY HILL. DISTRICT NO. 3. She wiped her feet on the gunny sack outside the door; it was early March, and the earth was damp and clinging.

George was sweeping up the coal crumbs around the base of the stove when she came in.

"I was thinking maybe we wouldn't need a fire," she said. "It's getting warmer every day."

"It's March," George said. "You got to get the chill off. It's a great month for sickness."

George, from the looks of him, was going to grow to be six feet easy. He was only fifteen, but he didn't have far to go. He made a final flourish with the broom and then upended it against the wall.

"You don't have to start the fire," Ellen told him. "That's one of the things included in my twenty-two dollars a month."

"We got a cow dry, and that cuts down on the milking. I got lots of time," George said. His lower lip stuck out a little. Whenever George talked, he seemed to be prepared for instant contradiction. "I like to do it." He wasn't surly. He just wasn't open to argument.

Ellen took off her hat and coat and went to the back of the room, behind the green folding screen that closed off a corner. This was her private niche. It housed a pitcher and a basin, a small square mirror, a water glass and a bar of soap and a comb. She put her coat on the hanger.

George had been in love with her for several months now. Since Christmas, anyhow. She looked at herself in the mirror and rearranged a comb. George's mother thought it was funny. She was always talking about it, and she teased George about his girl friend at church and at the socials and everywhere. It wasn't funny at all to Ellen.

When she stepped out he was sitting on top of his desk, which was next to the stove. He extended a long arm and pointed. "Have a look," he said.

There was a butterfly sitting on the corner of her desk. It was a big monarch, four inches across the wings, full of the colors of summer, the sunlit bronze and black. George collected butterflies, and he had told her about this one before; it was one of his proudest possessions.

"Good for you," she said. "I'd intended to ask you to bring it, so they all could see. It's lovely. We'll have to be very careful of it."

George looked at the floor for a minute and ran his tongue over his upper lip.

"You can show it to them if you want to," he said, "but—pick it up. Look on the bottom."

There was a piece of paper pasted on the wood. Two strange words, carefully printed in ink: *Danaüs archippus.* And scrawled underneath: *You said you liked pretty things.* Slowly she put it back on the desk.

"George, you don't want to give this to me. I mustn't take it."

"Why?" he said, so quietly she could hardly hear him.

"Because." He was looking helplessly at her. "For Heaven's sake, George—"

SOMEBODY stamped vigorously on the porch outside. Then the door banged open and Annie Lavicek came in. Annie was thirteen, in the seventh, and the smartest of Ellen's nine pupils. Her blond hair was double-braided over her head; she was round-faced, chubby, and sharp-eyed.

"Well, good morning!" Ellen said. She felt a wave of relief, in spite of the better sense that told her she'd missed another chance to straighten George out. "Everybody seems to be early this morning."

"It's practically a half hour until school starts," George said indignantly. "What did you come here for, anyhow?"

"I just came," Annie said. She didn't look at him, she was looking thoughtfully at Ellen.

"Well, of all the crazy things!" George said. He was practically yelling at her.

"I guess I can come to school when I want to." Annie yelled right back at him, then she lowered her voice and suddenly became a lady: "Good morning, Miss Hale."

George slid off his desk and stamped to the back of the room.

"Silliest thing I ever heard of!" he roared.

"What are you so mad for, George Engel? What difference does it make to you what time I come to school?"

"That's about enough," Ellen said.

"So you can just keep quiet!" Annie threw the exclamation at the back of the room, and was promptly a lady again. "I'm sorry, Miss Hale. But it honestly doesn't make any difference to you—" She cocked an eyebrow and added innocently: "Does it?"

"Of course not."

"I didn't think it would," Annie said, and smiled. It wasn't the smile of a little girl. Ellen was mildly shocked. That was the kind of look one woman gives another woman—when they are both thinking about the same man. . . .

During the morning the sun went to work and really warmed things up; Ellen let the fire go out, and even opened a window. Spring floated right through the opening and half drowned them all. Ellen unpinned her watch and laid it on the desk, and the minute the hands hit a quarter of twelve she turned them loose.

"Fifteen minutes extra today," she said, and smiled apologetically. "Just because it's a nice day."

They cleared out in a hurry. Ellen stood up and threw her arms over her head and yawned. Then she noticed George, standing at the back.

"Don't you want to get outside?" she asked him. "On a day like *this?*"

Before he could answer, Annie came in, banging through the door, and *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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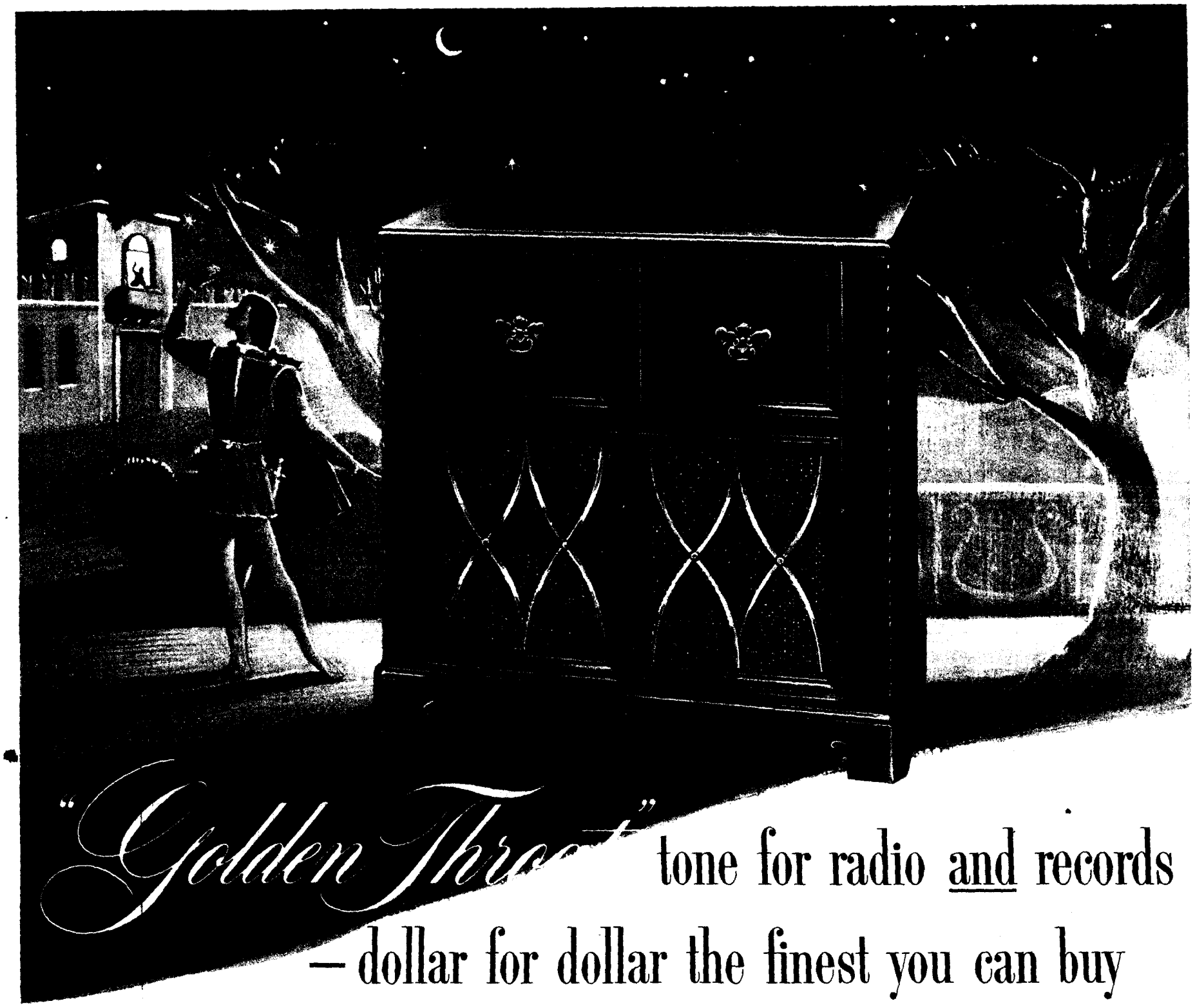

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● You hear the full, rounded beauty of the music—clear, true and rich, even at low-volume levels. The graceful cabinet, with its convenient, stationary top, adds dignity and beauty to your home.

RCA Victor's own advanced FM circuits bring you static-free reception . . . Frequency Modulation at its finest. And there's pushbutton tuning for standard radio.

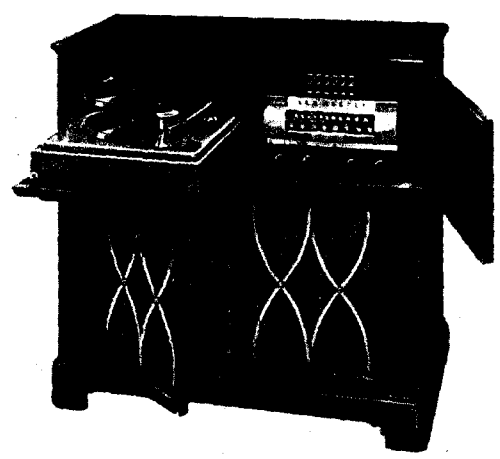
For records, you have the world-famous Victrola phonograph. The fine, automatic record changer rolls out with ease, has a feather-light tone arm and "Silent Sapphire" pickup. This jewel-point saves record wear, eliminates needle chatter and needle changing. Hear it play one of the best-loved RCA Victor records—Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet Overture." You'll hear new beauty in the familiar music!

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Victrola 610V1 plays on AC, changes twelve 10 inch records or ten 12 inch records automatically. Ample space for record storage. At your RCA Victor dealer's now, in your choice of walnut or mahogany finishes.

When you're in New York, *see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all. 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERNATIONAL

Dog-tired but happy, Evans and Truman are greeted by Miss Van Nuys (Cleo Moore) as they land at a Los Angeles airfield

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLYING [illegible]RS

BY CLIFFORD EVANS AND GEORGE TRUMAN

AS TOLD TO EDWARD P. MORGAN

Typhoons and bandits, icing and the vast expanse of the Pacific threatened Evans and Truman on the second half of their odyssey, but they lived to find a handsome welcome in Los Angeles

II

IT'S hard to say which was worse, the sand or officialdom's stalling. There we were, just before the halfway point on our Piper Cub flight around the world, stuck in the boiling, barren Arabian-American Oil Company town of Dhahren, Saudi Arabia. The hot desert winds blew grit into our eyes and ears. We chewed it in our food. Standing in an open hangar, day after day, the two planes were being covered with a fine coating of gritty grime. We couldn't even find tarpaulins to throw over the engines. The Arabians still failed to return our passports and let us go on.

"Tomorrow," Major Solom, the Arabian army security detachment commander, would say. "Tomorrow, perhaps, word will come from the capital."

By camel caravan, no doubt.

If we had been mistaken for spies or something equally sinister, it might have been easier to tolerate; at least the story might get us back in the newspapers. But they admitted that our visas were in order and our flight permits authentic.

It was just that there was nothing in their aviation regulation book about private aircraft. Military planes, commercial transports, yes; there were provisions for those. But Piper Cubs, on a private flight around the world, were ponies of an unheard-of color. So the local emir and Major Solom had telegraphed to Riyadh for instructions. In the Middle East (as in too many other places) underlings don't think, they just follow the book. This saves wear and tear on the head.

It was now mid-September. We had left the U.S. more than a month before. Flu had delayed us in Greenland and weather at many other points. The toughest stretches of the trip lay ahead, through the monsoon belt of India and Burma, and over the North Pacific, where treacherous winter might yet wreck our whole venture.

We appealed to the American vice-consul, who did his best to help us. "If only they hadn't sent that damn' message to Riyadh," he said, "we probably could have fixed it here; now we have to go through channels."

He telegraphed the embassy, and finally King ibn-Saud himself untied the knot. After a six-day delay we were at last allowed to leave.

We paid the equivalent of $60 for hangar "rental" and landing fees, settling our affairs with Dhahren. As we were taxiing out, a lackey in a long white robe came loping after us waving another bill for 100 rupees for some fantastic thing or other, but we said, "Nuts," and took off for Bahrein Island, center of British-Arabian oil interests. Then came our first mechanical trouble. Cliff's ammeter failed to register. This might mean serious damage to the generator, but we remembered our delay and the unpaid bill and kept on. It was a short hop and we found that luckily the trouble was only with a cable that had come loose from Cliff's battery.

It was in Karachi, our first stop in India, that a chance to make a fortune lured us briefly. Airport officials said that if we'd rip out the spare gas tanks and replace the back seats we could make $600 a trip flying Hindus to Delhi and Moslems back to Karachi in the great exchange of populations then going on. We had borrowed and mortgaged ourselves up to our ears to make this flight. Now we wanted to go on and finish it, and we couldn't see our wives and kids being very happy in India or waiting patiently while we pulled up here.

So we thanked the Indians and flew on to Jodhpur, where we met our first fairy-tale character, the 300-pound, twenty-three-year-old Maharaja of Jodhpur, who owns a palace of cream and gold, bigger than the Capitol at Washington. He has 125 automobiles and spends his time racing horses and inventing machine guns.

(Continued on page 66)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST TASTE THE TREAT...

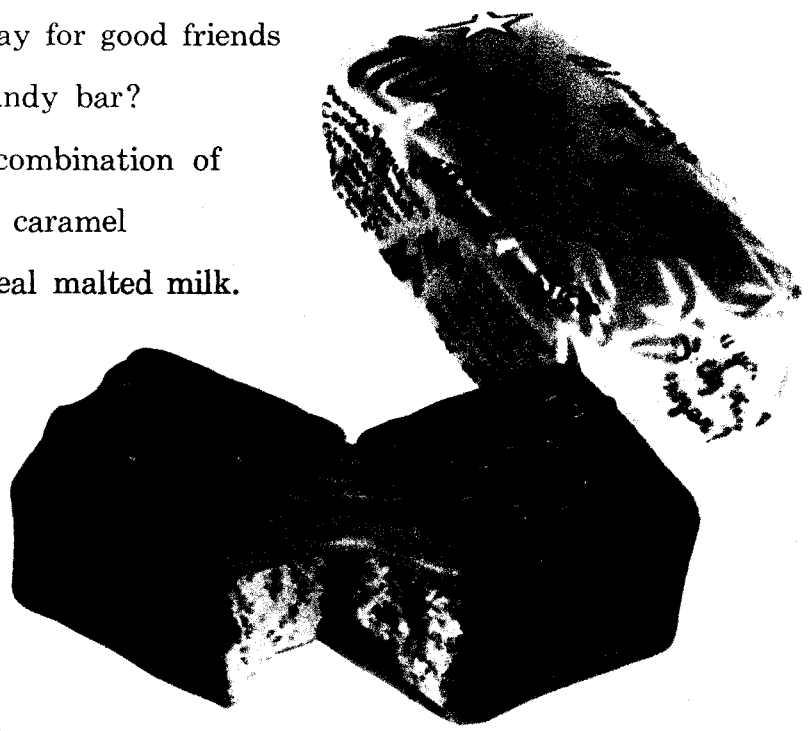
On a crisp cold evening, as a perfect day draws to a close, what better way for good friends to top the fun, than by sharing the taste thrill of a Milky Way candy bar?

Each luscious bite of a Milky Way is rich with the rare flavor combination of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, abundantly flavored with real malted milk.

All together, a thrilling treat, right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.

When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



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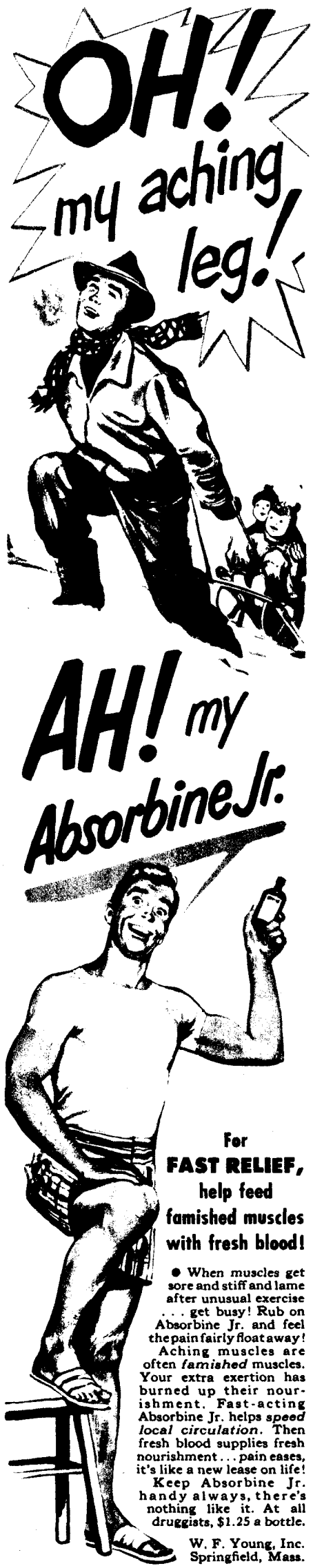
OH! my aching leg!
AH! my Absorbine Jr.
For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!
● When muscles get sore and stiff and lame after unusual exercise . . . get busy! Rub on Absorbine Jr. and feel the pain fairly float away! Aching muscles are often famished muscles. Your extra exertion has burned up their nourishment. Fast-acting Absorbine Jr. helps speed local circulation. Then fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment . . . pain eases, it's like a new lease on life! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy always, there's nothing like it. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc. Springfield, Mass.
Absorbine Jr.

THREE MILLION WOMAN POWER

Continued from page 13

share of policies that are little more than reiterations of what everybody accepts. It opposes injustice and religious discrimination. It favors conservation of natural resources. It has three resolutions bearing on narcotics control. It "reiterates its long stand for promotion of the health, education and general welfare of the American Indian."

In a second category are policies which almost nobody is really *against*, but which not enough people do much of anything *for*. In one the General Federation of Women's Clubs "urges educational authorities to maintain salaries sufficient to obtain and retain competent teachers (and) uphold high professional standards."

Member clubs are asked, in another resolution, to initiate programs which will help physically handicapped persons to find jobs. Four sensible resolutions on public health have been adopted. The GFWC supports the idea that the dead of World War II should be honored with living memorials — playgrounds and community centers—instead of statues and park birdbaths.

Finally, there are resolutions on really controversial questions. Women at conventions are not timid. Some of their opinions cover red-hot issues and can put a wallop behind the idea that it does matter what women think.

The federation is opposed to the closed shop. It wants Alaska admitted speedily as the forty-ninth state, and it wants the Constitution amended to give the District of Columbia representation in Congress and in the Electoral College.

It believes there should be a law requiring that all aliens except representatives of foreign governments or business firms become citizens after five years' residence in this country. It would make deportation the penalty for failure to comply.

Wanted OPA Principle Retained

In 1946, before the demise of the OPA, the GFWC favored "continued federal legislation for equitable wage ceilings and price control on basic commodities such as food, shelter and clothing."

In 1945, when Henry Wallace's "60,000,000 jobs" idea was new, it approved "the establishment of a national policy for the creation of maximum opportunities for employment . . . with government machinery supplementing free enterprise if or when necessary."

In a resolution that will expire this year, when Congress will be considering that very matter, the GFWC opposed "the enactment by Congress of any law tending to establish the family as a tax unit, or requiring husbands and wives to file joint income-tax returns."

It supports the Marshall Plan, the Stratton bill, the United Nations and the reciprocal trade agreements program. It believes the United States should participate in the International Court of Justice and the International Refugee Organization; endorses universal military training; supports placing control of atomic energy in civilian hands, and wants uniform state laws governing marriage and divorce.

The resolutions encompass a broad enough interest. Few organizations get their feet wet in so many different ponds.

The federation's whole policy is hard to place exactly in its relationship to left and right. A veteran clubwoman of New York expressed regret that in most cases its stand is "so orthodox."

"It's a shame," she said, "but at any given moment it seems to think exactly what most other people think. I'd like to believe that it molds people's thinking —but I'm afraid the truth is that it only reflects it."

Mrs. J. L. Blair Buck, the national president, will concede there is some truth in that criticism.

"But after all," she pointed out, "we include women from every part of the country, from every economic level except the very lowest and very highest, and from both of the big political parties. We *do* arrive at some kind of policy—which is no small miracle in itself!—and it is probably much more progressive than women's private opinions would be if there were no federation to keep them informed."

Actually, a line-by-line analysis of the 86-point program suggests that she is too modest. The resolutions include some of a kind that make radicals fighting mad, but there are more of the sort that make reactionaries see red. Since the organization has achieved a balance between extremes, and has done this by going all out for what seemed proper in each case, rather than by dodging issues, its platform is nothing to be ashamed of.

The federation's official head is a board of directors, but its working heart is a group of five officers. The officers are unpaid, although their jobs are full-time. The president, as a matter of fact, puts in about 14 hours a day at her office on the third floor of the national headquarters building in Washington, D.C., and then sleeps in a room reserved for her on the fourth floor.

Mrs. Buck is an energetic woman. Her schedule for a single recent afternoon included conferences with two committees and half a dozen office subordinates; an interview; making a radio transcription; posing for a magazine photographer; preparing a general letter to club presidents; approving correspondence prepared for her signature; attending an official dinner; and, finally, catching a plane at 10 P.M. to attend a meeting out of town. At 7 P.M. she still appeared composed.

She is rather tall and angular, reminding a lot of people of Eleanor Roosevelt. Like the former first lady, she is formidable in debate. Her quick, clean logic is made the more devastating by its delivery in her soft, semi-Southern tone.

How far is the GFWC going to dig into politics? This is the big question now being asked in the organization and by interested outsiders. Real political effectiveness has come within sight only in recent years; but many members are still opposed to having their federation made into a big gun in the battle for ballots.

While Mrs. Buck avoids committing herself, there seems no doubt that her very presence at the helm will step up the federation's political activity at least until her term ends in 1950. She knows what is going on in the world. She has definite opinions on specific legislation. She considers that clubwomen are as well qualified as anyone, and better than most, to throw their voting weight around.

Lobbying Kept on a High Plane

Part of the headquarters job in putting across federation policy is dealing with other organizations, legislators and the public. In this it puts on a pretty good face. Mrs. Buck and Mrs. Leslie B. Wright, chairman of the Legislation Department, are active lobbyists. They speak with conviction and good sense. Their pamphlets use honest language. During the important 1944-47 period the federation's International Relations Department was headed by an authority in her field, Mrs. William Dick Sporborg, who was a representative of women at the San Francisco Conference. The position is now filled by Mrs. Ambrose Diehl, an erudite internationalist, who is also president of the National Council of Women.

These women are no patsies when the political game gets rough. They heave a pretty heavy harpoon themselves, and constantly urge members to keep up an additional needling of congressmen. They know the tricks. The following blast, for example, appeared in a pamphlet which Mrs. Wright sent around to clubwomen:

"Many members of Congress, when asked if they favor equal rights for women, will glibly assure you that they are very much interested in S.J. 67 and H.R. 2007, the Taft-Wadsworth Bill. THAT IS NOT THE BILL WE WANT. It was introduced solely to delay and confuse the vote on S.J. 76 and H.J. 62,

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"It doesn't say th' exact amount th' robbers took —I suppose we'll have to count it all ourselves"

COLLIER'S

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"No wonder we switched to this trail!"

Recipe for a warm welcome: tasty Old Fashioneds made with that matchless whiskey—Calvert Reserve! Here, friendly smoothness merges with rich, glorious mellowness to make a *gentle* blend for gentlemen. That's why more folks are switching to Calvert than ever before! Try it—be another who knows why . . .

Clear *Heads Choose Calvert*

Calvert Reserve

CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

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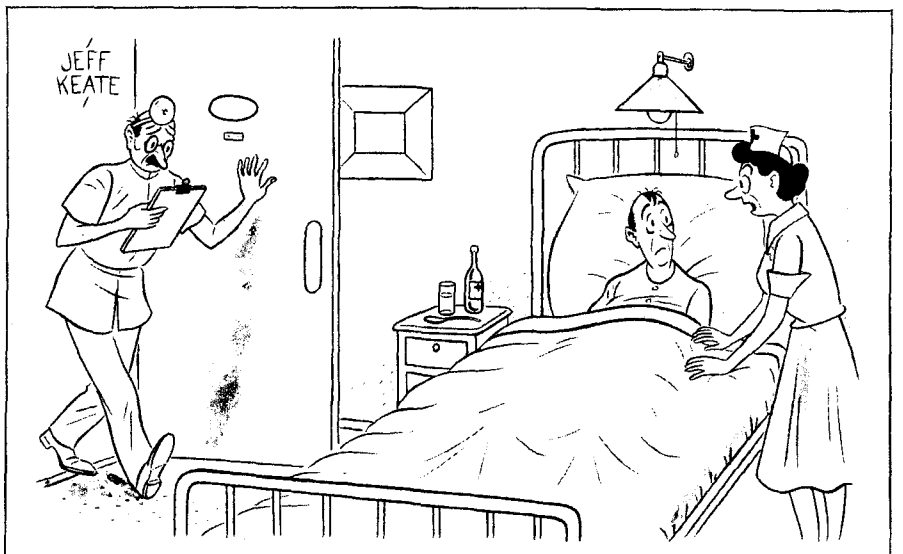

"Now please be cheerful. The doctor worries so about your case"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Was that someone at the WINDOW?

WHEN IT'S LATE AT NIGHT—and you're roaming around because you can't get to sleep—the slightest sound may take on a scary quality.

You imagine things. Things you'd never think of—if you weren't so tired and edgy.

But why—WHY—you ask yourself, are you so jumpy and wide-eyed?

Could it be the coffee you had?

Are you, perhaps, one of those who love coffee, but are made nervous and sleepless by caffein?

If that's your problem, here's a happy solution to it!

Change to *Sanka* Coffee!

Sanka Coffee can't possibly upset your nerves or keep you from getting to sleep . . . because Sanka is 97% caffein-free!

Yet Sanka is all coffee, real coffee, rich, flavorful coffee! So fragrant and full-bodied you'll love it!

So why not start enjoying Sanka Coffee tonight?

TUNE IN! The Hilarious NEW Sanka Coffee Show — starring funster Danny Thomas! CBS, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Drip or Regular • New Instant

Products of General Foods

the bills endorsed by the General Federation."

To demonstrate political potency (and of course to further a particular policy at the same time) the federation occasionally asks members to swamp the lawmakers with mail. In one such instance, local legislative chairmen advised headquarters that 6,000 clubs had followed through on such a request. No count was made of individual letters, but the total must have been impressive.

Why Solons Give the Brush-Off

Despite all this a great many lawmakers remain unimpressed. The spectacle of a congressman brushing off what appears to be a multimillion-member voting bloc is startling. It reminds you of those movie cartoons that show a canary browbeating a cat. But it turns out that there are reasons. In a showdown the federation simply couldn't present a solid front, because it is not organized or equipped to keep its own members in line.

There are 50 state federations (Alaska and the District of Columbia are treated as states). These were not set up as branches of the General Federation; all except the one in Alaska came into being independently between 1893 and 1911 and later affiliated with the GFWC.

They all retain a high degree of autonomy. For example, at the New York State Federation convention last November a resolution was introduced in opposition to the Stratton bill, which the General Federation supports. The New York resolution was withdrawn on a technicality, but there is nothing at all to prevent any state from actually going on record in direct contravention of national policy. Every affiliated federation, every local club and even the individual members have the same right.

A further weakness is that many delegates go to conventions without voting instructions or even prior discussions of proposed resolutions within their clubs. This makes them "representatives" of the folks at home in a pretty loose sense. Some of them are not even required to report later how they voted. And after a convention, no club has to ratify or even consider any national policy.

In a situation like that it's unlikely that anything ever comes very near to winning unanimous support. It's even theoretically possible for a stated policy to be the opposite of what a majority of members thinks. Who would know? The federation polled all its locals just once on the equal-rights-for-women amendment. It has no real evidence that the general membership backs any of the other 85 resolutions currently in force.

National headquarters would like to achieve greater solidarity. It constantly sells the organization's point of view to the dues-paying members, and hopes the word will be passed along to those not so closely allied.

Solidarity is going to be very difficult to achieve in the federation, however, because of a concept which is at the very core of the organization. Its motto is "Unity in Diversity," and diversification of membership is more than a mere catch phrase. Affiliation with the federation is available, generally speaking, to any women's club that "requires no sectarian or political test for membership." There are other stipulations but that is the main one.

This avoidance of unanimity in thinking began in the club which later instigated the federation. During the spring of 1868 the Press Club of New York, which had an all-male membership, invited Charles Dickens to a testimonial dinner. Certain ladies, including Jennie June Croly of the old New York World, applied for tickets. The treatment accorded her request, she said later, was "churlish." Out of her pique there grew an idea. Why not have a club composed entirely of women? There had never been a women's club without some concrete reason for existence, such as a program to fight slavery or to do foreign missions work, but she got one organized. It was called Sorosis.

An Angry Lady Starts Something

The club was based on two things—resentment and a conviction. The resentment brought to a head by the social stiff-arm she had just run into was more broadly based on the fact that men were closing women out of everything, from paying for their own dinner at Delmonico's to helping elect a President. Her conviction was that women should and could get in on the act. Sorosis was organized to give women a chance to "come together—*all* together, not from one church or one neighborhood or one walk of life, but from all quarters, and take counsel together."

That idea was still in Jennie Croly's mind 21 years later when she proposed that Sorosis' "coming of age" party be made the occasion for a convention of all the women's clubs that had sprung up in the shadow of her own. It was as a result of this convention that the General Federation was founded. Its inauguration took place at a ratification held during April, 1890, in New York.

Whatever merit the idea of diversification may have had when the very thought of women organizing was radical it seems out of order now. The huge organization that has grown from the seed of Sorosis still bears many of the parent organization's characteristics. Political convictions vary among members who in many other ways have little in common. No one group within it is typical of the whole federation.

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There are two main types of federation club. One is the "program" society, wherein the membership confines itself chiefly to obtaining the best available lecturers and musical groups for its meetings. The other is the sort of organization that devotes itself chiefly to social service. The Ginter Park Women's Club, for example, has projects at four hospitals, helps maintain a community center and supports local reforms in Richmond, Virginia.

Work like this is envisioned in the federation's general program, and is certainly admirable in itself. But many members of the Ginter Park organization are not aware of a great many of the federation's national policies. Its convention delegates made no report to the local membership.

This kind of club, then, doesn't figure very importantly as a backer of the federation's national policies. For, if it's true that the more important general issues are those for which the federation needs support in the big arena, then it follows that many of the finest members are being wasted on the side lines.

There are a couple of bright spots. One is that smaller clubs, and particularly those in the middle-to-low income levels, are militantly aware of national issues. The other is that most of the clubs have either junior departments or associated junior women's clubs.

The Junior Women's Club in Richmond's Ginter Park has projects and interests entirely separate from those of the Senior Women's Club. The junior group's biggest local project is maintenance of a summer day camp for underprivileged children. Each day's program starts with a nonsectarian devotional. The children are given midmorning milk or orange juice, supervised play, lunch, a rest period and then more play. Meals are planned by a dietitian and paid for by the club. At least one club member is present at all times. A doctor examines each child before the camp opens in the spring and again at the end of the summer.

There is a difference between this activity and many of the local charities of the senior clubs, and it's a real one. Older women give money; younger ones give their time. On the face of it, this seems fair enough. Most junior clubwomen can't afford the monetary contributions the older women make. But by getting closer to the problems the junior clubwomen also get closer to the answers. Their own work makes them care more about what's going on and know more about what needs doing. In political issues and matters of national policy, the junior clubwomen seem to have the greatest interest and effectiveness, too—as the Ginter Park board's discussion of the Stratton bill indicated.

This makes it seem, then, that as of right now, organized womanhood's battle is being won in some fields and lost in others.

The General Federation has some very considerable achievements to its credit. Few people would deny that it at least helped from the side lines with such advances as establishment of the eight-hour day, which it started shouting for in 1896; enactment of the Pure Food and Drug Act, which it was plugging in 1906; and general adoption of a probation system in United States courts, which it began supporting in 1916. It probably should get credit for carrying the ball personally in such matters as establishment of the Women's Bureau and Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. It was clearly on its own when it raised $226,772 for student nurses' scholarships in 1943, and when it sold $154,459,132 worth of War Bonds in a single campaign in 1945.

Larger War Chest Is Needed

The federation has had some failures, but it hasn't stopped trying to overcome them. It has some big battle plans. What it needs to launch them is money. With its income from dues, plus contributions and interest in its trust fund, it has around $150,000 a year to spend. That is a pitifully small war chest. To be in a class with other national organizations of similar scope, the federation should have at least a half-million dollars a year to disburse.

The GFWC treasury has expectations. The dues-paying membership is increasing. Some of the larger states are showing signs of being ready to swing over to the "universal membership" system which would automatically make all their members pay national dues. Many local clubs understand that higher dues would buy a more effective program.

If its budget can be expanded, the federation can send local clubs more educational material. It can hire more traveling secretaries (it now has one) to maintain personal contact at least down to the district level, and to introduce a better concept of solidarity. It can step up its lobbying activities at the nation's Capitol. It can carry its program to the public in a bigger voice.

If many or all of these improvements are ever introduced, the organization will have to be reckoned with as never before. Should the federation overcome its operational handicaps or get enough money to become truly effective despite them, people are going to have something besides the atom bomb to worry about. They will simply have to hope the women keep a light finger on the trigger.

THE END

"That's nothing. Did you ever try getting a bottle into a ship?"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

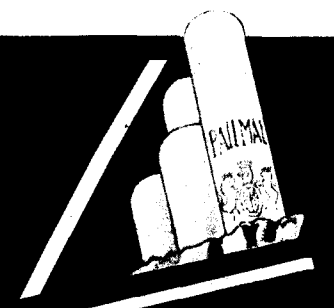
Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING

Have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PALL MALL? There's a reason.

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke! PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer*, *finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.



PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

-and they are mild!

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first oil portrait ever made of Abraham Lincoln. Artist Thomas Hicks painted this in 1860. Note that Lincoln is clean-shaven

MR. LINCOLN'S BEARD

BY ANN CUTLER

When an eleven-year-old girl advised Abraham Lincoln to grow some whiskers, the great man humbly took her suggestion to heart

IF IT had not been for an eleven-year-old girl, Abraham Lincoln might never have grown his famous beard. She advised him to do so after she saw a picture of him clean-shaven.

The picture was a lithograph copy of a portrait in oils, painted for campaign purposes just after Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency and dated June 14, 1860. The painting is reproduced above. The story of its origin, and of its influence on Lincoln's physiognomy, is not well known.

When news of Lincoln's nomination reached New York, Publisher W. Schaus commissioned a painter named Thomas Hicks to go to Springfield, Illinois, and make the portrait. It was the first oil portrait of Lincoln ever painted. Until then the only photograph of the young lawyer had been a crude woodcut of an old daguerreotype.

Lithograph copies of Hicks' painting were widely distributed during the campaign. Feeling over the election grew so tense that even children took sides.

Eleven-year-old Grace Bedell listened with interest when her father and four brothers argued the merits of candidates, but she made up her own mind and settled on Mr. Lincoln. She studied his campaign picture carefully and decided that his chances for winning would be improved if he "grew some whiskers." She promptly wrote him a letter to that effect, pointing out with feminine wisdom, "you would look better because your face is so thin."

The letter arrived in the fall when Mr. Lincoln was actively campaigning, planning his strategy and trying to arrive at some solution that would keep the country from splitting. It was very different from the many self-seeking and threatening letters that came in his mail. Grace Bedell wrote:

Westfield, Chatauqua Co., N. Y.
Oct. 15, 1860

Hon. A. B. Lincoln,
Dear Sir:

My father has just come from the fair and brought home your picture and Mr. Hamlin's. I am a little girl only eleven years old, but want you should be President of the United States very much so I hope you won't think *(Continued on page 80)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW IMPROVED SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

SAVE MONEY··· BUY THE GIANT "ECONOMY SIZE"

action keeps on longer after brushing

. . . a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. Its refreshing action stays longer on the job. This improved cream stays longer with your brush to help cleaning. The brilliant flavor comes from natural, not synthetic, oils.

it's alkaline

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

COPYRIGHT 1948, E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

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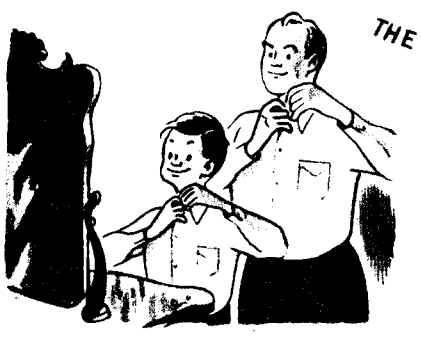
"ESSIE"

"It's all right, Boss—she's just measuring him for an Essley shirt for Valentine's Day."

SOMETHING FOR THE POISE—your TruBenized collar—an Essley exclusive. *Can't* crumple, *won't* wilt—the laundry-proof crispness is built right in!

LATE AT NIGHT, your collar is *still* morning-fresh—as flattering to your face as Essley's full, free cut is to your shoulders, chest and waist!



JUST LIKE DAD'S! Essley "Bruxton Prep" shirts, specifically styled for boys, are man-tailored right up to the TruBenized collar. From $1.95.

THE COLLAR THAT STAYS MORNING-FRESH!

FRESH PATTERNS AND COLORS. Sanforized fabrics . . . prices to brighten your day. Most men's styles are $3.25, $3.50 and $3.95.

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THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

Continued from page 24

to all of us. I knew your Grandfather Skinner well, and he was a fine man. Strong in the gospel and a hard worker. Pioneered the valley; brought the first company of Saints in to settle it up. But you've taken after your father. Jed Whitetop was a good man, but—well, Brother Jackson—"

"Yes, sir; I know—trashy."

"We've been hoping some of your grandfather's blood would show. We thought the war would bring it out. But—well, Brother Jackson, I guess if we took every last man in the valley, I'd say you'd be the one who deserved a visitation least. Except maybe an apostate like Milo Ferguson."

"I sure was surprised, myself," Jackson admitted. "You could of knocked me down when Grandpa appeared."

THE bishop gnawed reflectively at his lower lip. He hadn't shaken the boy's story at all. "How did you know it was Moroni Skinner?"

"He come in through a closed door, and when he left he just disappeared. Just there one second and gone the next. He told me who he was. And, well, I *knew*."

"Yes," the bishop admitted. "A thing like that, you'd know. And what did he say? That is, if you can repeat it."

"Oh, yes. That's what I'm here for. He said it was time I made a man of myself, and that I should marry Katie."

"There are a lot of girls named Katie in the world."

"He made it plain. Your daughter Katherine, he said."

"Marry my Katie! Didn't the old fool realize—! I'm sorry, Brother Jackson. It's not for me to question a thing like that. If he gave you that message—well, that's that. If he did. You realize my position. If he *did* come to you with that message— Look here, Jackson Whitetop! Katie's my only child and you're nothing but—!" The bishop paused, his face clearing. In fact, he actually beamed. He put his stubby legs onto the roll-top desk and leaned back in his swivel chair, hands clasped over his paunch. "The Lord moves in a mysterious way, yes, indeed. So old Moroni Skinner appeared to you and told you to marry Katie, eh?"

"Yes, sir. And to straighten myself out."

"Exactly. Good enough. You know what that means, of course?"

Jackson didn't; and from the bishop's suddenly complacent attitude he was afraid to learn.

"It means, Brother Jackson, that first you've got to prove yourself worthy of her. Yes, indeed. The Lord wouldn't throw a girl like Katie away on trash. And inasmuch as Katie's going to Salt Lake in the morning and she'll go through the Temple with Henry next day, it don't look like you got too much time. In fact, it don't look like you got any time at all, Brother Jackson."

Jackson cracked his knuckles bleakly. "All I know is what he said, sir. He said I'd find a way."

"I'm sure of it," the bishop said. "But I think you've made a natural mistake. A human error. You see, there's often more than one way to take these messages from beyond. Your grandfather told you to marry my Katie. Well, who knows what the years may bring? You're both young, yet. Twenty, thirty, forty years, who can tell?" His attitude clearly showed that whatever the years might bring, he personally would begin to worry about it when the time came.

"No, sir, that's not the way he meant it," Jackson said. "Grandpa said *I* was to marry Katie. He said Henry Brown wasn't worth rolling in the mud she walked through."

"Eh? You said that very thing this morning. Did you know, then?"

"No, sir. I guess he was there, though, prompting me. Otherwise I'd never have said that. Or asked Katie for a date. You know I ain't been fresh before, Bishop. It just popped out of me, and I didn't know why until Grandpa appeared."

The bishop's feet thumped from the desk to the floor. "See here, Jackson Whitetop! Everything's arranged. And my daughter certainly isn't a flitterbrain to leap from one man to another on the eve of her marriage. Do you suppose you're as good a man as Henry Brown?"

"Well, I'm not as well fixed."

"And you're not as hard a worker. Henry's my first counselor in the bishopric. I've been thinking of retiring, and he's in line. I'm getting along, and I figured it would be sort of a wedding present—Katie starting out as the bishop's wife. What can you offer her?"

"Nothing, sir."

The bishop put his feet onto the desk again. "What am I getting steamed up over, anyhow? Katie wouldn't have you."

"Grandpa Skinner said she would."

"I don't give a hoot! Er—I mean, Brother Jackson, that the girl has a mind of her own. Very much so. She wouldn't have you in the first place."

"That's what I wanted to see you about, sir. Then I guess it's all right if I ask her?"

"I can't stop you if you want to make a fool of yourself. But see here." The bishop squinted his left eye until it almost disappeared in the purple ring. "Brother Jackson, I've raised my girl according to the gospel. She's sincere and dutiful, even though she's modern and spirited. What you do about this thing is your own business. You've asked my permission to court her. I'm giving it to you on one condition: I don't want you to take advantage of her."

"In what way, sir?"

"Don't tell her anything about this visitation. I don't want her to think it's her duty. If the thing is ordained, it will come to pass without you telling her about it."

"Oh, I wasn't going to say anything, sir. I wasn't going to tell anybody except you."

"See that you don't. This isn't a thing for gossip. And now, how are you going to start on the first part of his message—to straighten up and prove yourself?"

JACKSON considered. "I guess I'd ought to pay some tithing. Except I'm broke. But I'll see Henry Brown and find out how much I got coming on my sheep."

"Probably little enough. Poor Henry's had some tough luck with his own herds. And what can you expect, letting somebody else handle your affairs?"

"Henry's a good businessman. He took over during the war and I just never got around to taking things back."

"Too busy, I suppose. Of course any man courting my daughter has to be active in the church. What are you in the priesthood, Brother Jackson?"

"I guess I'm a deacon."

"You're supposed to be that at the age of twelve. How old are you now?"

"Twenty-four."

"Looks like you got twelve years to make up in a hurry. You have to be an elder before you can get married in the Temple. Of course Katie will get married in the Temple. And," the bishop pointed out, "your bishop has got to give you a recommend before you can go through the Temple." The bishop gazed reflectively at the ceiling. The more he discussed the situation, the more he felt master of it. "And a man worthy of my

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daughter would have a decent house to take her to."

"Oh, certainly," Jackson agreed bleakly.

"Not an old tumble-down shack, but a nice house. Plumbing and all. Pioneer days are over."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that about sizes it up, Brother Jackson. Looks like you've got a job cut out for you. We'll see how things work out."

"Take some working," Jackson admitted. It had all seemed so simple, before he talked things over with the bishop.

WHEN Jackson returned to the kitchen, Sister Jensen had a pan of hot biscuits on the table and was opening a bottle of raspberry jam. "How about a biscuit, Jack?"

"Could sure use it."

She buttered a steaming biscuit and smeared it with jam. Beryl Jensen was a woman with a woman's natural curiosity and a woman's way of getting around her husband. The bishop had the old-fashioned belief in a wife's place. A wife was not to be worried about the details of daily business; in other words, she wouldn't know anything about it. He didn't realize, however, that the little jam closet opening off the back of the pantry had only a thin partition of wallboard between it and his office. Or if he did realize it he thought nothing about it, for it never would occur to him to eavesdrop, and his knowledge of women was very limited indeed. So through the years the bishop had developed a rather awed pride at what he called his wife's intuition. He was constantly amazed at how much she knew of his affairs, and suspected she was of finer stuff than he, and attuned to unseen forces of which he was oblivious. It was a source of sorrow to the bishop that a man in his position should never once in his life have had a premonition or a prompting; on occasion he had followed a hunch, hoping it was a prompting, but invariably his hunches were wrong. Sometimes he wondered if he was worthy.

"Here you go, Jack."

A gentle pressure of the fingers caused the jam to ooze out the sides of the biscuit, so Jackson popped the whole thing into his mouth. "Umm," he mumbled appreciatively.

Sister Jensen watched him closely. He was, she realized, the sort of fellow to turn a romantic girl's head—tall, good-looking and charming. And this cock-and-bull story about a visitation! Beryl Jensen had lived the gospel and she felt it was a way of life that made people better. But she'd never put too much stock in it as the Word of God. That business of Joseph Smith and the golden plates had always been just a bit too much to swallow; it seemed to her that Joseph had made entirely too many mistakes to have been guided by the Lord.

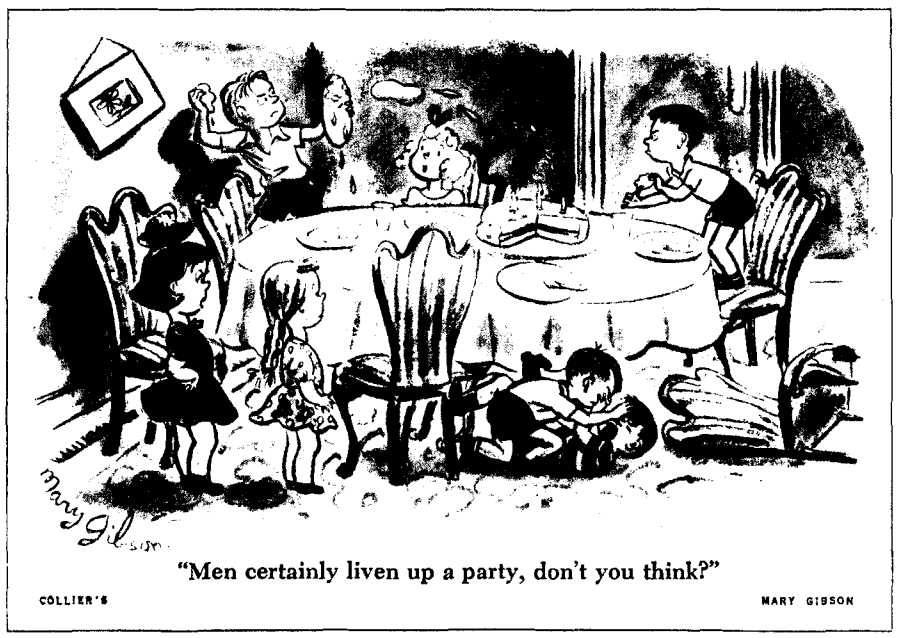
Beryl was seventeen years old and a barmaid at her father's public house in Burton-Upon-Trent when Mormon missionaries came to town. She had stopped at a street meeting, and from that moment her life had changed. It wasn't what the earnest young fellow with the dark-ringed eyes was saying; it was the way he talked, the way he carried his head; it was everything about him, and she knew the important thing in her life was to see more of him.

That took doing. He couldn't go out with girls while he was on the mission. He wouldn't have gone out with a barmaid or the daughter of a public-house keeper in any event. The only way she could see more of him was to have him invited to the house. The only way to have him invited was to interest her parents in Mormonism. And that took some doing.

But it all worked out, for Beryl was a determined girl. Her father sold the public house and came to America as a convert. He settled on a farm near Manti, and never did very well. He didn't know anything but keeping a public house, and of course he couldn't do that. He didn't know anything about farming the desert, either, but farming is something many people think takes no skill. When Waldo Jensen returned from his mission he looked the family up (they had been his only converts), and after a year he married Beryl.

SHE had felt at times through the years a bit guilty. Not because she had worsened her father's station in life; he, after all, had been firm in the faith and happy about the change. She felt guilty because she had done it all for love, because she wanted a man, and not because of the gospel. She'd tried hard enough. She'd lived the gospel to the letter. She took her share of the load as the bishop's wife. She was head of the Relief Society in the valley. She always directed and played a part in Mutual plays. She defended the gospel. But she didn't really have the faith.

It was this visitation business that she stuck at. Ghosts, is what she called it. That men high in the church talked with ghosts, were prompted by the Spirit of the Lord—that the very foundation of the church was based on a ghost story—it was just a bit too much. A bit thick. Year after year as she heard the good Saints get up in fast meeting to bear their testimonies, telling of such things, she felt secretly that the gospel was a good way of life but it was marred by this ghost business. Sister Ormand, for instance, with the good Lord running little errands for her. And now this worthless Jackson Whitetop had come with his cock-and-bull story about his



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grandfather's ghost telling him to marry Katie! Well, it was a bit thick. The lazy, good-for-nothing trash! He wasn't worth a hair of Katie's pretty head. He couldn't roll in the mud she walked through.

"Like it?" she said, and put butter and jam in another biscuit.

Jackson popped it into his mouth. "Umm."

"Katie's out in the corral. Going riding a bit. Tell her not to take the bay."

"Umm mumph." Jackson went out.

BERYL JENSEN went into the pantry, closed the door gently, and, lighting a match, walked the length of the pantry and carefully opened the door of the jam closet. Through the thin partition separating it from the office she heard her husband praying:

"O Lord, give me light in this dark hour. Show me the way and guide my feet into the right path. Give me faith and give me strength to obey Thy will. . . ."

The acoustics of the enclosed place made his voice hollow, and, as the match burned her fingers and she dropped it, Beryl Jensen's eyes in the brief instant of its fall fastened upon an old milk can which she used for storing things to keep them safe from mice. In the darkness her mind's eye still saw the milk can. She felt for it, and lowered her face to its brim. Her heart was beating rapidly, and she wondered if she could do the thing which had flashed upon her as a way to save Katie. It was tampering with everything her husband held sacred. But it was for Katie. Anyhow, it was fighting fire with fire. She could counter one ghost with another.

With her face half buried in the neck of the milk can, she spoke in a slow, deep voice. She'd always felt, with the comfortable confidence of one who's never had to prove it, that if she hadn't married Waldo Jensen she would have been a great actress. Her only contact with the theater was through the Mutual plays and giving an occasional reading; but she'd been told she was very good. Now, as she spoke into the can, she hoped she was half as good as she'd always thought she was. The can helped, as did the small closet and the thin partition. But the cards were really stacked by the fact that the bishop beyond the partition would be the last man in the world to doubt. He had spent a lifetime hoping for a sign.

"My son Waldo," she intoned in the lowest, most ghostly voice she could muster.

Beyond the wall, her husband's voice ceased. Presently, as he waited, she heard his fast and terrified breathing. Beryl had a pang of self-reproach, scaring him like this. Poor dear!

"My son Waldo."

"Y-yes. I am h-here. I hear you."

"My son Waldo, are you prepared for a message? Are you humble? Do you have faith?"

"Y-yes. Y-yes. I am." The bishop could hardly speak. "I have faith."

"My son Waldo, I have a message for you: Young Jackson Whitetop desires to marry your daughter Katie. It was right that you should have required him first to make a man of himself. But one thing you overlooked."

"What is that?"

"Before Jackson Whitetop is worthy, he must prove himself and atone for a wasted life. He must settle the Trouble."

"The T-Trouble?"

"That is his task."

"Y-you mean—the Trouble in the valley? The old Trouble?"

"My son Waldo, that is what I mean."

"B-but—no mere lad could settle that. I've failed, myself, all these years. And I've worked hard, too. Even Apostle Black couldn't do anything about the Trouble."

"My son Waldo, I have spoken. So be it." Beryl Jensen crept quietly from the jam closet, swung the door gently shut, felt her way through the black pantry and went into the kitchen. She was shaking. But it was for Katie, she told herself. She'd done it for Katie. . . .

Jackson found Wishful sitting on the top pole of the corral, watching Katie cut herself a horse. Jackson climbed onto the fence and gazed fondly at his intended. Four horses circled the corral with nervous cunning, and Katie stood in the center with a loop in her hands, slowly turning, waiting. Straight and slim, confident and graceful, she was, he knew, the only girl he'd ever wanted.

"Your ma says not to take the bay," he advised.

The horses broke into a run. "You idiot!" Katie said. "Don't you know enough to keep your fool mouth shut? Now he's at the fence. He knows I'm after him."

"I knew it, too. Your ma said not to take the bay."

"I heard you. Is that your job here, running errands?"

"Oh, I'm not taking the job. Got too much to do."

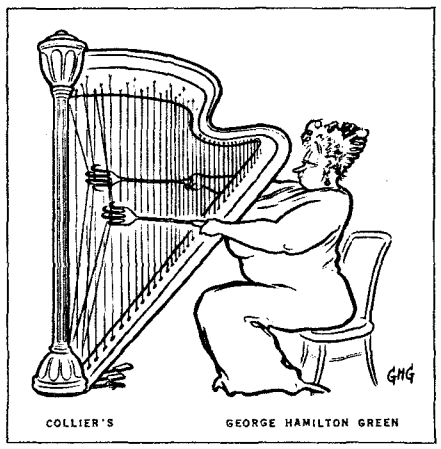
"Why don't you do it and keep your mouth shut for just one minute?"

"As quick as you rope it, I want to talk to you."

Katie put her hands on her hips. "All right, now go ahead and chatter. Get it out of your system. I'll rope the horse later."

"It can wait. Go ahead."

The girl again watched the horses,



which kept bunched, crowding the pole fence. The sorrel crowded in front of the bay, which wheeled around and made for a gap between the pinto and the blue roan. The girl's wrist flicked and a small loop snaked out and dropped over the bay's neck. The bay stood still and she walked up to it and patted it on the neck. "Okay, Wishful."

The hand took the rope and led the bay to the stable. Katie climbed straddle of the pole fence beside Jackson. "Mother can never understand that it's my neck, not hers. Don't mind my temper, but it was a pretty silly thing for you to do. You wanted to see me?"

"Yeah. I want you to marry me."

"Mother always wants me to take a kid horse. What's on your mind?"

"Will you marry me?"

"I thought you wanted to talk to me about something?"

"I want you to marry me."

"Marry you? Jack, that's why folks make you out worse than you are. You're always saying the craziest things with a straight face."

"I'm proposing to you. I want you to marry me. I was never more serious in my born life."

She regarded him steadily. "I do believe you are."

"Will you marry me?"

Katie was embarrassed. "But—Jack—this is—I mean, we've known each other all our lives and all—but you've never even so much as—out of a clear sky like this—"

"Katie, I know it's awful sudden," he admitted. "But you see, I didn't make up my mind until this morning."

"Oh. You didn't make up your mind. Of course that explains it."

"It just come to me, you might say."

"You didn't let any grass grow under your feet, once you decided."

"Will you marry me?"

"Jack, this is all so absurd. Seriously, I think it's sweet of you, but—"

"No!" he broke in quickly.

"No what?"

"Don't give me an answer now. Don't say anything you'll have to take back."

"Take back?" A small furrow appeared between her eyebrows. She was, he realized, more lovely than he'd dreamed. She had a delicate line of freckles on each cheekbone showing faint through the tan. "I certainly can answer you once and for all, if you want it short and final," she said.

"I want you to think it over before you tell me yes."

"And why do you suppose I'll *say* yes?"

"Oh," Jackson said confidently, "you will."

"I never in my life! I never in my born life. You seem to be in charge, General. How long have I got to think it over?"

"Well, I don't want to rush things. We ought to do a little courting first. We'll go to the dance tonight, and maybe by the time I bring you home you'll know. That ought to be plenty of time to think it over."

"Certainly. We wouldn't want to rush things, but on the other hand, why dilly-dally?"

"That's how I feel; I'm glad you think the same."

"Once you've made up your mind, why delay the inevitable?"

"Gee, I'm glad you take it this way, Katie."

"There's just one thing. One small thing," Katie said. She turned her left hand slowly while Henry's diamond sparkled on her finger. "Don't you think you've overlooked a minor point, Jack?"

JACKSON grinned tolerantly. "That's one reason I'm giving you a little time. You see, you think you're marrying Henry Brown. But you ain't. You got to get used to the idea of marrying me. It'll take a few hours."

"Jack, are you drunk?"

"Just you wait and see. Be seeing you." He hopped from the fence and crossed to his team, whistling merrily. He unlooped the halter rope and climbed over the wheel to the seat.

"Jack!"

Katie was beside the buckboard, her back stiff. "If this is a joke, I don't think I like it. And I especially don't like it if it's not."

"Want to go for a ride?"

She stamped her foot. "For Heaven's sake!"

"You just think it over."

"You really mean this as a serious proposal?"

"Nothing else but, honey," Jackson assured her.

"Don't call me honey!"

"All right, darling."

"There's no use trying to talk to you."

"You're upset. That's why I'm giving you a while to think it over. I know how it seems to you. I would have done it different, but there wasn't time. If I'd started in courting you in the usual way, I wouldn't have got no place before you'd gone off to Salt Lake and married up with Henry."

"I don't see just why you had to get this silly idea when a girl's already engaged. It's not ethical."

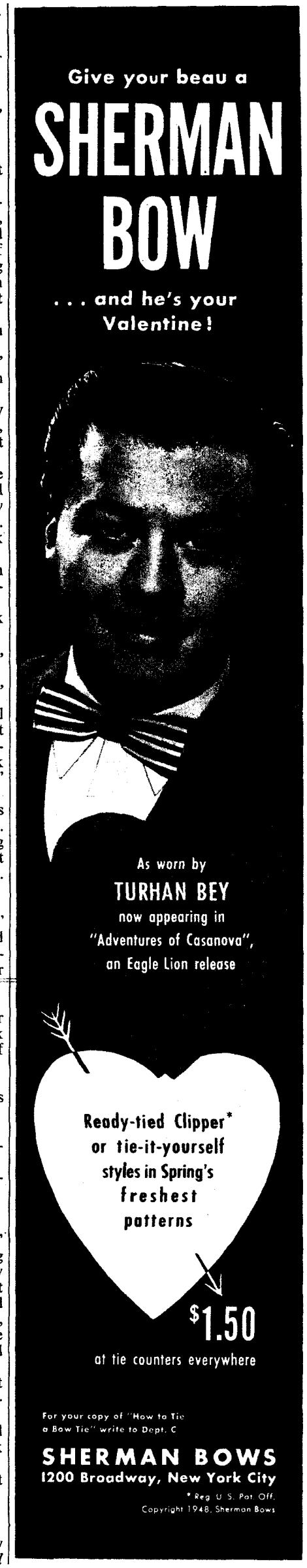
"Katie, I can't help it," Jackson said truthfully. "I'll see you later. Think about it."

"I've thought about it. You couldn't keep a wife if you had one."

"Things will change."

"They've sure got to hurry."

Jackson wished he wasn't bound by the promise. If she only knew things *had*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to happen, it would save all the silly argument.

Katie began to laugh. "Well, Jack, it's a relief, anyhow. Now I know you're normal. You're the only free boy in the valley who hadn't proposed to me, one time or another. You're a little late, but you did come through."

If she thought to deflate him by ridicule, she was disappointed. Jackson wheeled his team, waved, blew a kiss, called, "Pick you up for the dance!" and rattled away.

Katie wagged her head. The most ridiculous, silly, preposterous, absurd, cheeky, impudent thing that ever happened in her born life! If only he wasn't such worthless trash . . .

As the bishop's daughter, Katie Jensen had lived a somewhat restricted life. It wasn't that she ever had wanted to do, particularly, what a bishop's daughter shouldn't. She was simply a bit tired of having her personality and individuality submerged to her position. She didn't like to be shoved around; she'd walk the straight and narrow willingly, but she didn't want to be pushed along it. As the bishop's daughter she was a model for the girls in the valley; she was all things good and proper. And she was, she suspected, heartily resented by many girls who'd had thrown up to them the fact that Katie Jensen wouldn't do this or say that. Katie yearned at times to do what she damned well pleased.

If only Jackson Whitetop wasn't such worthless trash . . .

AS HE drove along the valley road, whistling, Jackson felt he never had properly appreciated the beauty of the country. To the east, beyond the gray sweep of the valley, the Wasatch Range rose steeply, green with conifer on the upper reaches and scrub oak below—summer range. To the west were round hills, dusty with sage and spotted with gnarled cedar—winter range. The single creek, marked by a green line of willows, flowed from south to north down the valley center. Old-timers said the valley once had been covered with bunch grass, but overgrazing had let the sage and greasewood take over. Along the bench of the eastern mountains, where once had been the beaches of Lake Bonneville, were the shacks of the dry farmers who made an annual gamble of a year's toil against the caprices of nature. Far ahead the creek turned east around the corner of the mountains and petered out in the alkali desert.

A streamer of dust ahead resolved into Henry Brown's weapons carrier. Henry stopped alongside the buckboard. "Where you been keeping yourself, Jack?"

"Resting."

"Don't go trading with them mail-order houses. I can give you the same stuff and you see what you're getting. Drop in when you need something."

"I'll be in today with a list." Jackson figured it was just as well to get the thing over with. "Going to fix the house up for my wife. I'm marrying Katie."

"Yeah," Henry said. "So I hear."

"I mean Katie Jensen."

"Yeah. Milo told me." Henry chuckled. "You're a card, Jack."

"Damn it, I am! I'm going to marry her!"

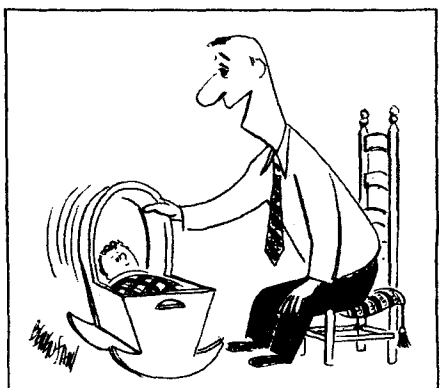
"Yeah. Well, see you around, Jack." Henry drove on.

"Well, doggone him!" Jackson growled. It was an insult. Henry didn't even take him seriously.

Henry Brown wasn't going to be any pushover. Henry was a hard-driving go-getter. Some folks called him sharp, and sharpness was a quality Jackson admired, for he had none of it himself. Henry had drifted into the valley as a kid of sixteen and had gone to herding sheep for Jackson's father. For nine solid years Henry had drawn three dollars a month cash wages, no more, and taken the rest in sheep. That gave him his start; he had a small herd of his own, and from then on, instead of working for Jackson's father, he ran the Whitetop sheep on shares. He branched out, hiring herders to run other people's sheep on shares, a thing nobody had done before in the valley. When the depression came he was running three herds in addition to his own, being camp mover for all of them, and by the time things got really tight Henry was the only man in the valley with ready cash. He came out of the depression owning all the sheep except a little dab he still ran for the Whitetops for old times' sake, and when the war came along he picked up Milo Ferguson's ranch and store.

Yes, Henry was a go-getter. He was in his middle forties, which to Jackson seemed very ancient to be marrying a girl like Katie. But it was a good match from Katie's viewpoint. Henry wasn't going to be any pushover to beat out for her. . . .

Jackson drove into his place as if he'd never seen it before. It was, he had to admit, a mess. What a spot to bring a



". . . Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and then there are some excellent technical schools—M.I.T., V.P.I., Carnegie Tech.—of course there's always West Point . . ."

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

bride! The outbuildings leaned at crazy angles; only a couple of pole braces kept the stable from collapsing completely; the dirt roof of the old bunkhouse had caved in and he'd been using the logs of the walls for firewood. The log house itself, once the pride of the valley, was an eyesore. The front door was gone and the hole was covered by an old quilt nailed to the frame. The porch floor was rotted and its roof sagged at a missing post.

Inside it was worse.

He began figuring up a list of what he'd need, but it was so nice to dream of Katie that he stretched out on the kitchen floor to mull over the happy years ahead. As his head touched the floor the bump throbbed, and he got up reluctantly. Sure, he was willing to work for Katie, but couldn't a man relax for two minutes any more?

Grudgingly, he began working again on the list.

He was checking it over when a voice called, "Jack, are you there?" He went out to see Katie riding in. Riding in alone to see him. That never had happened before.

"Well, honey."

She swung off the bay and confronted him angrily. "I think a joke can be carried too far!"

"So do I. What's wrong?"

"You didn't have to tell Henry about it! He thinks it's a big joke."

"Oh! About you marrying me? I didn't tell Henry; Milo did."

"And who told Milo? I don't think it's a bit funny. It makes me so mad! Henry's telling it all over!"

"So you and Henry are busting up a'ready."

"I came over here to straighten you out. How do you suppose I feel? You

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CHEVROLET

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COME ON! COME ON! GET IN!...

PEPSI-COLA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"TREASURE SWEEPSTAKES and

WIN CASH!

$203,725

OTAL
ASH
RIZES

LOOK FOR HIDDEN DESIGN UNDER EVERY BOTTLE TOP

Every entry gets at least a Certificate toward the family Sweepstakes

GET IN NOW!

Here's a sensational new series of contests that tops 'em all! Thousands of cash prizes! Lots of chances to win! Prizes each month in each state! Total cash $203,725.00 (including dealer prizes). Fun? You bet it's fun—fun for Junior, fun for Grandpa, fun for the whole family! And just look at that swell list of prizes...that big Family Sweepstakes Prize of $25,000.00 Cash! Don't wait—read the simple contest rules—and let's go! Enter now...get your whole family started now...in Pepsi-Cola's fascinating "Treasure Top" Sweepstakes and Contests.

WIN ONE OR MORE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

51 CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH IN YOUR STATE!

IN ADDITION WIN... FAMILY SWEEPSTAKES 1ST PRIZE $25,000.00 CASH!

IN ADDITION WIN... NATIONAL MONTHLY PRIZES!

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WIN YOUR PRIZE FROM THIS LIST

Family Sweepstakes Prizes:

1st PRIZE: $25,000.00

2nd PRIZE: $5,000.00
3rd PRIZE: $2,000.00
4th PRIZE: $1,000.00
5th PRIZE: $500.00
35 PRIZES: $100.00 each

Monthly National Prizes:

1st PRIZE: $1,000.00

2nd PRIZE: $500.00
3rd PRIZE: $250.00

Monthly Prizes in Every State:

1st PRIZE: $100.00

2nd PRIZE: $50.00
3rd PRIZE: $25.00
4th to 10th PRIZES: each $10.00
NEXT 41 PRIZES: each $5.00

★*Every entry gets at least a 100 point Treasure Certificate toward the Family Sweepstakes Prizes.*

"TREASURE TOPS"—what they are

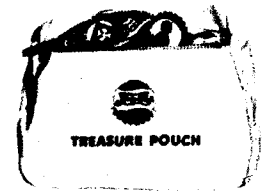
Pepsi-Cola bottle tops with hidden designs under the cork lining are called "Treasure Tops." Just remove the cork from inside the bottle top to find the design. So far there are 48 different designs, like the 2 shown above, representing branches of the U. S. Armed Forces. New designs will be added regularly during the contest. Look for Pepsi "Treasure Tops"—collect 'em—swap 'em. It's fun!

Find the hidden design
Soak and flip out cork

Soak Pepsi-Cola bottle tops in moderately hot water. When the cork lining softens, it can easily be removed from inside the top.

Get the handy TREASURE Pouch

Handsome, handy, 6-inch pouch—the safe practical place to keep your "Treasure Tops" as you collect them. Made of heavy cloth; has zipper at the top and back loops so that you can wear it on your belt. Just send 25¢ in coin to Pepsi-Cola Treasure Pouch, P. O. Box 19, New York 8, N. Y.



HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. On your entry blank or a sheet of paper, complete this statement in 25 words or less—"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot because . . .". Then write down your own name and address, the name of the head of your family, the name and address of the Pepsi-Cola dealer who helped you, and the total number of different designs on Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Tops" you have collected. Then mail your entry, together with one Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" with cork removed to show hidden design, to:

Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests,
P. O. Box 74,
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

2. **The number of different designs you have collected will not be a factor in the awarding of the prizes.** However, when you win a monthly prize, you must be able to show your total collection of different designs reported in the winning entry. Also, it's fun to collect and swap "Treasure Tops". Do *not* send your collection of "Treasure Tops" with your entry. Send in only one top with each entry.

3. You may enter these contests as many times each month as you wish, but no entry postmarked after June 30, 1948 will be accepted. Each time you enter, whether you win a cash prize or not, we will mail you a Treasure Certificate good for 100 points toward the $37,000 Family Sweepstakes Prizes. If you win any one of the monthly prizes, you will receive 100 additional Treasure Certificate points.

4. All entries received during each calendar month will be judged in that month's contest. Entries from each state (and from the District of Columbia) will be judged separately, and will compete for the monthly state prizes only with other entries from that state.

5. Monthly cash prizes as listed on this page will be awarded on the basis of aptness, originality and interest of the statements submitted (see Rule 1). Each month's national prizes will be awarded to the three best entries of the 49 state first-prize winners in each monthly contest. All entries will be judged by the impartial judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, an independent, nationally-known contest judging organization. Decisions of the judges will be final. Names of winners will be published.

6. All entries must be prepared by the contestant. Elaborate or fancy entries will not count extra. All entries and statements become the property of the Pepsi-Cola Company and none will be returned. In case of ties, the prize tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant, except for the sweepstakes prizes, procedure for which is listed under Rule 8.

7. Only contestants living within the 48 states or the District of Columbia will be eligible. Anyone may enter these contests except the employees of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Pepsi-Cola bottling companies or their advertising agencies. Members of the families of these employees are also excluded.

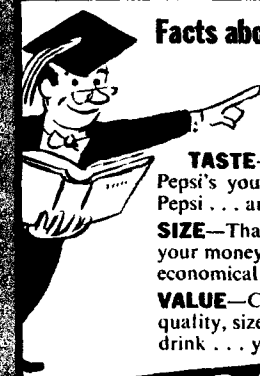
8. **HUGE NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:**

(a) Each Treasure Certificate received by you or members of your family (see Rule 3) counts 100 Sweepstakes Points for your family. *Save them!* (For the purpose of this contest, a "family" shall be considered as only persons related by blood, marriage or adoption living in the same household under one family head.)

(b) The 100 families, plus families tying with any of them, who have received the greatest number of Sweepstakes Points in the competition, qualify for the Sweepstakes Finals. Each family thus qualifying must be prepared to show the total number of Treasure Certificates received by the family and also to show the total number of "Treasure Top" designs reported in the family's entries (see Rule 1). Both the number of Treasure Certificates and the number of "Treasure Top" designs must agree with official contest records of the judging staff and these records will be considered final where any discrepancy occurs.

(c) The qualifying families will then be promptly notified and each family will be required to submit one statement of fifty words or less on the subject "How the Sales of Pepsi-Cola Can Be Increased". They must get the help of their Pepsi-Cola dealer in preparing this statement and must submit that dealer's name and address. The Sweepstakes Prizes will then be awarded by the impartial judging staff, mentioned in Rule 5, on the basis of aptness, originality and sincerity of the statements thus submitted.

These contests are subject to all state and local laws and regulations.



Facts about Pepsi-Cola to help you win!

QUALITY—Finest ingredients, blended *right*, bottled *right*, make Pepsi tops for quality—quality you can count on.

TASTE—For finer flavor, smoother drinking, Pepsi's your number-one order. Try good good Pepsi . . . and compare.

SIZE—That big 12-ounce bottle means more for your money every time. For pleasant drinking, for economical entertaining, buy Pepsi—and save.

VALUE—Compare what you get in Pepsi—for quality, size and taste. You'll say Pepsi's your best drink . . . your best buy.

ENTER HERE AND NOW!!!

PEPSI-COLA "TREASURE TOP" CONTESTS
P. O. BOX 74, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

CITY_____ **STATE**_____

_____
(NAME OF HEAD OF FAMILY)

PEPSI-COLA HITS THE SPOT BECAUSE_____
(25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

_____

_____

_____

_____

I have, so far, collected and am holding "Treasure Tops" with a total of_____ different designs, not including the one enclosed herewith. I have received assistance and advice in preparation of my entry from the following dealer:

DEALER'S NAME_____
(Your dealer may win a special prize if he has assisted you.)

and

ADDRESS_____
(Be sure to enclose one "Treasure Top" with this entry.)

(Not necessary to use this blank. Use any sheet of paper but be sure your entry is complete in every detail.)

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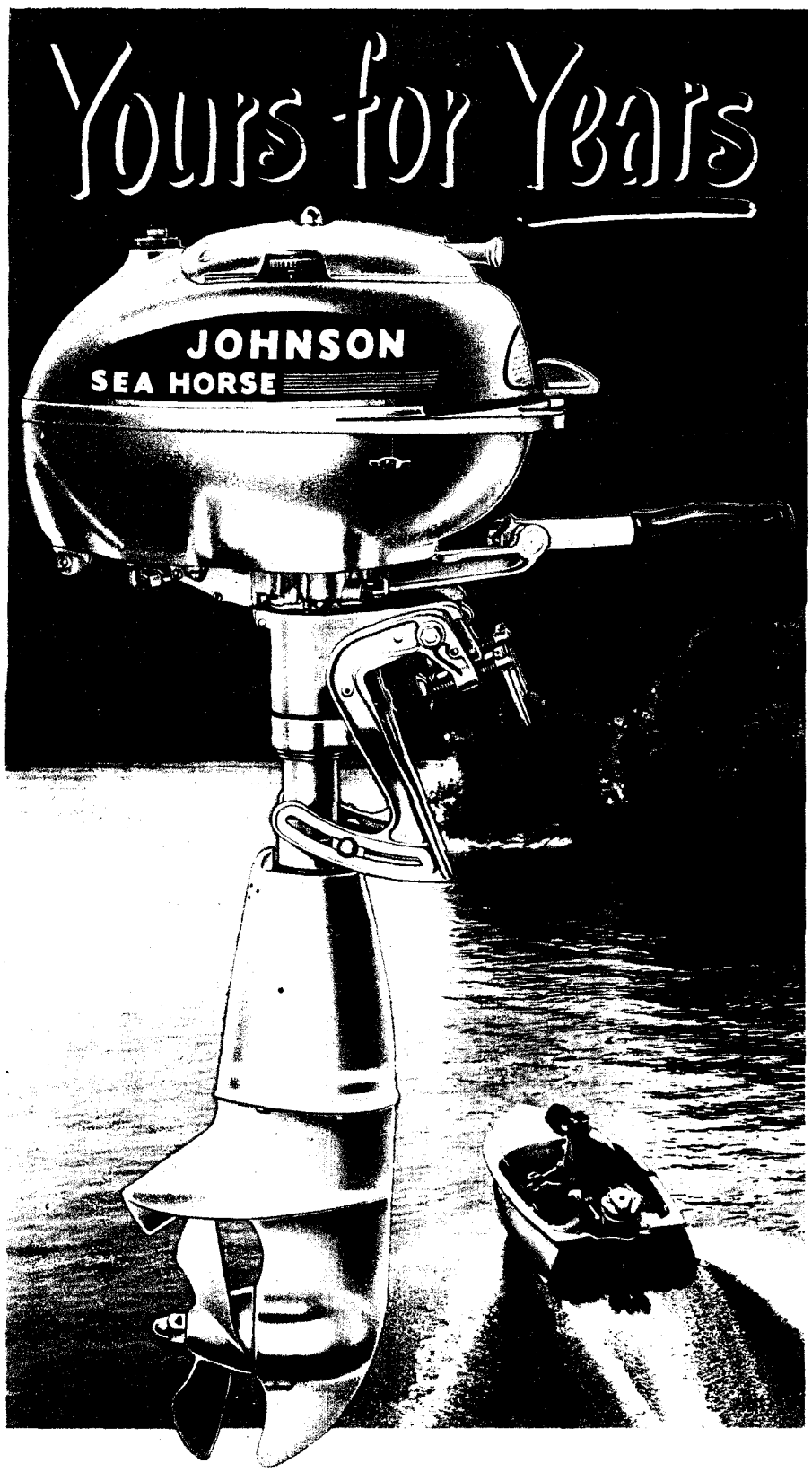

Nothing you can buy in an outboard motor means more than good performance *day after day, year after year.* No test you can make with a new motor means as much as Johnson's quarter-century record of such performance... It isn't only that Johnson has built a sweet motor, introducing one basic feature after another. The big thing is that Johnson has combined these features into a beautiful, workable package—that doesn't unravel as the years go by.

Ask your Johnson dealer to *show* you all the Sea-Horse refinements. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

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Alternate Firing, for liquid smoothness ... Dual Carburetion, for thrilling high speed, consistent low speed ... Reverse ... Ready-Pull Starter ... Shock Absorber Drive ... Rotary Valve ... and much more!

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Write for the new 1948 Sea-Horse Handy Chart. Illustrates, charts the 5 great Johnsons for '48. A postal gets it. Sent *free.*

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Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for DEPENDability

proposed to me and I turned you down—"

"No, you never. You're thinking it over."

"I'm not thinking anything over. No! Do you understand? No, no, no! Is that plain enough! I tried to make it easy on you. After he's got the gate from a girl, a gentleman doesn't go around bragging about how he's going to marry her. I never was so humiliated."

"I made up a list," he said. "Figure on fixing the place up for you. Maybe you'd like to make some suggestions."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Jack!" Katie flung the kitchen door open and strode inside, looking about with contempt and distaste. "All right, if I've got to be nasty. Look at this place! Do you think any decent girl would live here?"

"It's well built, fix it up a bit."

She cocked her head. "What's that noise up above?"

"Mice."

"Mice? Why don't you get rid of them?"

"Think I will."

"That's a revolutionary decision."

"Well, they been sort of company when a man's alone. But now with you marrying me—"

"Do we have to go into that again?"

"Look at it one way, the place has got flavor. Now, take that door." He indicated a large and ragged hole in the kitchen door. "That happened before I was born. Pa was away and Ma was here alone. There was a bad Indian on the prowl. Called him Broken-head. He used to come in and molest white women when they were alone. He must have seen Pa leave, and he come to the house and tried to get in. He had a gun and when he shot through the door, Ma give it right back at him with a shotgun. That hole's been there ever since. I guess that's the only door in the valley with a history like that."

"And so nice and breezy, too," Katie said.

"Stuff a gunny sack in it in the winter. What color do you figure we should ought to paint the walls?"

KATIE shrugged. "I haven't the slightest interest in the color of the walls. Now, Jack," she said, "I think the whole thing has gone far enough. I want you to do the right thing."

"What?"

"I want you to turn the whole thing off as a joke. I'm tired of it."

"It's no joke to me."

"It's impossible."

"I can see how it looks. But it's going to happen."

"Am I using words that are too big? I am going to marry Henry, and if I weren't, I certainly—"

"Do you love Henry?"

"And if I weren't, I certainly know a lot of men who are better bargains than you."

"Do you love Henry?"

"So if you'll please quit this practical joke—"

"Do you love Henry?"

"That's none of your business."

"Ha!"

"Ha yourself! You've certainly been anything but lovable. Will you or won't you?"

"You're prettier than I thought."

"Henry was right. He said I was making a mistake to come here."

"Henry is always right. Do you like monotony?"

"Goodby, Jack."

"Pick you up for the dance."

"I said goodby." She strode out angrily, flung the bridle rein over the bay's neck and swung up the stirrup. The bay was not a horse to be mounted in careless haste, and Katie sat down with a grunt. The horse trotted for home.

"I'll catch my team and hitch up the buckboard."

Katie got up, slapped angrily at the seat of her
Goodby."

She was abou
trying not to lim
when Jackson rattl
buckboard. "Well, he
the bishop's daughter," he
far?"

"I like to walk."

"Do you mind if I mosey along a
side?"

"It's a free country."

"What do you think of the beautiful weather?"

"Why don't you go off somewhere and dig a hole?"

"Let's discuss something. I want to take your mind off your feet. How can we dance tonight if your feet hurt?"

"I won't walk far," she said, looking down the road.

THERE was a cloud of dust about a mile down the sage-bordered road, in front of Henry Brown's store. It was Henry's weapons carrier, coming fast. It made a turn around the corner of the stackyard fence, lurched into a chuckhole and straightened out. Henry was driving furiously. He was angry, with every right to be. He slammed on his brakes and skidded to a stop in front of Katie and Jackson. His brow was black.

"I caught your horse as it came by," Henry said to Katie. "Get in. I told you not to ride that bay, didn't I?"

"Yes, Henry."

"And I told you not to go down and see Jack in the first place, didn't I?"

"Yes, Henry."

"And it doesn't look right. I told you that."

"Yes, Henry."

"Well, get in."

"Yes, Henry." Katie climbed over the buckboard wheel and sat beside Jackson.

"Aren't you coming with me?" Henry said.

"No, Henry."

"What's the matter?"

"Toodle-oo, Henry."

"I don't get it," Henry said. "Look here, you can't do this!"

"Don't quarrel before the servants, Henry."

"Oh," Henry said. "I'm sorry. It's only because I was worried about you. On that horse and going down to see this fellow alone."

"I'll be along in a little while, Henry. I haven't ridden in a buckboard since I don't remember when."

"Suit yourself." Henry made a U turn and sped away angrily.

"Seriously, what do you think of him?" Jackson said.

"Why should I tell you?"

"I don't know."

"He's steady and solid. Maybe a bit dull at times, but marriage isn't a matter of sitting around making wisecracks. A little dull and steady solidness is good over the long pull."

"He'll make a good father for your children," Jackson said.

"What's the matter with that? Getting married isn't the end of the story. It's the beginning."

"Being in love is the beginning."

"I've been in love."

"Like that. You've seen a circus."

"I mean, crazily and romantically and not caring about anything but the moment so long as you're with him. He was a soldier and I met him on furlough. There were ten lovely days. He never came back."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know that."

"Nobody does. He never did."

"Maybe if he knew—"

Katie shook her head. "He's dead."

"That's tough."

"And I won't be a fool again," Katie said. "Love is blind, anyhow. It's nothing but glands or something. It has nothing to do with a happy marriage. I'm certainly not going to be rushed into a

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lifetime of regret because of my glands. Henry's a good match and I'm fond of him. He'll be good to me and I understand him. And that's the way to consider marriage. I'm damned if I'm going to be swept off my feet by Mother Nature."

"Say, you're a rebel," Jackson said wonderingly. He'd never thought of her like that.

"I'm a little tired of being shoved around. I'm doing what's best for Katie. Some people think Henry's too old for me. But they all agree it's a good marriage for me."

"No argument there." Jackson felt blue. He couldn't possibly offer Katie more in a material way than Henry could.

The bay horse was tied to the hitching rack of the store. The people waiting for the mail regarded the arrival of the buckboard with elaborate disinterest. Katie mounted the bay, with care this time, and Jackson went inside. Milo was

". . . Again we want to thank President Truman for having relinquished his radio time so that we can bring you this grand fight!"

COLLIER'S C. D. SMALL

behind the wicket of the little post office cubbyhole on the left; he was still postmaster, and he helped Henry out in the store.

"Mail ain't sorted yet. You can wait outside with the rest," Milo snapped. Then he leaned across the counter, puffing great clouds of cigar smoke and grinning evilly. "You're doing all right, Jack. Henry won't show it, but he's fit to be tied."

"Got a list here of a few things."

MILO turned to the pigeonholes. "Take care of you when the mail's sorted. You're no better'n nobody else."

Jackson sat on an empty nail keg to wait. He'd never got used to seeing Milo with a cigar. The old man had apostatized while Jackson was away to war. Milo had gone broke from a combination of easy credit, hard luck, and an invalid wife, and he'd thrown religion away along with his faith in humanity in general. Some of the pious Saints said disaster had affected his mind.

Sid Worth drifted in and took an adjoining nail keg. "Well, Romeo," he said to Jackson.

Sid was a dry farmer and the valley funnyman. Jackson didn't feel in the mood to follow his lead, and was glad that Milo announced, "Come and get it!" Sid immediately hopped to the wicket for his mail.

Milo handed out the mail. "Well, Jack." He took the list and whistled. "Say, you're really fixing things up proper. Paint, nails, lumber, harness, linoleum, wallboard, gasoline lights, a windmill, pipe, plumbing, stove, separator, disk harrow—what's the water heater for?"

"Bathroom."

"By golly, Jack, you wasn't fooling," Sid Worth said. "Get the place prettied up and all you'll need is a wife." The other men laughed.

"When can I get it?" Jackson asked.

"Give you most of it right now. And the truck goes in to Salt Lake tomorrow." Milo's eyes shifted to the list. "But you got to see Henry."

"What about?"

"I only work here, Jack. He says if you come here for something you got to see him."

HIS face a bit hot, Jackson crossed the parking area and went through Henry's yard. At the kitchen door he smelled the rich aroma of coffee. Henry obviously was having tough sledding with the Word of Wisdom; he hadn't been a Saint for very long. He'd embraced the gospel when he started going with Katie.

Jackson knocked. "Just a minute," Henry's voice said guiltily.

"Nobody here but us Jacksons, boss."

Henry slipped out the door and closed it behind him. "My back." He put a hand to his back, over the wide belt he always wore on the theory that it was good for a trick sacroiliac. "Doctor told me to take a cup of coffee now and then to tone it up."

"Best thing in the world for a back," Jackson said. "The gospel's a wonderful thing. Henry, do you know that gentile doctors don't realize the value of coffee as a medicine?"

Henry laughed, throwing back his head. "What's on your mind, Jack?"

Jackson showed the list. "Milo told me to go through channels."

Henry's round face was expressionless. "Quite a list here, Jack. Quite a bill of goods."

"When you get time I figure we'd better settle up my account."

"That's why I told Milo I wanted to see you. Been wanting to talk things over with you. You know, you haven't even checked up on things since you got back from the war. Now you're here, we might as well look over the books. A man figuring on getting married ought to know where he stands at."

"Never mind the books. What have I got coming?"

"Come in, Jack." They sat at the kitchen table. Henry raised an eyebrow, Jackson nodded, and Henry poured coffee for Jackson and got his own half-filled cup from under the table. "Jack, I just run your sheep because of old times. Your dad, he give me my start. Then you went off to war and I figured, well, the least I can do is not charge you anything for running them. I wouldn't take a penny from a man overseas fighting for his country. On the other hand, it didn't cost me anything to keep your dab in with my own herds."

"It's good of you, Henry," Jackson said. "But I want you to have your regular share for running them."

"No, Jack. Let me do that much for the war effort. Hell knows you did more. And I'm not really giving you anything. I did charge off against your account a percentage of the cost of running the herd, according to the proportion of your sheep to mine. But I never took a penny or a pound of wool for my own time."

"What does it figure to?"

Henry seemed greatly interested in stirring his coffee. "You're into me a little over nine thousand dollars. We'll just call it nine thousand even."

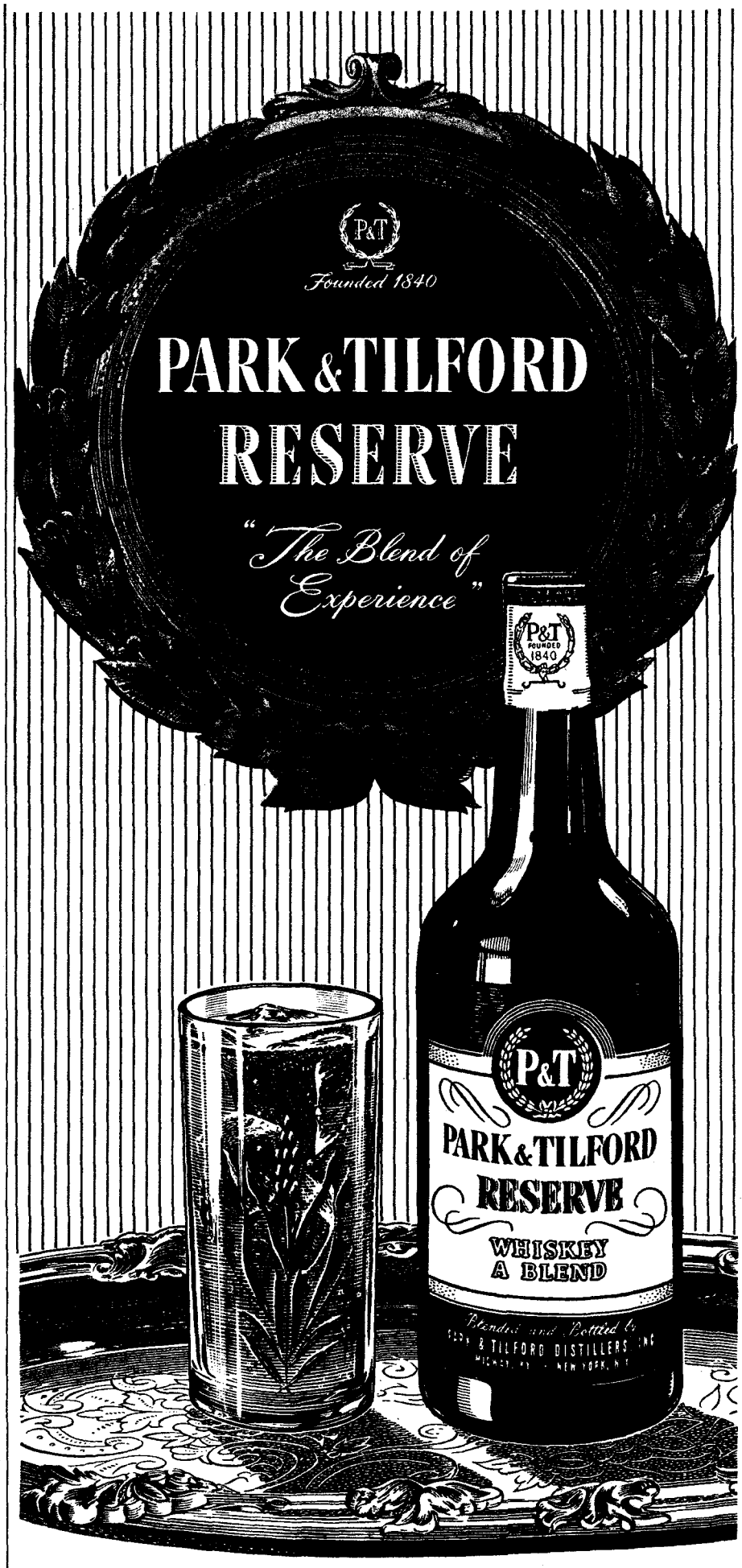
"You did all right, Henry. You're a businessman. Of course sheep were good during the war, but you still did all right. I'll just leave it with you and draw on it, if that's okay."

"Jack," Henry said, watching his spoon, "I said *you* was into *me*."

"Into you? Wait a minute."

"Jack, you owe me nine thousand dollars."

"You kidding?"



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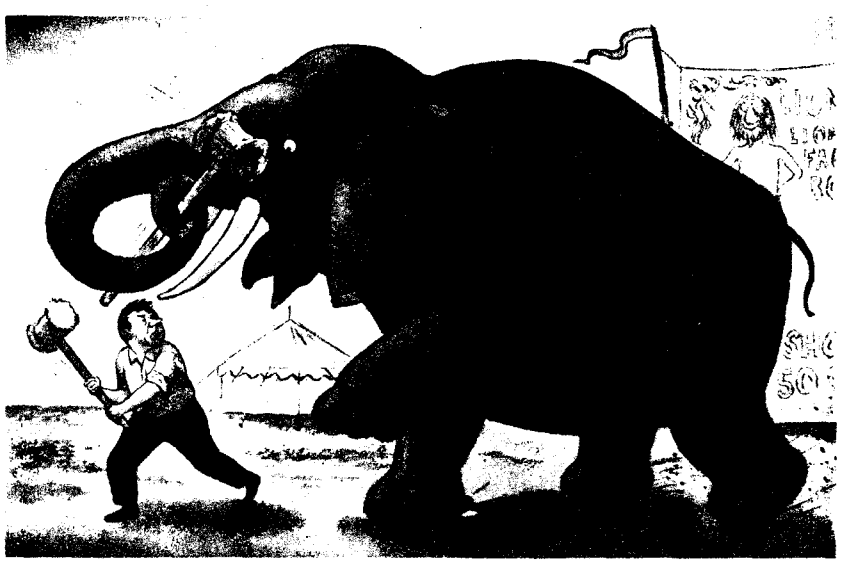

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The heavier cream for tender skins!

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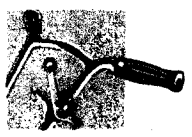
A BETTER BUY because...



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AT night when dust prisms on the windshield make a blinding glare of oncoming headlights . . . or by day when road-splash or grime dims the view ahead . . . Trico's "Two Little Squirts" will wash your windshield crystal clear. Saves blades, too, for a half-dry windshield dulls and "feathers" the wiping edge of the rubber. More than *one million* Trico Washers now make driving safer. You can have one installed on your car, new or old, for only $6.25*.

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*$6.25 plus installation

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TRICO *Windshield Washers*
Fully Automatic - Nothing to Pump

"It's on the books, Jack. Milo keeps my books. I asked him today how your account stood. I hadn't realized you were in so deep. That's why I wanted to see you."

"Good God, Henry. I had an offer from young Merrill Littlewall when I was home on furlough, before I went overseas. He offered me fifteen thousand cash for the sheep then. And they've been producing wool and lambs ever since. That's four years ago. What's the increase?"

"You haven't got as many sheep as you used to have, Jack. I want you to look at the books. Everything's down in black and white—"

"To hell with the books! What happened, is what I want to know."

"In the first place, Jack, you wasn't square with the board when you went away. Your folks had always kept into me a *little*. A *little* more and a *little* more. They spent a little more than the sheep earned. Then they died soon after you went away. Well, there was expense, but I didn't want to talk to you about it at the time. I took care of things. And I figured you'd be gone a while and when you got back I'd have a nice little nest egg built up. You gave me power of attorney. Jack, I did the best I could. I handled your sheep along with my own."

"You couldn't help but make money on sheep during the war."

HENRY smiled sadly. "Jack, you don't know the half of it. Price ceilings. Shortages. We had tough luck three years in a row. And you know what happened this morning? One of my herds lost sixty head and better. Just gone. That's sheep, Jack. Well, one year it was deep snow. We had to haul feed in the winter onto the desert. You know what that means. Another year it was a blizzard. Ned Holt was herder. As good a sheepherder as ever was made. Whitey Jones was moving camp, and he came in for supplies and couldn't get back on account of the blizzard. And there was poor Ned Holt out there alone flat on his back sick. One of his spells. We lost a lot of sheep, Jack. The coyotes have been bad. Disease—something hit the sheep and we lost two hundred head before we could bat an eye. One thing after another. And expenses, Jack. You don't realize how much it costs to run sheep these days. I didn't know hardly what to do. I used my best judgment. We lost almost half your herd in that one blizzard, aside from the other things. We're both in the same boat, Jack. If it wasn't for the store and my other interests, I don't know where I'd be."

"Why the hell didn't you tell me all this before?" Jackson demanded.

"Why, Jack, you were overseas fighting for our country. I thought I could make it up for you. I've kept account of every penny and I want you to go over the books. Then you got back, and didn't ask me for a settlement, and I figured I could maybe cut it down some, at least. But I guess I've no more than broke even for you since you been back. That's the way sheep are, Jack. You can sure lose your shirt."

"You sure lost mine. You done the best you could, but, hell, Henry, this kind of rolls me one."

"Now, about this list of stuff, Jack. If you want food, your credit is always good. But anything else—you see my position, Jack. You're in as far as I can let you go. Your sheep aren't worth more than what you owe me. Not as much. Personally, I'd hate to have to take them in full payment. You see, Jack? I'm getting married. I've got a wife to think about."

"I see, all right. What if I'd brought this list in yesterday morning?"

Henry threw back his head for one of his great laughs. "Jack, you don't think it makes any difference to me? This is strictly business, Jack. I keep business and other things strictly apart. I'll tell you what, Jack. I'd be losing money but in a way I'm responsible. I feel awful about the whole thing. I'll make you an offer. I'll take title to your sheep and we'll clear off the books. What do you say?"

"I'll think it over."

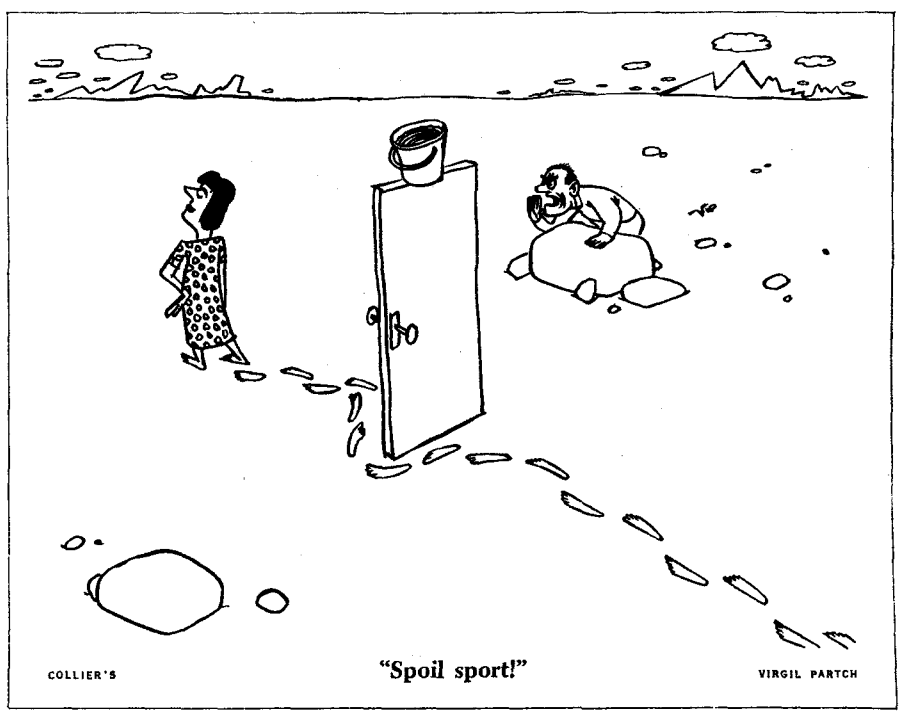
"I wish you would, Jack. It's a lot of money for me to have out. I'm a little short myself. I can't carry you forever. And I always believe in settling things man to man. Nobody gets anywhere going to court."

"Thanks for the coffee," Jackson said, and went out. Milo was piling goods into the buckboard in front of the store. "Not today," Jackson told him, and began helping unload, feeling foolish under the questioning eyes of the men on the porch.

Milo said nothing until the buckboard was bare and Jackson had climbed into the seat. Then he observed, "Boy, you've been took.". . .

When he got home, Jackson put up his team and went in the house to make dinner. He fried eggs and bacon, ate them, and was unsatisfied. Coffee was what he wanted. Coffee and a cigarette. And considering the blow he'd just received, he felt that his system needed a pickup.

He put on the coffeepot, and when the aroma came rich and brown he felt better just from the smell. Just what he needed in his condition. He poured a cup, took a delicious sip, set the cup on the edge of the stove, sat down on a box



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Who'll be in your heart on Valentine's day?

YOUR MOTHER? Does she love gifts that are filled with old-fashioned sentiment? Give her the gift that whispers more than words can say—a traditionally beautiful diamond-set Hamilton like the one shown below.

YOUR DAUGHTER? Can she always get a smile out of you—even when you're low and out-of-sorts? Let her know how much she means to you with a lovely, ever-faithful Hamilton such as the OLGA (below).

YOUR WIFE? No matter what she gives you, is it always in perfect taste—and exactly what you wanted? She'll be thrilled by the gift that's as tastefully charming as she is—a precious Hamilton like the LYNN (below).

If there's a girl in your heart, the most eloquent gift in the world is a priceless Hamilton . . . the ultimate expression of the watchmaker's art. And, if there's a man in your heart, your jeweler has a wide variety of men's Hamilton gift watches—each with the finest hairspring ever developed: Hamilton Elinvar Extra.

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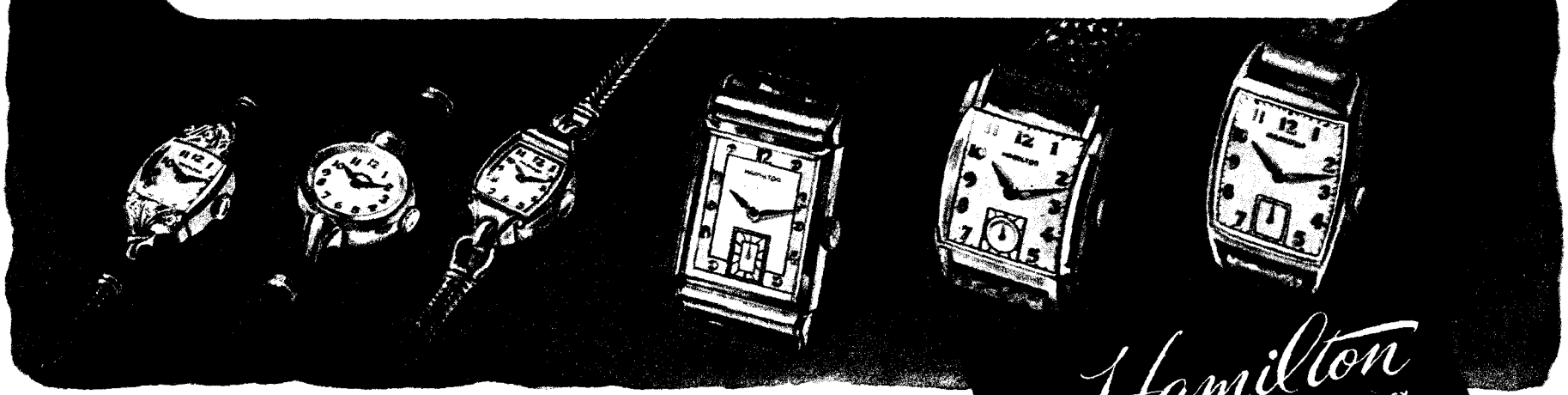

Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

LEFT TO RIGHT: A-6—17 jewels, 6 Diamonds in 14K natural or white gold case (Other diamond-set watches available in gold and platinum); LYNN—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case; OLGA—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case and bracelet; BARTON—19 jewels, 14K natural gold case, finest *Medallion* movement; PERRY—19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled case; DENNIS—17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case. Ask your jeweler to show you all the other fine Hamilton watches. Hamilton's experience making railroad watches assures greatest accuracy in every grade. Send for FREE folder and revealing booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. D-1, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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"MILK IS REALLY SOLID FOOD—EVERY MAN ON MY SQUAD GETS PLENTY OF IT."

Says Whitey Gwynne, Athletic Trainer, West Virginia University

WEST VIRGINIA's showing on the court is the pay-off for plenty of hard work, as any man who has gone through a season of training under Whitey Gwynne can tell you.

"In order to take it, a man must eat right," says Gwynne. "That's why I insist on at least four glasses of milk a day for every man on the squad. Milk supplies minerals and vitamins that a diet must include to build stamina and a sound physique."

Unretouched photo showing how milk pours around the rim of the bottle

And this is important, too! When you buy milk, look for the bottle that's protected by the sanitary Sealright Hood. Every drop of milk you drink passes over the bottle's pouring surface. Because the Sealright Hood is sealed on the bottle under sterile heat, it completely protects that vital pouring surface from the dairy to you . . . your assurance that the milk you drink is as clean and pure as when it was bottled.

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luxuriously and reached in his shirt pocket for tobacco.

"Brother Jackson!"

He jumped, for a guilty moment wondering if Grandpa Skinner had returned.

"I see you are living the Word of Wisdom," the voice said acidly.

The bishop's purple-ringed eyes were peering through the shotgun hole in the kitchen door. The bishop's nose was sniffing the rich brown aroma.

Jackson scratched his chest vigorously instead of pulling out the tobacco. "Just having a cup of Coffee-Near," he said desperately.

"Coffee-Near? What's that?"

"Just an old family recipe. Make it out of wheat and dandelion roots and stuff. Got it from the Indians. Nearest thing to coffee we ever tasted, so we just call it Coffee-Near."

"Don't say?" The bishop sniffed at the tantalizing odor wafting through the hole. "Just made out of wholesome grains and roots?"

"And the seed of a berry," Jackson said, not wanting to stretch the truth beyond recognition.

"It smells wonderful," the bishop hinted.

"Well, you have to get used to it," Jackson said disparagingly. "I've drunk it so many years I don't mind it."

THE bishop squinted his left eye and smelled in small delicate sniffs, getting the subtle overtones. Then he closed his eyes and drew in a great lungful, his face revealing ecstasy and vast longing. "Jack," he said, in his passion forgetting formality, "have you got an extra drop or two? If that stuff tastes like it smells . . ."

Jackson had no desire to lead the bishop astray. On the other hand, it would be no sin on the bishop's part if he didn't know what he was getting. And, surveying the hopeful face at the hole, Jackson decided it would be more cruel to refuse. Jackson also realized that he was not being hospitable.

"Why don't you come in, Bishop? We'll get another cup."

The bishop was inside with a bound. "Just got a minute," he said, rubbing his hands with anticipation as Jackson poured his cup. "Just grains and berries. Amazing. It smells like the real stuff."

"It don't taste like Army coffee," Jackson said truthfully.

"The war was hard on boys of our faith, Brother Jackson. As I understand it, they generally either had to drink coffee or nothing."

"It was grim," admitted Jackson. "I could hardly bring the stuff to my lips," he said, referring to the infernally hot rim of an aluminum canteen cup.

The bishop took a sip, held it in his mouth with an intent expression, swallowed and then surrendered. "Ah!" he cried happily, and waved Jackson to a seat. "What a flavor! What body! That aroma! Full and rich. Jackson, my boy, this is terrific! I've tried them all. Some are pretty good. Most are horrible. The big trouble is, Jackson, that if a man likes the taste of coffee it's hard to get anything else to take the place of it. The substitutes don't have it. But this—if I didn't know, I might take this for coffee."

"Get used to it, it's not so bad," Jackson said.

"Would you mind giving Sister Jensen the recipe?"

"Well, sir, the house is in such a mess I don't know where I'd lay my hands on it."

The bishop chuckled. "You're a sly one, Jackson. You know very well this stuff is worth a fortune. The Saints would go wild over it. How about begging a little off you? I promise I won't examine it too closely."

"Tell the truth, Bishop, I'm a little low myself right now."

"Come, come, Jackson. I'm not trying to steal your formula. And I'll keep it confidential if you wish. I understand how you must feel. You jumped like you'd been shot when I spoke at the door. Tell you what. I'm on my way to Wendover and I'll stop in on my way back for it. Now, I won't take no for an answer. Mix me up just a little bit. Couple of pounds or so."

"Well, sir, that's impossible," Jackson floundered. "You see, I've never been satisfied with it. Always thought I'd get around to improving it. You see, if—"

"It's plenty good enough for me."

"That's because you don't know what real coffee tastes like."

"*Don't I?*" *the bishop said ruefully.* "I used to be a great coffee hound as a young one. Before I went on my mission, of course. It's a taste you never forget. I've tried all the substitutes. Fig-Coff, Barlo-Co, Coffee-Yum and a dozen others. They don't have it." He extended his cup for a refill. "Delicious, Brother Jackson. Delicious. Coffee itself is hard on the nervous system."

"Certainly is," Jackson admitted, refilling the bishop's cup.

"The last time I had a cup of real coffee was when Katie was a baby. She was sick, and Sister Jensen and I were worn out. It was in January, and terribly cold, and I had to drive in to Wendover to get a prescription filled. I needed something to warm me up and keep me awake, so when I got to Wendover I got a cup of coffee in a café." The bishop wagged his head at the horrible memory. "Do you know, Brother Jackson, I didn't sleep a wink for four nights after that?"

"Good gosh!" Jackson said, appalled.

"Not a wink for four nights. I twitched and tossed. My nerves were on edge. My hands shook. It was a lesson to me."

JACKSON wondered if a sick baby might not have had something to do with it; he hoped so, watching the bishop smack his lips over the second cup. "And maybe it was thinking about it made it worse," he suggested. "You knowed you'd done wrong and it preyed on you."

"Well?" a new voice said. Katie's face was at the hole in the door.

"Good grief!" the bishop said. "Katie, I forgot you were waiting."

"I thought you were just dropping in for a second." Katie sniffed at the hole.

"Coffee-Near," the bishop said. "Got a drop left for her, Brother Jackson?"

"Sure."

"No, thanks. I'll wait in the car, Dad." Her face disappeared.

"Be right out!" the bishop called. His voice became confidential. "Brother Jackson, I just dropped in to see how you felt about that—er—matter we talked of this morning. Any change in plans?"

"*No, sir. I'm going to marry Katie, all right.*"

"You remember our discussion about proving yourself worthy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Brother Jackson, I feel different about things now than I did when we had that talk."

"Different, sir?" Jackson said apprehensively.

"I was inclined to be skeptical, Brother Jackson. I admit it frankly. There was a small seed of doubt in my mind. But now I know. I know that what you said was true. I know that your grandfather did appear to you with a message."

"Gee, that's swell, Bishop! I guess that about fixes things."

"Yes; I know, now. After you'd gone this morning, I was troubled. I went to the Lord in prayer. I asked for guidance. And I in turn received a message. Brother Jackson, to prove yourself you must settle the Trouble."

"The Trouble? You mean, sir—the *Trouble?*"

"Yes, Brother Jackson. That was the message."

Jackson's jaw had sagged. He never had expected a thing like this.

(To be continued next week)

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

and proper use of the soil. We farmers who live in the Great Plains region foresee serious calamity for the nation.

The old-timers believed that the soil here was inexhaustible and farmed accordingly: long straight rows up and down the hills and the largest fields that could be managed. If the crop washed out, as it often did, all that was necessary was to set the share a little deeper; there was plenty of good soil below. They were successful producers.

But now there is no longer good soil on the hillsides and it is impossible to go deeper. Added to this, Soil Conservation men tell us that wind and water erosion here has been about ten times the depletion of the soil from crop production; 825 years of soil loss in the life span of men yet living! Virgin prairies to abandoned land in one generation! Clearly we need a new agricultural policy—one that will be the policy of all the people: the farmer, the processor, the merchant, the consumer and everybody else.

CHARLES E. HOWLAND, Formoso, Kan.

WE'RE, WERI, WIRI!

DEAR SIR: In your article on the new Hollywood sensation, Valli, I imagine that the quotation "Veni, vidi, vici" was used for the title Veni, Vidi Valli (Jan. 3d). In Latin the object always precedes the verb—therefore it should be Veni, Valli Vidi. Incidentally if her name is supposed to have a Latin pronunciation it would be Walli, not Valli, as all v's are pronounced w's in Latin. Perhaps the Latin pronunciation would be best, for then no one would be confusing someone as beautiful as Valli with Rudy Vallee, who is certainly far from beautiful.

MRS. E. L. TURNER, Gray, Maine

Fussbudgita es (pronounced, "My, but you're fussy!").

YOUNG CAROLEANS

DEAR SIR: Congratulations on your Christmas story (Young Notes in New Carols by Barbara Banks, Dec. 27th) about young people's music. It's attractive, and it does a service to music education.

We did notice one slip-up, however. The two compositions you received from us were not credited as winners in Scholastic Creative Music Awards. As you know, Scholastic Magazines have offered incentive awards to high-school-age composers for the past ten years. The Creative Music Committee, mentioned in your article, endorses this project. I hope you'll let your readers know that Betsy Baker and Janice Ann Morris took double honors for their delightful Christmas carols. We believe the road to recognition, for America's composers, must start in the schools.

ELIZABETH L. WADSWORTH,
New York, N. Y.
Secretary to Music Awards

Collier's is happy to let our readers know, and regrets the obvious slip-up.

LET 'EM EAT THE TAXPAYER'S CAKE

DEAR SIR: A Mr. Anderson in The Week's Mail of Jan. 3d complained about Princess Elizabeth's 9-foot wedding cake which he says the poor American taxpayer paid for.

The royal family of England is one of the few things that the average Englishman has to remind him of his prewar comforts and enjoyments. Anyway, if American tax money had paid for the entire wedding it would be little enough compensation for a people who have proved themselves such valiant allies in two wars within twenty-five years.

W. J. SPONSLER, JR., Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Father George paid for his daughter's wedding same as any American father, and I venture the opinion that many American weddings this past year meant much more of a monetary outlay. As to the cake mentioned in Anderson's letter, the ingredients, as I recall, were sent by Australian maidens as a token of good will.

F. A. BAPTY, Ontario, Canada

SUFFERING CATS!

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Dufresne's article Nobody's Cat (Dec. 27th) will start a wave of torture and brutality toward cats, especially among young boys. All cat lovers will be hoping together the rats will devour the end of Mr. Dufresne's nose.

WARRENA BOWLBY, Natoma, Kan.

. . . Any cat will wash its face and hands before and after eating. Can humans say as much for themselves?

TRUMAN J. PIERSON, Pres., Allied Cat Lovers International, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Hurray for Mr. Dufresne's suggestion we shoot all the cats. I have always found the cat selfish, whiny, vindictive, egotistical, untrainable, horrible-voiced, stupider than the horse, cruel, unappreciative, oversexed, overbearing, pussyfooty, given to jumping on tables and stealing food, unsatiably hungry and unloving. The trouble with dogs is they are too affectionate, while cats are too unaffectionate.

ELIZABETH PHILLIPSON, Wilton, Conn.

WALKING ON WATER

DEAR SIRS: Since no human can walk, slide or navigate on top of water without a floating support, I have concluded that the picture showing young Dick Pope, Jr. (Ladies in Wading, Jan. 10th), water-skiing in his bare feet at Cypress Gardens, Florida, is a phony.

My contention is that to give the illusion of barefoot water-skiing, young Pope either wears "invisible" plastic fins or skis; or your retouch men have painted out actual skis he is using. Or maybe he's really standing on a safe platform being sprayed with imitation waves. Even were he able to ski barefoot, he'd either be blinded by the water when he fell going 40 mph, or water friction would burn his feet badly. Does young Pope ski down mountains barefooted, too?

STEVE WISE, Cambridge, Mass.

Pope, Jr., takes off on one water ski without foot bindings, holding the other foot aloft. When his towboat hits 30 to 40 mph, he sets the free foot down on the water till he's riding on one ski and one bare foot. Quickly he flips the ski aside. If he misses here, he's slapped down on his face. It hurts. Otherwise he may ride a mile and a half on calm water, smiling because the water tickles the soles of his feet. Success depends on relativity between Pope, Jr.'s, 130 lbs., his size-eight feet, and the speed of the boat. Pope, Jr.'s, done the stunt several hundred times for Garden visitors; and his dad will wager $1,000 to $100 on it with any skeptic who visits the Gardens. Pope, Sr., is the Gardens' ballyhoo man.

Which of these Sheppard DIESEL Engines Will Solve YOUR Power Problems?

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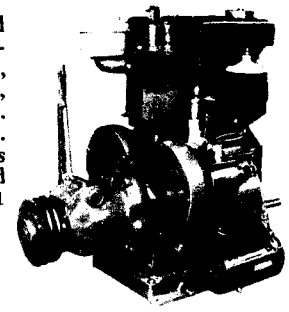

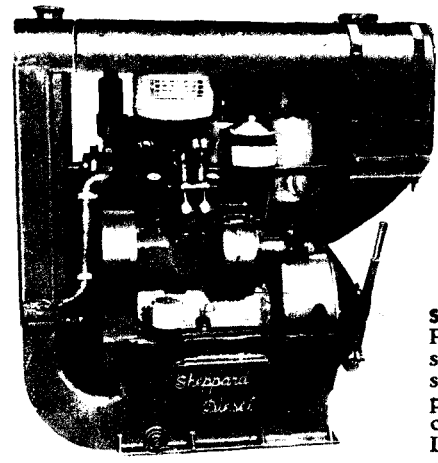

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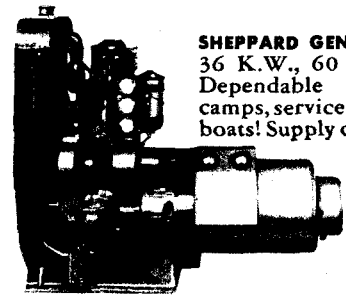

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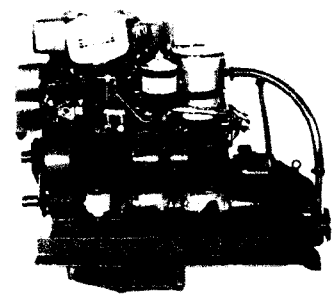

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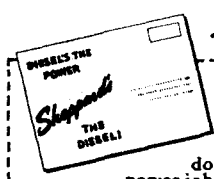

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BOSTON BEANERY

Continued from page 23

for the past 42 years a retired sea captain has dined on chowder, Indian pudding and coffee. Twice a week for the past 44 years a little old lady from Beacon Hill has come in at 5 P.M. and ordered two man-sized portions of Indian pudding and nothing else.

It has always been the inalienable right of any male diner at Durgin-Park to wear a hat in the dining rooms. Marketmen of course wear straw hats, winter and summer. A couple of years ago James Hallett, the owner, and Jimmy O'Toole put their heads together and decided that maybe it would be nice if the men didn't wear hats in one of the end dining rooms.

When this was mentioned to Bushy Eyes McCormack, a Faneuil Hall Market mushroom merchant who was eating in the end dining room, he appeared more hurt than angered. He plowed through his meal quietly and left.

On the following evening he took his seat in the end dining room as usual. And as usual he was wearing his hat. Only this night it wasn't a battered straw hat. It was a beautiful silk topper. Hallett and O'Toole both got the point, and there have not been any other attempts at reformation since.

Founded in Colonial Days

The origin of Durgin-Park and its typically Yankee recipes goes back to pre-Revolutionary days. In 1742, Peter Faneuil, called by contemporaries "the topmost merchant in all the town," erected a large market house near the water front. Soon afterward a warehouse, the building now occupied by the restaurant, was constructed. On the second floor of the warehouse a small eating place was established. It catered almost entirely to marketmen and to the crews of ships anchored in the harbor.

About 75 years ago one of the customers, Eldredge Park, who owned a livery stable near by, bought the restaurant in partnership with John Durgin, a commission merchant, and John Chandler, a young dry-goods merchant.

Although Durgin and Park gave their name to the restaurant they died within a few years after buying into it. John Chandler, a sentimentalist, who continued to run it, refused to change the name. He decided that Durgin-Park would become a sort of gustatorial epitaph to the memory of his late partners.

Chandler also proved to be a shrewd manager who knew his lobster and fried cods' tongues and who cut apple pie with a generous knife. He spent the next 63 years serving good food, breaking through walls and expanding the kitchen to upper floors to accommodate the growing number of patrons. He was joined in these profitable activities by his son and later by his grandson, Jerry Chandler.

Three years ago when Jerry was killed in the war, Durgin-Park was bought by James Hallett.

Hallett is a hard worker and an early riser. He leaves his home at Hyde Park before dawn to do his buying in the market. He personally selects all the produce and provisions which are used in the mammoth Durgin-Park kitchens.

He usually eats his meals in the restaurant except on nights when he can't find a seat. Then he goes home and his wife, Hattie, prepares his supper.

About a year and a half ago, Hallett brought his elder brother Edward into the business and made him Chief Bean Man, a century-old position which carries with it the responsibility of preparing the century-old recipe for Boston baked beans according to strict and undeviating ritual. The recipe is as follows:

Boston Baked Beans

2-quart bean pot
2 pounds beans—California pea beans preferred or York State beans
1 pound salt pork
8 tablespoons sugar
⅔ cup molasses
2 teaspoons dry mustard
4 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 medium-size onion

Soak beans overnight. In morning parboil them for ten minutes with a teaspoon of baking soda. Then run cold water through the beans in a colander or strainer. Dice rind of salt pork in inch squares, cut in half. Put half on bottom of bean pot with whole onion. Put beans in pot. Put the rest of the pork on top. Mix other ingredients with hot water. Pour over beans. Put in 300-degree oven for six hours. This will make ten full portions.

"You can't let the pot just set in the oven," explains Edward. "You've got to add water as necessary to keep the beans moist. And you can't be impatient and add too much water at a time and flood the beans."

Edward produces his Boston baked beans under the watchful eye of Albert Savage who has been the head chef at Durgin-Park for the past 32 years. Albert is probably the world's leading specialist in Yankee cookery. He himself is an old Yankee who was born in Lithuania. He has one assistant who is a Bulgarian Yankee and another who is a Polish Yankee.

"The chief difference between Yankee cooking and most other kinds of cooking is that we make our food taste like what it's supposed to be," says Albert. "In other kinds of cooking chefs seem determined to make the food taste like something else."

Albert prepares vast quantities of the traditional baked Indian pudding. In the course of a year, if you're fond of statistics, he makes enough to float the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth and one small rowboat. The following recipe is sufficient to make one-half gallon.

Baked Indian Pudding

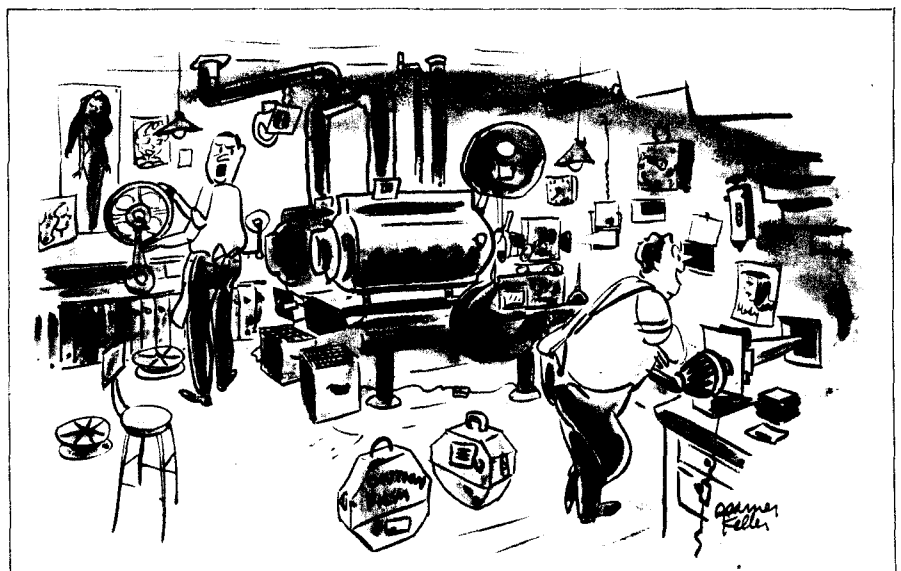
1 cup yellow granulated corn meal
½ cup black molasses
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup of lard or butter
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking soda
2 eggs
1½ quarts hot milk.

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly with one half (¾ quart) of the above hot milk and bake in very hot oven until it boils. Then stir in remaining half (¾ quart) of hot milk, and bake in slow oven heat for five to seven hours. Bake in stone crock, well greased inside.

The fame of the Durgin-Park Indian pudding is world-wide. Long before Durgin, Park and Chandler took over the restaurant the pudding made according to this recipe was taken to sea by clipper-ship captains who were restaurant patrons. It was made by chefs in ships' galleys from Valparaiso to Hong Kong.

The secret of its excellence lies in its slow and careful cooking. Not long ago a couple of lads came up with the bright idea of canning the pudding. They got in touch with James Hallett, explaining that they had made up some batches which they wanted him to sample.

"I asked them how much cooking time they gave the pudding," he says. "When they told me 30 minutes, I lost interest."



"Stop telling me about the picture! I want to see it on my day off!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

The Durgin-Park recipe for corn bread is basic. It may be used for tea cake or for blueberries when they are in season. The "three-way" recipe is as follows:

Tea Cake, Blueberry Cake and Corn Bread

For Tea Cake
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
¾ teaspoon salt
3 cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 tablespoon melted butter
1½ cups milk

Mix sugar with beaten eggs. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add melted butter and milk. Beat up quickly and bake in large buttered pan in a very hot oven. This makes one large pan, which will cut into 21 squares.

For Blueberry Cake, add one cup blueberries last.

For Corn Bread, substitute one cup granulated yellow corn meal for one of the three cups of flour.

The bakery department of the restaurant has one unusual specialist in Martha Bence who happily spends her working hours cutting pies. The word "happily" is used advisedly.

Six years ago, at the age of seventy, Martha decided that after 45 years of pie cutting it was time to retire. So she went up to the Durgin-Park attic where she keeps her six cats, picked them up and took them home, vowing never to return.

Martha's retirement lasted just three weeks. It was the most troubled period of her life. She was haunted by nightmares of Durgin-Park pies being cut into tiny slivers and served to starving customers in sewing thimbles. Her cats were restless too. They missed the mousing in the restaurant attic.

Early one morning Martha and her six cats returned to Durgin-Park. They have been there ever since. In the past six years the king-size wedges of pie cut by the pie girl have grown even larger. Old-fashioned apple pie, of course, is the Number One favorite. The recipe is as follows:

Old-Fashioned Apple Pie

Make your pie dough the way you usually do and line large pie plate. Peel and slice fine six large apples. Fill pie plate half full of apples. Put half a cup of sugar, a little nutmeg and cinnamon on top.

Now add the rest of the apples, filling up pie plate round-full. Add more cinnamon and nutmeg, another half cup of sugar, a large piece of butter cut in small pieces. Pour on a little lemon juice. Cover with pie dough and bake one hour in a 350-degree oven.

Apple pan dowdy is made much the same way. It is made in a deeper pan because four times as many apples are used. That's right, 24 large ones. Also one cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, two teaspoons of nutmeg, two of cinnamon and one half teaspoon of salt. And there's plenty of butter on top before covering with the top crust.

The coffee which is served at Durgin-Park is the restaurant's own blend. Hallett won't reveal its secret, and wild jeeps couldn't tear it from him.

Meet Mike the Coffee Maker

Ever since 1910 Mike Wladimir has been in charge of coffee making, a duty which he performs continuously from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. except when waiting on a table and/or exchanging chitchat or arguing with a customer. The amount of coffee prepared by Mike in the course of a year would float the vessels mentioned in the Indian pudding statistics plus three bargeloads of brick.

The big coffee urns stand on tables near the cashier's desk and their tops are seven feet from the ground. Since Mike is a short-weight five feet, the difference during the past 37 years has been neatly adjusted by a special stool. One morning about six months ago the stool was missing.

Mike hunted for it vainly. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He borrowed a meat saw from the kitchen and began to cut away at one of the legs of the coffee-urn tables.

There was a rapturous expression on his face when Hallett came over to see what he was doing. "This," said Mike, "is something I shoulda thought of 37 years ago."

The legs of the coffee-urn tables are still intact. Mike has a new coffee making stool—the first new piece of furniture placed in the dining rooms in 50 years.

There is also something missing. For the past 75 years penny sticks of spruce gum have been sold at the cashier's desk.

"It has a terrible taste and it pulls the fillings right out of your teeth," says Hallett. "The old-timers loved it." For the last half century all the spruce gum chewed on Durgin-Park premises was made by a farmer at Five Islands, Maine. Recently Hallett received word that the spruce-gum maker had passed on.

"No one," he says sadly, "could make spruce gum like that old farmer. The way that stuff held broken chairs together was simply wonderful!"

THE END

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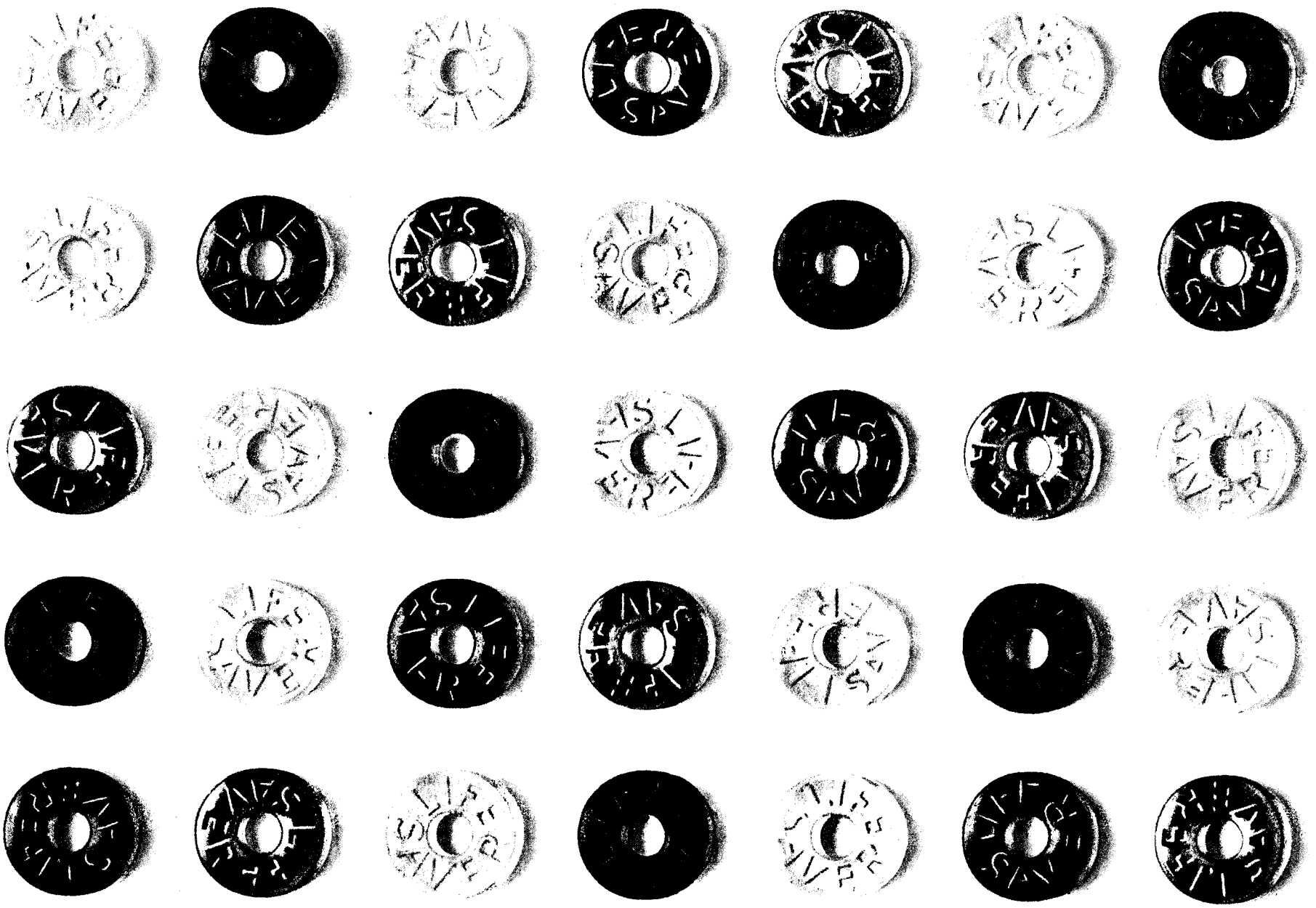
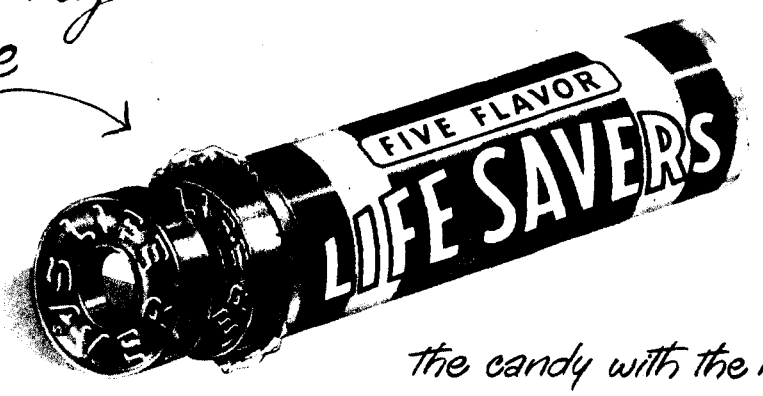


please do not lick this page!

P.S. Get 'em in the handy roll—anywhere



the candy with the hole...5¢

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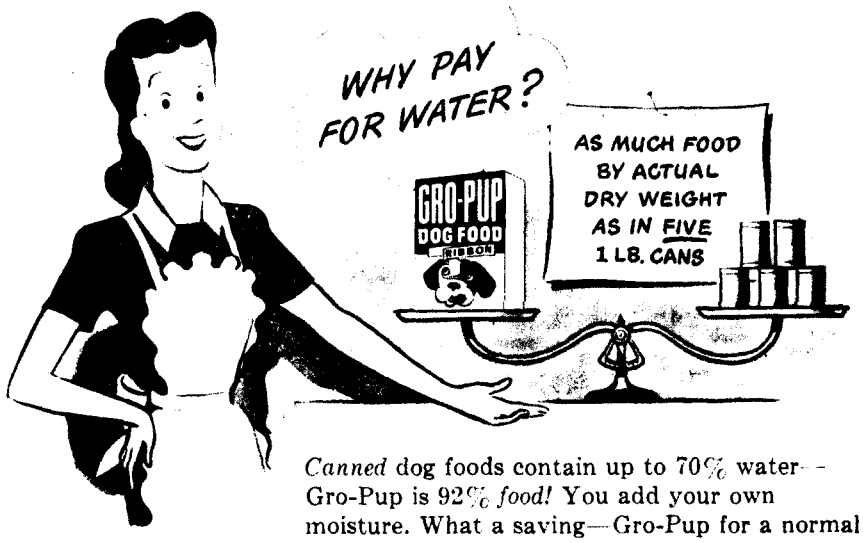

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The Biggest Box on the shelf

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

CITY TO ORDER

Continued from page 17

think of themselves as armored knights doing battle with an enormous dragon called Waste. They are trying to lay down the industrial, shopping, residential and social patterns of the new city so that there will be a minimum of waste in time and money for the people who will soon live there. They are campaigning too, against noise, smoke, traffic jams and the slums that breed crime, bad health and poor citizens.

"Park Forest," as the town will temporarily be called, is going to be both clean and safe. The rolling green countryside upon which it is being built lies to the windward of South Chicago's towering pall of smoke. Prevailing southwest winds will continually sweep the new town's atmosphere clean. Its own industries will be confined to the northern end of the building site, and it is mandatory that all factories be of the nonnuisance, odorless and smokeless variety.

A Model Street-Traffic System

Safety has followed cleanliness in the planners' book of principles. There will be no dangerous intersections. All will have wide visibility. The thoroughfares and byways will be so laid out that no child will need to cross a major street in going to and from school, and only a few will need to brave the light traffic of secondary lanes. The entire town will be constructed around five community centers, with a school located directly in the midst of each.

For each cluster of houses within a community center there is to be a tot pen, equipped with sandboxes. There the two-and-three-year-olds can play outdoors all day. Mother need only take an occasional look at them from her kitchen window. Regular playgrounds will be provided for older children.

Spaciousness will dominate the town's out-of-doors. If you can imagine life in a park you will get the idea. There are to be no blocks, in the conventional sense. The streets are being laid out to curve easily with the rolling contour of the land. All houses will be set back a minimum of 120 feet from the street. Instead of the ordinary gridiron system of streets, there will be eleven curving, irregular superblocks. These will contain large areas, some as big as 54 acres. There will be woods and open spaces and landscaping everywhere. The houses are to be arranged around cul-de-sacs formed by the curving streets. In the center of each cluster of houses, there will be a parking area.

The houses will be staggered so that the residents of one will not be able to look out a window into the home of a neighbor. The landscaping will be informal, taking its cue from the rough naturalness of the near-by forest preserve. The idea is not only to give Park Forest people something nice to look at, but to invite them outdoors. While many very modern housing projects have a density of from 20 to 50 families per acre, Park Forest is planned for ten, a figure regarded as economically impossible by most builders. Eighty-nine per cent of the land will have no buildings. There will be no tall structures to dwarf the scene and the people.

There will be no scattered stores, no corner delicatessens, and no chasing through streams of traffic to get from butcher to candlestick maker. The main shopping center will be arranged so that customers can do their buying under the one roof. The same establishment will cover the movies, restaurants and bowling alleys. The old-time downtown district, as such, will be nonextant.

The main shopping location is laid out in a series of crescent-shaped buildings set in a panorama of greensward, parking lots and covered walkways. All the shopping buildings will be joined by permanent canopies for the protection of shoppers against the elements in every season. Pedestrians will enter the area from parking lots that will be located near the edges. A play space will keep the children safe while Mother goes about her buying unhampered.

In this layout no store can have a preferred location—a busy street corner. The system has the big chain operators upset. Merchandising has always been built on the superiority of the street corner. The new idea in Park Forest will mean that every store in it will be forced into real competition, insuring quality and low prices, and making it possible for the American Community Builders to sell and rent houses virtually at cost.

When you assemble 30,000 people in one spot you've got something in which every merchant is interested. Without any control, hundreds of stores are likely to spring up under such circumstances, duplicating services and providing, in many cases, poor-quality merchandise in the struggle to undercut the competition. ACB will channel the demand for selling space and will charge commercial rents that, based on a percentage of gross profits made on everything sold in the city, will help take the burden of rent or purchase costs from the customers themselves.

These are not, however, the economics of the quick buck, and this kind of thinking confused some bankers and builders. But the directors of New York Life, Northwestern Mutual and Sun Life caught on immediately.

The schools will be another major element in the good life ACB hopes to provide. They will be for adults as well as for children—the real community centers, operating night and day. The social and political life of the city will be built around them. There will be courses for adults, in city government, literature, foreign languages, cooking, and metal and woodworking. There will be town-hall forums, card parties, dances and sports. This phase of the town's better living will depend for its success almost entirely upon the new citizens.

No Monotony of Design in Homes

Architecturally, the homes will fall into no easy classification. The builders have tried to design dwellings in which people will feel the most comfortable. They have taken the best features for livability from many different styles, including colonial, ranch and modern. The people who live in them will see whatever type of house they want to see. For those who like colonial, there will be the pitched roofs; and for those who like modern, the picture windows.

All structures will be low, two-story jobs with roofs of varying colors. Each will have its own private basement. They are being built with one-, two- and three-bedroom variations. And, to provide a complete house at what it costs to rent an apartment, they are being built in rows.

This is not so ominous as it sounds, since they will be in staggered clusters around a cul-de-sac. A typical cluster would consist, in curved sequence, of one eight-house unit, a four-house unit, a six-house unit, a two-house unit, another six, another four and another eight. Because they follow the contour of the land and because of variations in colors, materials, roof ends, stoops and sizes, there can be none of the monotony that typifies usual row housing.

Nearly everything has been designed to help the housewife. The city will have its own water-softening plant. Each

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house will have its individual gas furnace to supply forced-air heat. In the summer the system can be reversed to circulate cooled, though not refrigerated, air.

Instead of a centered ceiling fixture in dining rooms, ACB is equipping its homes with a movable *torchère* providing indirect lighting. ACB's experts consider center-of-ceiling lights useless and ugly in the bedroom, too. Instead there will be a wall fixture which can be swung up to provide an over-all, indirect light, or down for reading in bed. The kitchen will have indirect lighting as well as a work light at the sink.

These are small examples of the kind of thinking that is going into the project. But these details are really the least of ACB's problems. Theirs is the sort of job that students, architects, sociologists and bankers are going to be studying for years to come. They have had to face social, religious and cultural questions that never before have arisen in the slow growth of ordinary communities. It was necessary, for instance, to bring together the leaders of all religious faiths and win their co-operation in picking church sites.

Afterward the churchmen told Jerrold Loebl, one of the founders of ACB, they would not have believed it possible to get such a meeting to work. It did work, and to the extent that, in two cases, congregations ruled themselves out of sites they felt were desirable but not so necessary to themselves as to other churches.

The planners took a whack at snobbery. Nearly every American town has its rich man's row, an exclusive district for the well-to-do. But there won't be one in Park Forest. Sites for homes that are to be sold will be scattered throughout the city and mixed in freely with the rental units. There will be expensive homes, but the caste system that characterizes so many suburban towns will not be expressed here, in locations at least.

"We do not want anyone—especially any kid—to feel that he comes from the wrong side of the tracks," said Loebl.

Right now one of the most baffling jobs is that of setting a quota of saloons. Nearly every town of similar size has far more than it needs, in the opinion of the ACB. Having too many taverns wastes space, a cardinal sin in the land of Park Forest. Statistics on liquor consumption in ordinary places give little help, for ACB expects the people of their town to lead pleasant and happy lives that will not be greatly attracted to indoor types of entertainment.

Many Plans Were Discarded

Because the whole intricate life of a city is being mapped out at once, almost every major step is an important part in the jigsaw-puzzle planning. For more than eighteen months the project has been one vast, swirling, fluid mass of ideas, blueprints, specifications, budgets, dreams, utility problems, transportation schemes and economic principles. Plan after plan was discarded before the architects and Elbert Peets, one of the nation's top city planners, finally evolved the one they desired.

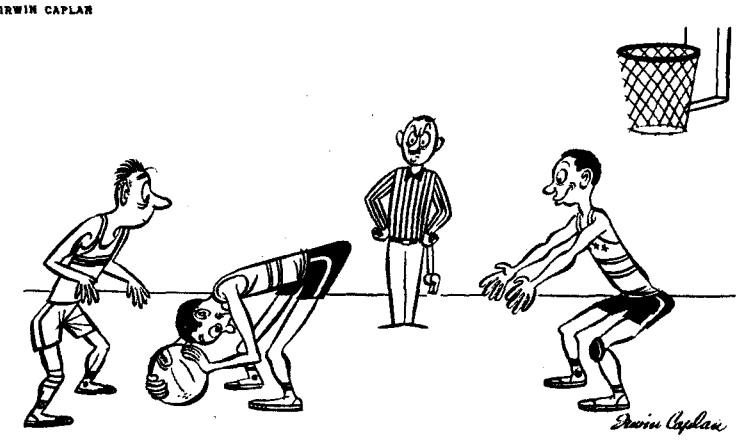
ACB brought its chief construction men, Allan Harrison and Dick Senior, onto the job a year before they were ready to build anything so they could participate in, advise on and help coordinate the work from the start.

"This increased our immediate costs," said Klutznick, "but I think it has saved us at least a million dollars."

The tax situation is being attacked at the outset. Working with the architects, engineers and construction men are two experts on municipal government, Israel Rafkind and Hart Perry. Everything that will cut down the expense of running a city has been gone over. Street maintenance equipment, for instance, will be located next to the city hall because studies have proved this to be economical.

In order to keep their good looks and

IRWIN CAPLAN



SPORTING ODDS

The Harlem Globetrotters, famous traveling basketball team, were noted for two things—good, fast basketball and first-rate clowning. Playing against the Yankton College Greyhounds in 1935, they took an early lead and then went into their clown routine. A guard counted a field goal by bouncing the ball hard on the floor with the rebound carrying it into the hoop. But that was only the beginning. With only seconds remaining in the game, and ahead 36-28, the dusky cage aces amazed the Greyhounds by lining up in football punt formation. The ball was snapped to Buckner, lanky center, on the Greyhound free-throw line. Buckner took it and drop-kicked in the direction of his basket, the length of the court away. The ball soared almost to the ceiling, made a perfect arch and dropped through the hoop without so much as touching the rim. Bedlam broke loose, but the referee remained calm. The basket did not count.

—Robert E. Karolevitz, Brookings, S. D.

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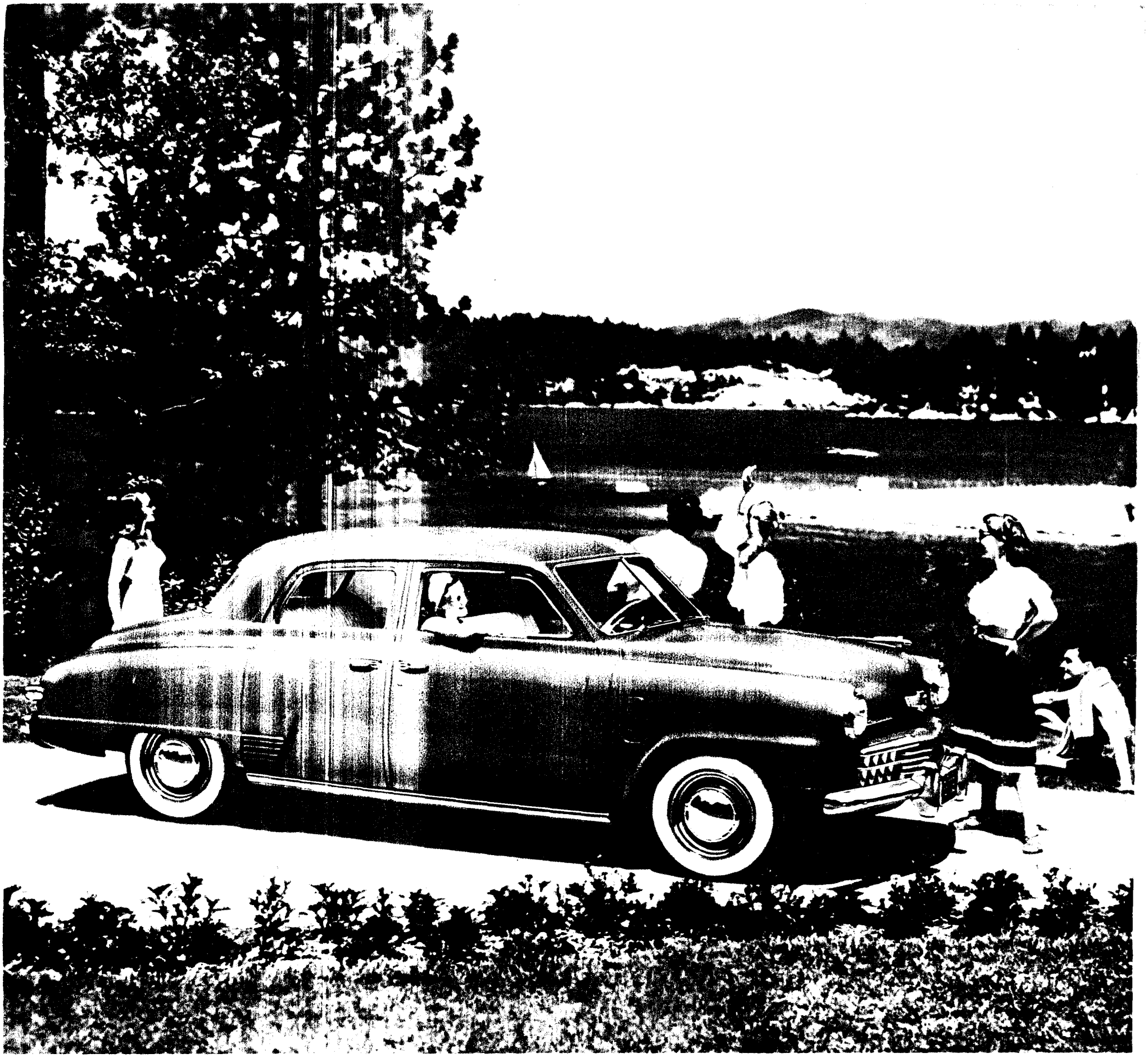

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general outdoor cleanliness, many suburban communities of Park Forest's size bar industry and consequently are subject to a high levy. The 500-acre industrial plot being established at the northern end of the new city will serve to spread the tax base. Nearly fifty firms are asking for space because they know their employees will be happier if they have pleasant places in which to live.

The person responsible for Park Forest in the sense that he dreamed of it and then assembled the men who could actually build it is an old man named Carroll F. Sweet, Sr., a former Grand Rapids, Michigan, banker. He is a sort of "Foxy Grandpa" who wisecracks about his jowls and bounces his seventy years around ACB's offices as if he had only twenty.

Mr. Sweet has one great sorrow. He lived through three U.S. wars and never served in one of them. He was still at Yale when the Spanish-American War was fought. By World War I he was too old for active service, and they couldn't use him in any capacity in World War II. This bothered him. Every night when he went to his lonely hotel room he brooded until the thing became an obsession.

"Here I am, an old man," he told himself, "who has never done anything for anyone but me—nothing at all for the boys of those three wars whose victories have made my whole life possible."

Traveling about the country he often noticed the estates of wealthy people—beautiful places planted with trees and gardens and covered with great lawns.

"I kept thinking," he said, "can't anything be done to give those veterans something approximating that kind of living on a scale they can afford? Gradually I evolved a scheme for a town, a G.I. town, which would have the spaciousness and greenery of a park."

Trying to Make Dream a Reality

The old man had spent many years as an officer of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. During the war he had been in charge of priorities for housing in Chicago. He had come to know and later gone to work for Nathan Manilow, one of Chicago's largest home builders and president of that city's Metropolitan Home Builders' Association. Sweet went to work on him, trying to sell him his idea for a "G.I. Town."

It wasn't long before he had Manilow looking at sites. After a year of hunting for an ideal spot, they decided on the green-belt area thirty miles south of Chicago, not far from the Olympia Fields Country Club, yet easily accessible via the Illinois Central Railroad.

Manilow is a sharp-eyed, soft-spoken man with a big cigar and a George Raft polo coat that makes him look like anything but a builder. Actually, he has gone broke every time he has tried to do anything else. He likes to think of himself as a cold and calculating realist. But he has the gambling instincts of a born promoter and is also something of a softie in the heart region. With Sweet egging him on, he began acquiring the 7,500-acre site. The feat of assembling the land into a single parcel has flabbergasted every builder or housing expert who has seen it.

Manilow did not dare, of course, come out and start buying openly. He worked through countless intermediaries. Only twice was he known to be the buyer. Most of his intermediaries were people who had sold their property, had received a fair price and were ready to convince their neighbors they should sell. But despite the secrecy, resistance developed as more and more land was acquired. Prices went higher. All kinds of devices were used to get people to sell.

The one most frequently used was the hiring of a lawyer of one landowner to buy the property of another. Invariably, the attorney would then rush to his original client, obtain his consent and sell that piece too. One section of the area had been divided into lots and sold twenty years ago. Tracking down the heirs was a long and intricate job. Many parcels were bought with Manilow assuming the risk of clearing the title. Farmers constituted a major problem because, while they were willing to sell, agriculture was their living and they made the finding of another farm a condition of sale. By the time it was over, Manilow's men were operating a resettlement bureau.

The land cost from $300 to $5,000 an acre. Manilow had sunk nearly a million dollars into it without even knowing whether there was water there. He realized he had embarked on a terrific gamble and was ready to look for help.

"Papa" Sweet, as he is called, had anticipated this state of affairs. He had already talked to Klutznick, former commissioner of the Federal Public Housing Authority, challenging him to the building of a dream city. A brilliant Omaha lawyer, Klutznick had won the respect of private builders by his handling of public housing and by the record he made during the war. His uncompromising idealism had attracted leading housing experts in every field to his staff.

Sweet still had quite a bit of juggling to do, though. Manilow, now that he had assembled all this land, was getting offers for the lot that would have given him more than a million dollars in profits. Klutznick was being offered juicy legal partnerships in New York and Washington.

"It took a lot of guts," said Papa, "to tell them to turn them down."

But he had the guts. So did Klutznick and so did Manilow.

Klutznick immediately brought into American Community Builders the architectural firm of Loebl, Schlossman & Bennett in the person of Jerrold Loebl. The firm was entrusted with the problem of designing the city and its life. Loebl, Schlossman & Bennett are among the leading architects of Chicago. They were especially fitted for the designing of a city for a better life. They had, in fact, been working along these lines for some time.

Experienced Men on the Job

To help them, Loebl, Schlossman & Bennett brought in Peets, designer of the famous green-belt towns near Washington, Cincinnati and Milwaukee. Then Klutznick obtained Charlie Waldmann, the utilities engineer for those towns and the man who defeated Wendell Willkie in his fight against TVA. Rafkind and Perry, and Dick Senior and Allan Harrison, well-known construction engineers, came with Waldmann.

When they had completed their first plans and cost estimates, they went to Chicago's mortgage bankers. These gentlemen turned white with fright at the size of the project, at the problems to overcome, at the low family density, at the economic conception of renting or selling houses virtually at cost while making profits from the commercial area.

It will take between eighteen months and two years to complete construction of the first, rental phase of the housing program, and it will take at least two years after people begin moving in this May for the city to lose its "rawness." Five to ten years will be required for residents to settle down and give real character to the city.

Selection of tenants is to be one of the important problems. For, according to the creator team, neither need nor desire for a better life is sufficient qualification. Veterans will be given preference. Applicants will be asked about their incomes and the size of homes desired. No crowding will be permitted. There will be nothing like six persons to a one-bedroom house. Then, as each tenant is selected, the family's religion will be determined so that churches can go about organizing congregations.

The first 250 families will have to put up with some hardship. Roads will be incomplete, the shopping center unfinished and the landscaping only begun. There will be noise from construction. But these first families will be the incorporators of the city. They will elect governing bodies, make laws, elect a school board and pick the name of the town.

"We have realized two things from the start," said Klutznick seriously. "One is that no matter how much planning goes into a project like this, it will only be judged by the results. The other is that no matter how much work and time we have spent, the people who live there can form the spirit and character we have sought for it. We all feel that unless the town-hall spirit in which Park Forest was created is captured and held by the people we will have failed. This is our gamble. We're betting on the people."

The new town will not go far in alleviating Chicago's housing misery. It would take a dozen like it to produce any drastic change for the better. But this is the kind of idea that can be utilized in every section of the nation. Both Milwaukee and Kansas City already have approached American Community Builders and indicated their interest in the formula for communities that provide better living. There is little question that this is one of the most important experiments in housing and in living to be attempted in many years.

THE END

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THE INDISPOSITION OF MISTER MACDOUGAL

Continued from page 19

"You have a temperature of a hundred and three."

The sick man's eyes opened; they were bleak and curiously light in color. "Take me midships where it's warm," he said. "I'll not be poorly in this rathole."

"The decks are awash," warned the carpenter. "We ships a green sea every minute. If we drop you, and you sick, it will be the worse for you."

"Then don't drop me," rasped Macdougal.

The four men in the cabin each grasped an edge of the straw mattress.

"Easy, lads," cautioned the steward.

The ship began a slow drunken roll; the carpenter slipped, then regained his footing.

"Easy—easy," said the steward anxiously.

THEY lowered the mattress onto the stretcher. He arranged another blanket over Macdougal, tucked in the ends and opened the door. The voice of the storm filled the forecastle. The men picked up the stretcher, and it took all their strength; they staggered out on to the heaving deck, shoulders bent under the strain, casting fearful glances behind them as they crossed the narrow catwalk over the deck cargo which, even then, was showing signs that soon it would break free.

Away from the shelter of the forecastle, the wind became a demon that struggled to upset them; they lurched like drunkards in their haste to reach the upper deck, and safety. The third mate was leaning over the wing of the bridge, his mouth open in a yell that came down to them as a piping treble. But there was no need to listen to the words; his face was sufficient warning.

The deck mounted high, higher; rubber-shod feet slipped as the ship dived with breath-taking speed. An explosion of water thundered over the bow, and the ship stopped as though she had run aground. A great curling wall of water crashed down on the foredeck.

"Hang on!" roared Macdougal. "Take a hold, you scone-headed soldiers!"

Each man grabbed for a stanchion with his free hand and held up the stretcher with the other. The water hit them like a solid wall and they bent under the strain, gasping with the effort of holding the stretcher from the clutching fingers of the sea. The water subsided, and they sloshed their way to the midship house and safety. The carpenter put his end of the stretcher down, turned his inflamed face to Macdougal and shook his fist.

"What was it you called me?" he howled. "If you weren't a sick man—"

Macdougal knocked the fist to one side. "I'm not sick," he rumbled. "I got a bellyache. And when it's better, you bog-trotting, potato-headed Irish peat digger, I'll knock your bloody head off for threatenin' me." He glared at the four men.

"Get me out of the weather!" he roared. "Ye clods! Will ye have me die of the pneumonie?"

They picked him up and carried him into the warmth and safety of the spare cabin midships. The steward stripped him of his soaking blankets and laid him on the bunk between clean sheets. Lines of pain showed on Macdougal's face.

The carpenter, who was Irish, and a softhearted man, leaned forward and put his hand to Macdougal's shoulder.

"Don't you be worryin', man," he said. "We'll be lookin' after you."

Macdougal opened his eyes.

"I could bear me sickness wi' patience," he remarked sardonically, "if only I could think there was a few sailormen aboard this ship." He managed to struggle up to one elbow and thrust his face close to the carpenter's. "Get back on deck, ye old windbag, and turn to! And take your two bad bargains with ye! And if ye loose one stick o' that deck cargo while I'm restin'—I'll cream and eat ye!"

The captain came into the cabin in time to avert a fight, but only by telling the carpenter to get out. The men left, and the captain remained in the cabin with Macdougal who lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes. They were old shipmates, these two, and the captain's first trip had been done as an apprentice under Macdougal. There was friendship between them, and a respect that went beyond words. The captain carried a medical book in his hands, and he came to the point at once.

"Macdougal, have you had a bowel movement within the last two days?"

Macdougal looked at him frostily. "A fine way to talk," he said. "A fine molly-coddle way for the captain of a ship to talk." His heavy eyebrows drew together in a straight line. "And what are you doin' here, askin' me impairtinent questions when ye should be on your bridge?"

"Will you answer my question?"

Macdougal looked steadily at the captain for a moment, then turned his face to the wall.

"Not since we left port," he whispered.

The captain consulted his book, then closed it nervously. "Have you ever had your appendix taken out?"

Macdougal flinched, and there was no need for words.

"You should have told me this before you dosed yourself with pills," said the captain softly, "when I had time to put my ship about and get you back to land. At the very least, you might have told me when we were in the shipping lanes."

"What else does the book say?"

"It says," said the captain steadily, "that these bellyaches you have will get much worse, and the lulls inbetwixt them will get shorter. It says that a normal appendix will bust about twelve hours after the first steep rise in the patient's temperature—unless we get you to a doctor first."

"And what happens if you can't?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "That, you know," he said.

Macdougal was staring up at the rivet-pocked deckhead.

"Leave me alone for a bit," he said. But as the captain turned to go, Macdougal called him back. "Make sure there's taut life lines rigged about the deck when the men are workin' for'ard of the bridge—" His eyes dilated in sudden pain; his hand, outstretched, caught the captain by the sleeve, so that the younger man winced with pain at the grip. The spasm passed. Macdougal's hand slipped down until the fingers touched the four gold bands on the sleeve, and there, for an instant, they rested.

"Be off to your bridge," he muttered.

UP ON the bridge, the captain gave his orders to the radio operator who went to his shack and sent out an SOS for medical aid. The ship's course was altered to put her back into the shipping lanes.

The first news the radio operator brought was bad. The nearest ship that could transfer medical aid was six hundred miles away. The captain asked the engineer for more speed, and then turned to the mate who stood drenched and beaten in the doorway.

"We're losing the deck cargo for'ard," the mate said.

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"Let go what's going," ordered the captain. "Do your best to secure the rest. I want every spare hand on lookout. We might sight another ship."

The gray seas pounded down on the bow, and the forward deck was a waste of boiling foam from which the mast and the deck cargo stood out like wreckage about a half-tide rock.

Down in the cabin, watched over by the steward, Macdougal's illness took its prescribed course. He was given morphia, and he slept; but his sleep was not rest, it was the lowering of the flame in a lamp.

At dusk, when the narrowing circle of cloud encroached further upon the ship, the listener at Marine Medical Service for Seamen heard the Manitoulin. They asked for a detailed report, and information was pooled on shore.

No help could reach the ship. Even should a Coast Guard cutter arrive on time, the transfer of a doctor could not be attempted in the high-running seas. The message from shore came through to the radio operator of the Manitoulin, and, as he listened, he copied down the message and handed it to the captain.

"The appendix will have to be removed. This is a simple operation. Are you prepared to perform it?"

There was an instant of anguished indecision in the radio shack, then the captain nodded his head. The operator sent back an okay, and the message continued.

"Wait until the patient recovers from his latest attack and there is a lull in his pain. See that he is bedded down amidships so that he will be least affected by the roll of the ship. Wrap him well and keep him warm. You will find all the gear you need in the Board of Trade first-aid kit. We will send you a description of the operation which your radioman can copy down. We will stand by and you will report to us when all preparations have been made—"

The message ended suddenly. The radio operator sat, fingers resting on the typewriter, waiting.

"Give me your weather report again," continued the shore.

"Seas running high," the operator sent. "Wind now from the west, constant at half gale force. Signs of a break in the overcast."

"Good." The message from shore was cautious. "We will try by every means to get help to you. Carry on."

The captain turned to the steward.

"We have Macdougal in the spare cabin," said the steward, "We will get him up here and bed him down on the chartroom table. The shore reports can be read to you through the door."

"When can we start?"

"I think we can let him sleep, sir," said the steward. "Let him rest for an hour or so and then wake him up."

Both men went down to the steward's cabin, and they opened up the Board of Trade kit. The captain's heart failed him at the sight.

"It's a simple thing," said the steward, watching him. "It's done by young doctors just out of their time. You do the cutting. I'll stand by with clamps for the veins, and we'll get someone else to give the ether."

"There's no knife here," said the captain, who was checking the kit.

"You'll get one," said the steward. "Now, you'd better get some sleep. You'll be called in time."

"Sleep!" exploded the captain. "You expect a man to sleep with this hanging over him?"

"You'll need a steady hand," the steward reminded him.

IN a few moments, the news was about the ship. Men were told of the impending operation as they strained their swollen, spray-blinded eyes on lookout, or stood at the wheel following the wild gyrations of the compass. They stopped and wiped the sweat from their faces in the stifling heat of the stokehold, while the news was roared to them over the ear-splitting scream of the draft fans.

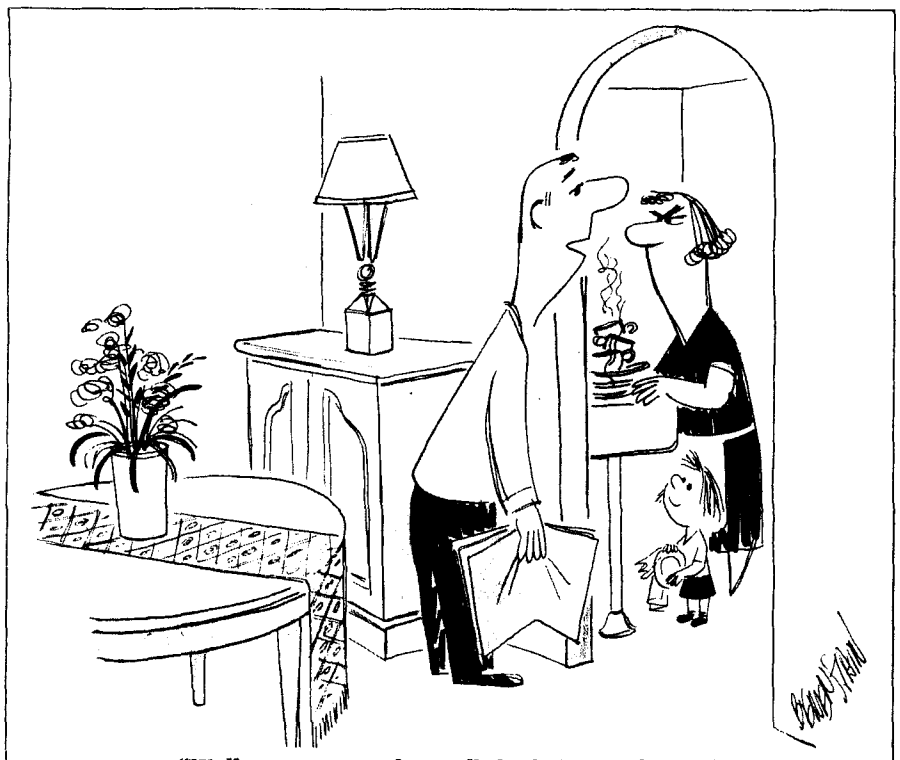
The carpenter nailed long strips of canvas to the chartroom table, so that Macdougal could be held secure against the pitching roll of the ship. He stepped back, swearing that this was Macdougal all over; that anyone who expected a damned Scotsman to die quietly in his bunk like a decent sailor should, was greatly mistaken. And that as far as he was concerned, he would lay bets that Macdougal would come out of it all in fine fettle and be run over by a tramcar in Glasgow, just to spite them all for their trouble.

The lowering gray clouds were driven from the sky, and the glittering stars shone out from the blackness like windows in heaven. . . .

At three o'clock in the morning, Macdougal awoke to find the cabin full of men, and the stretcher placed on the deck, waiting for him once again.

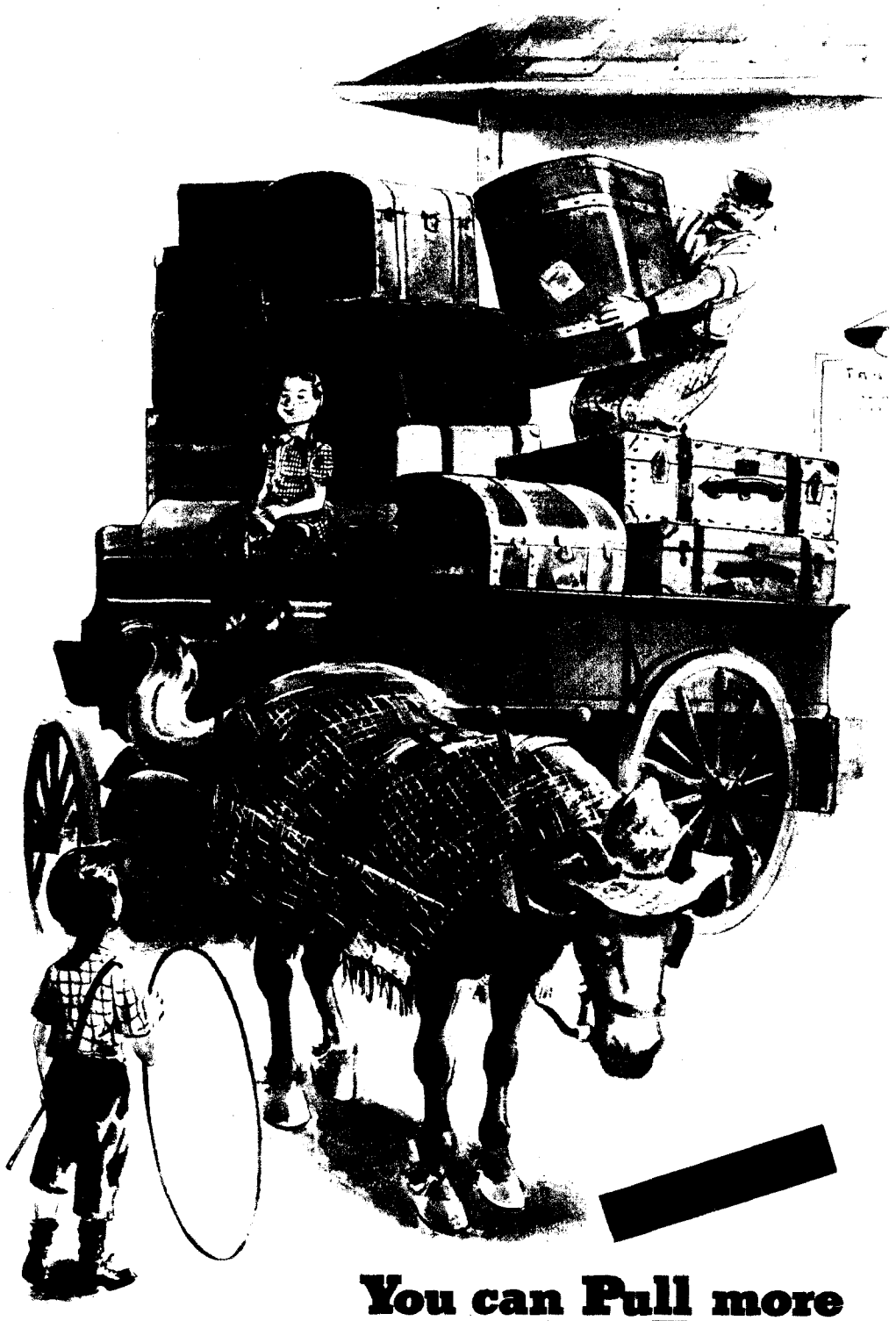
"How does she take the weather?" was his first question.

"Never mind," said the captain. "Mac-



"Well, you seem to have all the help you'll need"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN



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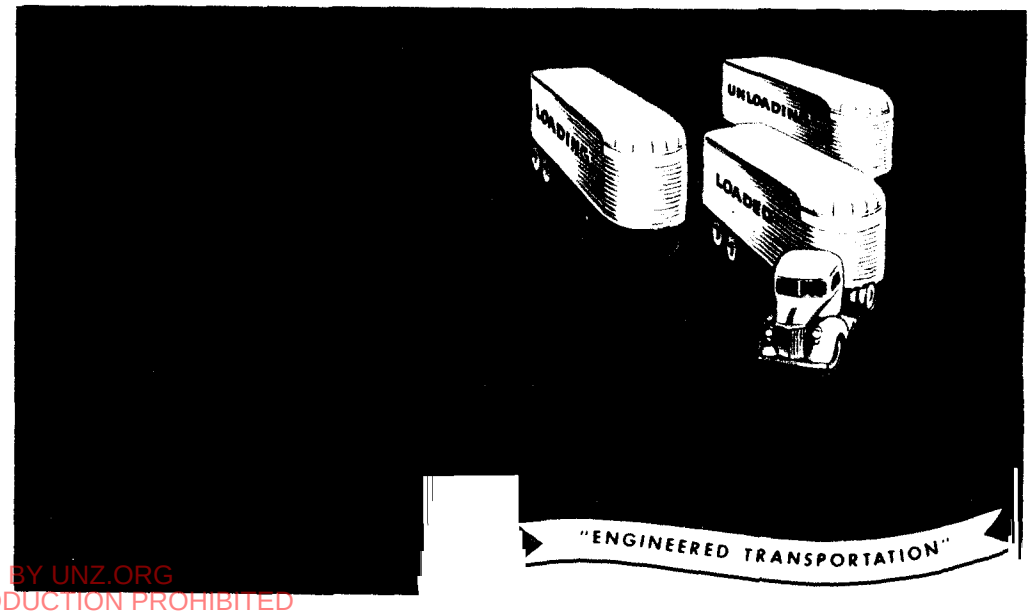

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dougal—it's going to be me that will take out your appendix."

"What about the deck cargo?" nagged Macdougal, turning to the carpenter, "Is it secure? Have you the timbers well lashed?"

"Listen to me," pleaded the captain.

"Wi' the speed that you're doin'," said Macdougal, shaking his head, "you'll be beatin' the guts out of a good ship, and your first command, too."

The captain's even temper broke under the strain. His face turned scarlet and he clenched his fists.

"You nattering old clod!" he thundered. "Will you pipe down? I'm master of this ship, and if I want to wreck her to save your worthless carcass for the Sailors' Home, I'll do it. I've lost both me starboard lifeboats in the seas; the for'ard deck cargo is adrift and knocking hell out of us; and I think the whole bloody ship is going to blow up along with the boilers if we don't slacken speed. But before then, I'll have your damned appendix out and in a bottle, just to remind me of you when I go up to lose my ticket!"

"You see?" Macdougal looked slyly about him and there was a faint smile about his lips. "See how a bit o' temper cleans out a man's liver? He'll be a better hand wi' the knife for all this."

"Take him out," said the captain thickly. "Get him up to the chartroom."

GENTLY they lifted Macdougal from the bunk, but, at the very moment of lowering him to the stretcher, the ship lurched, and the sudden shift threw him to one side so that the shattering pain awoke in him again. His mouth opened cavernously. They wiped the sweat from his face and the spittle from his lips.

He was covered with blankets, and beer bottles filled with hot water were packed about him to keep the warmth in his body. Four men picked Macdougal up and carried him out on deck, for that was the easier way to the chartroom, the ladders straight and without a corner to negotiate. Macdougal felt the light spattering of spray upon his upturned face, saw before him, etched against the dark velvet of the sky, the patient shoulders of his shipmates as they carried him up the ladders.

The cook was in the chartroom, wiping his hands on his apron. He had something carefully wrapped in a clean napkin. "I hear you'll need this."

The captain unfolded the napkin. In it was a carving knife, long in the haft, the blade worn thin with usage and cut down to three inches in length, honed to razor sharpness.

"Wasn't this your Number One knife, Cook?" The captain weighed it gently in his hand. Neither man looked at the other.

"Had it fifteen year," said the cook stiffly. "Best Sheffield steel. I broke the blade short for you. It's as sharp as I can make it, and clean."

"Thank you," said the captain.

The cook looked from the knife to the prostrate figure now being lifted to the table. "It's nothing," he said.

They stripped Macdougal and put a warm jersey on him, they encased his legs in a pair of warm sea-boot socks, a gift from the carpenter. The radio operator came out of his shack, which adjoined the chartroom, and he carried two sheets of heavily typed paper.

"This is the description that the shore sent," he said. "The steward can read it to you as you operate, and someone else can tell me how you are doing. I'll relay that back to the shore, and they'll advise us as we go along."

"What else does the shore say?"

"They say," said the operator, "that this has been done before."

"I'll go and clean up," said the captain. He stepped to the wheelhouse and spoke to the second mate. "Take her down to Slow. Keep her steady."

The captain scrubbed himself clean in his cabin, put on a white shirt and went back to the chartroom. The carpenter had taken a sieve from the galley, covered it with absorbent cotton to fit over Macdougal's nose and mouth. He had a tin of ether, with a dropper attached. It was warm and close in the confined space of the chartroom, and the sough of the sea outside was muted to a faraway murmur. The men looked up as the captain entered.

"We'll start," he said.

Macdougal opened his eyes.

"I ha' been giving this some thought," he said drowsily, for the steward had given him morphia. "When ye take this thing out of me, put it to one side for me to keep." The steward nodded to the carpenter who lowered the makeshift cone and dropped ether upon it. Macdougal's voice slurred. "But if I don't make port, then I've a gift for you, Captain. I made a model of the Cairngorm, the first ship ye ever sailed on wi' me as your bo'sun. It's in the baggage room of Twenty-five South Street in New York. Claim it, and keep it."

The steward felt Macdougal's pulse slow beneath his fingers; the cone was

"Finally, I had all I could stand of that dog—I told my wife one of us had to go—"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

almost over Macdougal's face. "A wee lad," he continued thickly, "that threw up his guts all over the deck and howled for his mother. And now—he walks his own bridge—wi' four stripes—" He drew a long, snoring breath.

The captain stood with his clean hands awkwardly stretched out before him. He looked from one man to another and shook his head.

"My face," he said.

THE steward took a cloth and wiped the perspiration from the captain's face. He handed him the knife, stripped the sheet from Macdougal and folded it neatly back.

Macdougal lay the full length of the table, and his body, under the glare of the bulbs, was clean-muscled, hard and beautiful. There was no mark on him of age or the weakness of age.

The steward, reading aloud from the paper, pointed with his scissors. "There you make the incision," he said, pointing to a thin red line. "I marked the spot beforehand with mercurochrome. When you make the cut, I'll hold it open with retractors," He turned to the door. "We have found the spot," he called to the radio operator. "The patient is breathing steady. His pulse is good. We are going to cut."

"Got it," answered the radioman, and they heard him send the message.

The carpenter raised Macdougal's eyelids and watched the pupils.

The captain stood with his knife poised.

There was a sudden sharp silence in the radio shack, then the operator was at the door.

"The shore can send a helicopter, but it can barely do the round trip carrying three. There'll be no time to hover. Can you rendezvous with the pilot, and can you give him landing space?"

AS IF he were watching a film unreel, the captain saw before him the deck of his ship, a smashed shambles of cargo inextricably tangled with wires, jammed logs, and swept end for end by the seas. To send a man to work among that was murder. And the main shaft, already running hot. How would that stand up to a beating from the last driving pound of steam from engines that would be racked loose from their beds, ungoverned, driven to the breaking point?

Drive a ship and she will break. And for what? For one crusty old man without family or home, with nothing of book learning or manners or grace about him—but a shipmate.

The captain looked down to see that he held a telephone receiver in his hand. Without conscious thought, he had walked to the wheelhouse and called the chief engineer. He noted with surprise, the steadiness of his own hands.

"Chief? We can get Macdougal ashore by helicopter. I want the limit of speed from you for three hours."

"You'll get it."

Back in the chartroom, the operator was waiting.

"Report our position every five minutes. Keep that transmitter going so that the pilot can use it as a beam. Tell the shore I'm making every knot the ship can stand to cut down the distance."

"Keep him warm and still," he told the steward. "Feed him morphia if he gets restless. The rest of you men, out on deck."

The captain was struggling into his coat. The carpenter allowed one last regretful drop of ether to fall on the cone.

"It's a steady westerly," said the mate to the captain, as they plotted the new course. "We'll have wind and sea astern of us, shipping them green on the after deck."

The decks beneath them throbbed with the strained labors of the engines, and the wind through the wires sang a high clear note. Both men clung to the table edge as the ship took a sickening dive into the trough of the sea. They stepped out from the wheelhouse and then to the lower bridge. The hands were mustered in the shelter of the lee.

"We will land a helicopter on the foredeck," said the captain. "Lash the derricks to the foremast to give the pilot clearance. All loose props and timbers must be cleared and over the side to the level of the hatch cover. We have from now until dawn."

The weariness of nights without sleep was upon the men; they gazed with dulled eyes at the great hill of labor that confronted them, at the heavy booms that swung against the mast in the dark of the sky.

"Rig cluster lamps," bellowed the carpenter. "Four of ye begin on the booms. The rest of ye follow me."

He ran along the catwalk over the cargo, the men following, a motley crew. The sky was clear and black, dotted with stars; the sea creamed along the ship's side, its hungry voice raised in anger.

It was work to break a man's heart before it killed him with fear. Swinging like spiders between sea and sky, the men drew the heavy derricks taut to the mainmast. They unshipped the long boom and dragged it forward with a steel wire about the winch drum. Others, scram-

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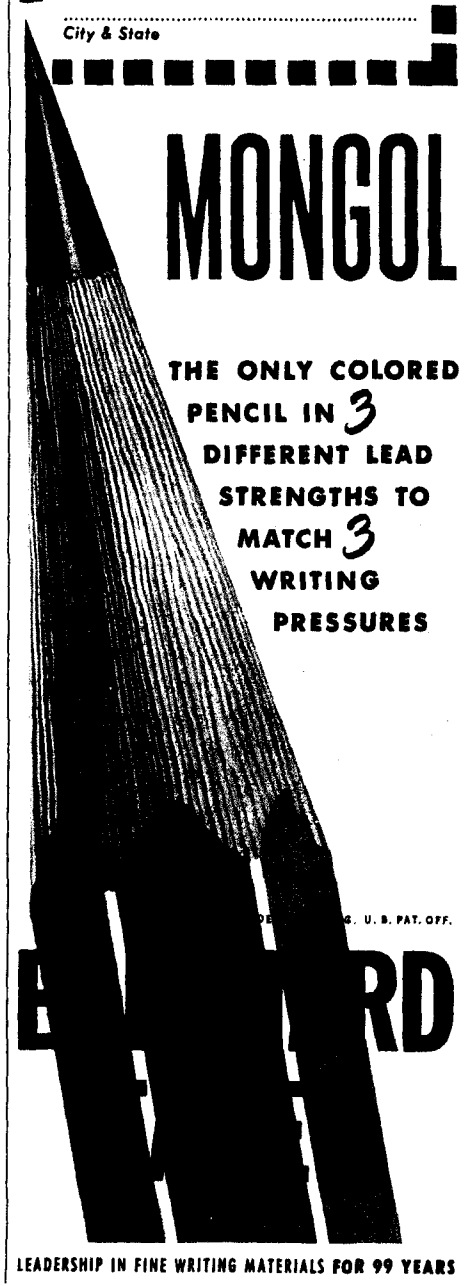

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When another player has drawn one card, you would usually check the bet—if you're holding a hand like this.
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bling over the deck, flung the cargo over the side as gifts are cast to placate the angry gods. It took two men to handle each pit prop, to drag it from the pile and stagger to the rail, steadying themselves, struggling for footing. When the top layer of props was jettisoned, the men found that the iron turnbuckles securing the rest had rusted, and that the threads stripped at a touch. An engineer rigged an acetylene torch on the deck and cut the wires while the men moved about in the weird blue glare of the flaming arc.

Hands were torn with splinters, feet bruised by timbers, backs strained with the burden of hauling. There was no talk made, nor excuses.

It seemed to the captain as he stood upon the bridge that his ship was disintegrating before his eyes. Wind and sea astern of her added to her speed, and her long black plume of smoke blew down across the deck. Green seas swept the ship in a long, continuous roil of foam and spray. He watched, openmouthed, as a great green hill of sea mounted high on the bow in the instant of the ship's dipping, and the curling comber raced down the deck smashing everything in its path. The captain led the rush of men down the ladder from the bridge, sloshing waist-deep in water, feeling the thrusting bounce of the floating logs. They picked up the injured men from the scuppers, half-drowned, unconscious, and carried them to the safety of the upper deck, and then took their places on the foredeck.

The captain did not know that his face was streaked with blood from a long cut in his head, nor that his uniform coat was ripped almost from his shoulders by the passage of each splintered log. He only knew that his ship was being battered apart beneath his feet. But every mile wrung from the sea was a moment to pile on the scales of life for Macdougal, who, alone in his cabin, struggled against death.

DAWN came as a cerise glow that lighted up the haggard faces of the men, and the deck was still too uneven for a landing place.

The radio operator reported that he was now in contact with the pilot of the helicopter. News came from the steward that Macdougal was failing; his pulse had slowed and his temperature was mounting. He was barely conscious.

Hearing this, the men were filled with fury, and they slaved the more, so that the wake of the Manitoulin was dotted with yellow drifting planks. Under the captain's orders, they took timbers and lashed them together to make a scaffold over the debris. A scaffold that was unsafe, but the only alternative to turning the pilot back empty-handed.

The carpenter fell from exhaustion. He was picked up with his chest flayed raw on the rough planks. Ordered from the foredeck, he refused to go. The steward swabbed the wound with iodine, and gave him a shot of rum. The carpenter returned to work.

At that precise moment, the helicopter was sighted, dropping from the sky and skittering across the wavetops like an oversized dragon fly. A blinker light flashed from the cockpit, to be answered from the deck of the Manitoulin.

Four men prepared Macdougal for the last lap of his journey, wrapping him warm and well, lashing him to the stretcher. They carried him once more down the ladders to the deck, in the clear light of day.

The helicopter had landed on the scaffold, its struts snubbed down by the sailors. Macdougal was conscious as they lugged the stretcher the length of the deck, and the men, in their worn, soaked clothes, stood silent in the apathy of relief.

But the captain, who was young and impressionable, thought, as the silent cortege passed him, of some great warrior of the sea being carried aloft upon his shield and on the shoulders of his loved men.

The stretcher was lifted to the scaffold, the steward whispered a few words to the medico, and all hands heard the answer.

"He's all right. We got to him in time."

Macdougal opened his eyes, and saw before him, towering against the sky, the bloodstained and weary carpenter, who once more put out his hand in passing and touched his shipmate.

"You're the bo'sun now," said Macdougal weakly, "and you have a fine crew." He drew a long breath. "Don't ask my men to do anything you can't do yourself—and better."

No one saw the pilot as the door slammed shut, but they watched the great rotor blades whirl faster as the men took the strain from the ropes. The ship turned to bring the wind upon the quarter and it lifted the helicopter so that it spun from the deck like a great drifting leaf, to dip and swirl over the wave crests and gain height, setting its course westward.

The carpenter looked about him at the men he would now control, and he was seized with a nameless grief for his lost friend and for his lost liberty. He tore the woolen cap from his head and dashed it to the deck, shaking his fist at the fast-vanishing helicopter.

"Macdougal, you old bastard," he howled, "I never wanted your job! You get better and come back! I'll be waitin' for you!"

His voice was loud. It rang harshly across the deck, and was lost in an infinity of silence that held only the sea, the sky and the drifting, exhausted ship.

THE END

FEET FIRST

Triplets

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FLAG OF TRUCE

Continued from page 15

Right over us. So what do we do—"

"I'll bet I know," said his wife. "You got right back in that shell hole."

He chuckled. "You're darned right we did. And *fast*. And we stayed there. Twenty minutes later the attack came back, and all we had to do was get up and shove along with the rest of them." His face went reflective for a minute, as his thoughts plainly turned back to the anxiety of that violent night. Then, shaking it off, he looked around.

"As to General Pershing—"

"Henry," said Mary's mother firmly, "we haven't got to see much of you lately. Suppose you tell us about *you* and the war."

Mary heard his voice, low and unnatural. "I didn't do much," he said. But she had to go on now, override him and get it finished up one way or another.

"But you *did*," she heard herself saying. "Henry's got the Legion of Merit."

Her father got up again. "Why, that's wonderful, Hank!" he cried in a sporting tone. "Congratulations. How'd it happen, old boy?"

Now for the first time she turned and looked at him, and his expression baffled her. All the signs of strain and resentment were gone; instead, he looked, she thought, as though he had just made an important discovery, as though he had found the answer to some terribly vital question. He looked curiously and marvelously at peace, for the first time in more than eleven months.

"It really isn't much of a story," he said at last. "I was just lucky, I guess. It was three years ago last October. We were lying off Truk—four heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, six destroyers and a floating drydock—trying to get by to the Marianas. But we couldn't, you see, and I'll tell you why. Right over in that harbor—Truk, that is—they had a big old nasty battleship. We couldn't have got by those guns to save our souls—they had both the range and the speed on us. So there we were, stopped cold. Well, all of a sudden our general quarters sounded, and we scrambled topside, where we saw the skipper standing on the bridge with a megaphone.

" 'Men,' he yelled to the ship's company, 'I'm asking for a volunteer. If any of you takes the job, I doubt if that man will come back, so think it over carefully. Men, I'm calling for a volunteer *to swim over to Truk and sink that battleship!*'

"There was a complete, dead silence. Then, without any volition whatever, I heard my own voice calling out, *'Sir, I wish to take that assignment. I was the lightweight breast-stroke champion at Willisville High!'* "

Henry paused here and took a pull at his drink. Then he said, "Well, you can imagine how I felt when I realized what I'd done. But there was little time for worry. I stripped off, taped a small but powerful bomb around my waist, and, as a ringing cheer broke out from the crew, dived off the rail and struck out for Truk."

Mary murmured something inaudible and glanced at her mother, whose expression defied interpretation, and then at her father, whose eyes had become somewhat glassy.

"Fortunately the water was quite warm. Twilight was just descending as I paddled noiselessly into the harbor, and I could make out the dreadnought among the black shapes ahead. When I slid in under her bow, a new idea struck me. I knew it was contrary to orders, but I decided to take a chance. Slowly and quietly I hauled myself up, link after link, and in less than five minutes I reached the rail. Through the gathering dusk I could see the forward watch, and I crouched behind a deck chair. When he came up alongside, I grabbed a belaying pin from a convenient pile and rapped him smartly behind the ear. Then I crept aft and served six other sentries the same way. Now the only problem was the crew. But I climbed up to the bridge, slugged the bridge watch, and blew general quarters. Then, with a light machine gun, I picked them off one by one as they came up the ladders. All that was left now was the engine-room gang, but that was easily solved. I took up the speaking tube and, hissing a little, yelled, *'Kishiwawa moto pronto'*—or 'Get up a head of steam, fellows.' As a child I'd learned excellent Japanese from a gardener we had—"

"Comparatively speaking," said Mary, "it's a very small point, but I thought you were brought up in apartments."

"We had a couple of window boxes. But to get on, I steered her out of the harbor, headed for the fleet and heaved to, without any mishaps, within spitting distance of the admiral's flagship."

Henry took a sip of his drink and coughed modestly. "The skipper was surprised. He said that, frankly, he hadn't thought it could be done. He gave me the Legion of Merit. He said he'd have made it the Navy Cross, but a new bunch of ensigns were coming out from the Academy and he didn't think he had enough ribbons to go round."

A BRIEF silence followed his account. Then Mary's mother, who had begun to tap one foot, eyed her husband speculatively. "By the way, Fred," she said, "Henry's story reminds me of something. When I was in college during the first war, I received two very exciting letters from you, but they were both postmarked Fort Riley, Kansas. What were you *really* doing? Just for the record."

Fred sighed deeply. "I was in charge of the instruments for the company band," he answered, looking glum. "I couldn't help it. Nobody else could keep them straight." Brightening up a little, he said, "We played in Topeka once. I carried the drum. It was an awfully good band."

"Henry?" said Mary gently.

"Treasurer of a cigar mess, a kind of service store, for an aviation patrol squadron. We were in Honolulu mostly. The fellows wouldn't let me go. The last treasurer had come out $345 short. They got me a Legion of Merit. Incidentally," he added, "it was one of the biggest cigar messes in the fleet."

"*The* biggest," Mary said happily. "Everybody admits it. There wasn't another cigar mess that could touch it. Now let's have the turkey."

THE END

SOLITARY CONSIGNMENT

Last words are delicious,
Especially my own.
And all that I wish is
I could get them said before you walk
out of the room and leave me alone.

—Dorothy B. Griswold

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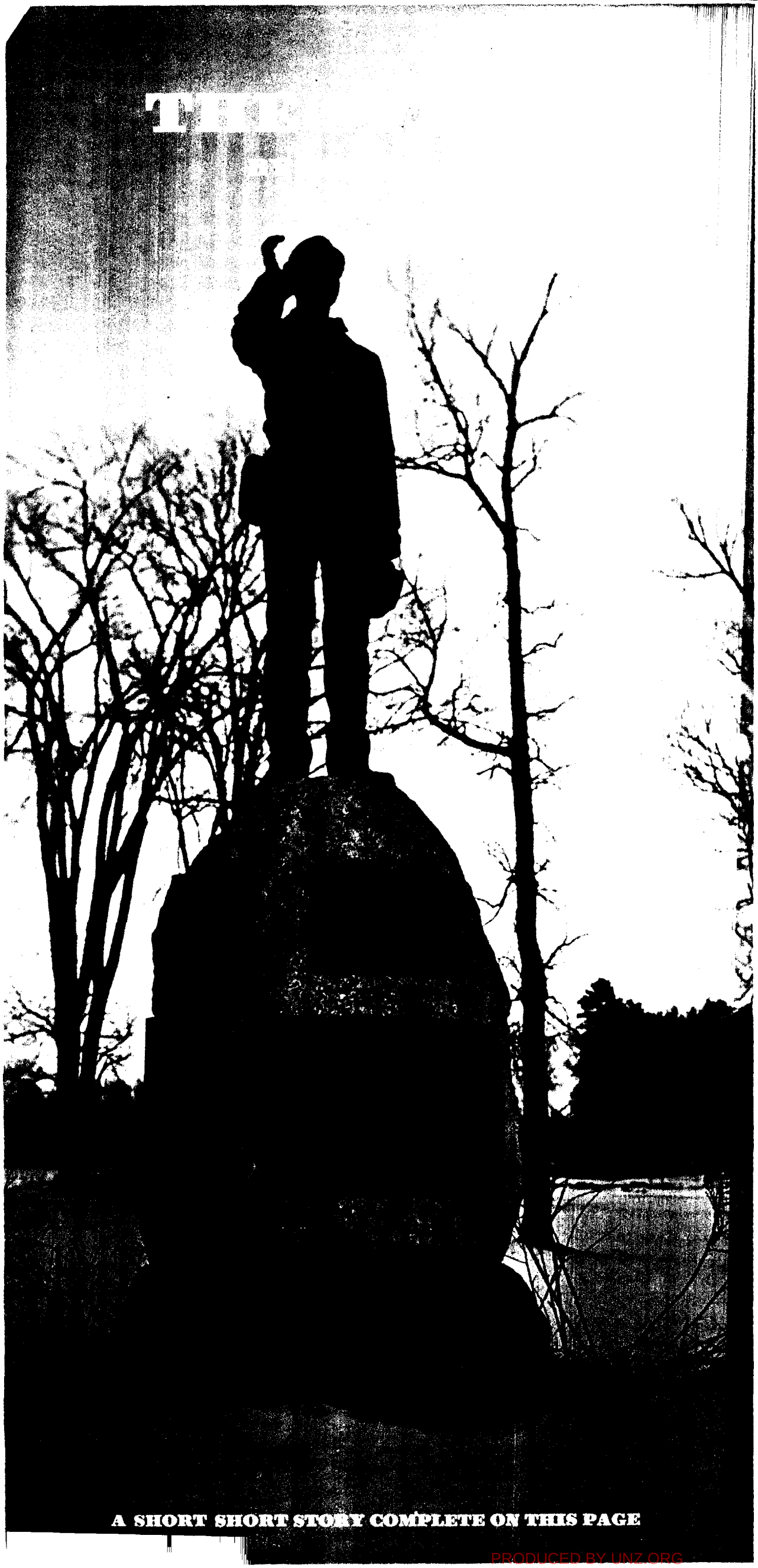

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HIS head was erect, and his eyes were straight ahead. They were fine eyes, set deep in his face. He stood with feet planted a little apart, the broad Army belt straining across his chest, the pants of his tight-fitting uniform pulling in sharp folds against the bigness of his calves. His long-visored G.A.R. cap was gripped in his left hand, and his right hand was raised shoulder-high in a gesture of response, as though he were about to answer to his name at roll call. He was only eighteen when he died, eighty-three years ago in the Northern drive on Richmond.

"Bean, his name was," a young man working near the monument said. "He was a Brownfield boy. There's always been a family of that name here in Brownfield." They had found his daguerreotype in the town records, the young man said, and a famous sculptor had made the statue in his likeness, and it stood on a granite boulder in the center of the square of what had been the town of Brownfield. There was no town now. The forest fire, sweeping down out of the Maine hills two nights ago on a thirty-five-mile wind, had leveled every building for almost a mile. From where the statue stood, looking up the main street, the town was a gray wasteland of cellar holes and chimneys and twisted metal. The fire had burned across the grass of the village square to the very base of the monument, but a small American flag stuck in the turf was not even scorched. "To her sons," the bronze plaque on the boulder read, "who upheld the flag. 1861-1865." In front of the monument, where the Congregational church had been, was a rectangle of split stone littered with broken, colored glass, and beyond that, was another hole filled with ashes that had been the Grange hall. Behind the town the fire had run through the cemetery, blackening the grass and withering the ancient cedars and yews.

"It came too fast," the young man said. "There wasn't anything we could do. I was back of town fighting the fire, and the next thing I knew, the wind had shifted, and I jumped in my car—but it got here first. People had to leave everything and run."

Only the statue had seen the town burn. The flames rolling down the main street had lighted his bronze face, and thrown a monstrous shadow leaping against the reddening walls of the church. For a timeless moment, in the silence of the empty square, he had stood alone with feet planted solidly and head erect, watching the fire come. His right hand was raised as if to shield his face from the heat.

"Nobody saved anything. There wasn't time," the young man said. He was wearing old Army pants and a pair of soot-blackened combat boots; evidently they were the same clothes he had on during the fire. "I never even saw my house until I came back the next day and saw where it was."

He bent over and pulled a sheet of tin roofing from the cellar hole of his house, and tossed it on a pile; the crash echoed in the ghost town. Here and there, amid the ashes, people were moving aimlessly like drifting wisps of smoke, poking in the ruins. An old woman across the street was gathering the rust-colored nails that had dropped on the ground when the beams of the house burned away.

"Where are you going to live now?"

"Where?" the young man said, looking up in surprise. "Why, here."

Even the double row of elms that lined the main street were dead; their bark had peeled off in the fierce heat. Telephone lines looped crazily from the leaning poles, and at the top of the hill, where a roadside sign said SCHOOL, several burned bicycle frames stood in a rack beside a flight of granite steps. The swamp behind the town was still smoldering; a sickly sweet smell like death hung in the air.

"They're shipping in sixty prefab houses next week," he said, "and we're setting up a portable sawmill. There's a lot of burned timber we can use for two-by-fours. The selectmen are handling town business in a freight car down where the station was. Of course, some people are moving away," he said, "but a lot of people like to live in Brownfield." Evidently he felt that didn't quite express what he meant, for he groped a moment for words, and then he raised his right hand shoulder-high in a gesture toward the statue. "Only the houses are gone," he said. "Brownfield's still here."

His combat boots were planted solidly on the split-stone foundations of his house. His head was erect as he said it, and his eyes were straight ahead. They were the same eyes.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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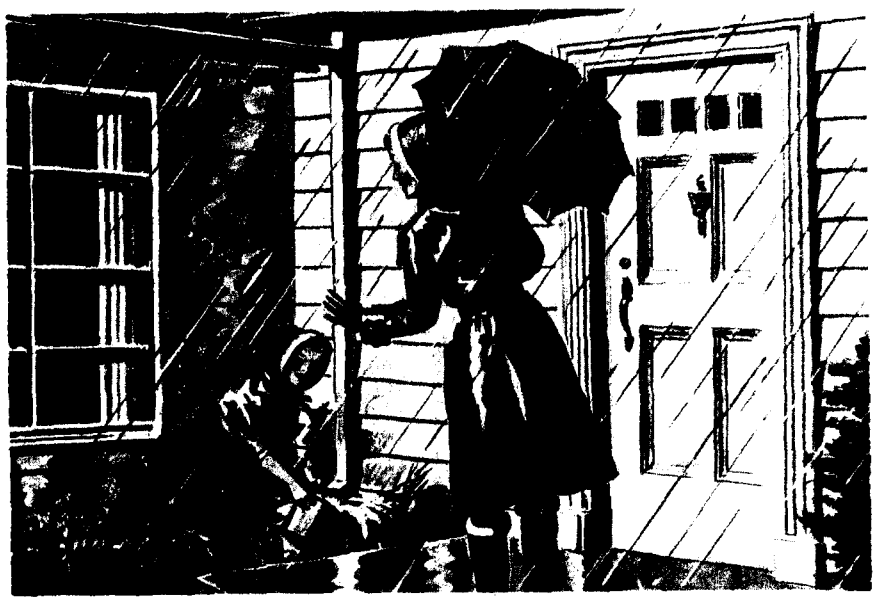
Questions to answer when building your house...

Q. Will window frames warp, shrink, rattle, or leak?

A. Not if they're made of sturdy Kaiser Aluminum.

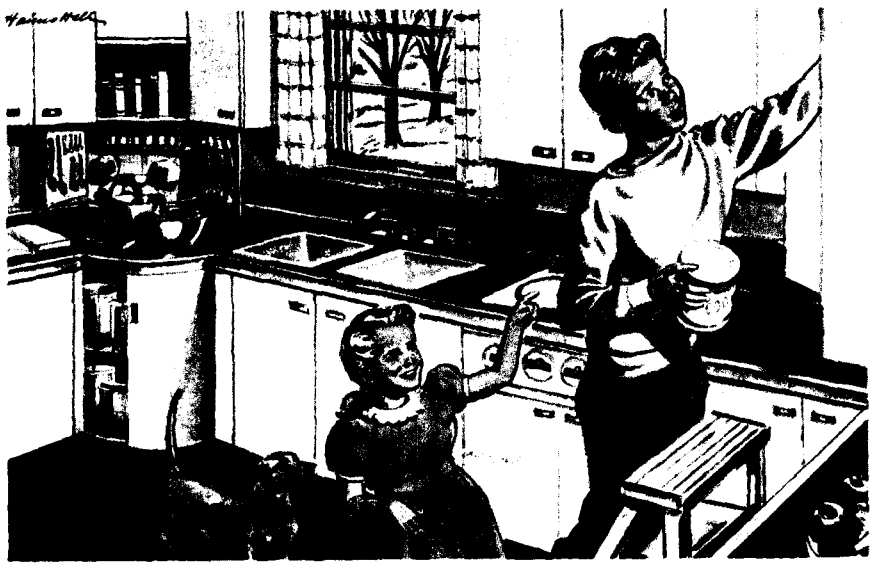


Q. Will gutters and downspouts rust or corrode?

A. They can't if they're made of Kaiser Aluminum.

Q. Will heating ducts make your cellar ugly?

A. They'll actually add beauty if made of Kaiser Aluminum.



Q. Will your kitchen become worn and outmoded?

A. Not if your kitchen units are built of Kaiser Aluminum.

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Look out for COLDS this month
Try Alka-Seltzer

THE LUCK OF THE BRITISH

Continued from page 21

The point of view of the common man himself comes closer to the real reasons behind the gambling. Asked for his opinion on the relationship between inadequate factory output and gambling, a Lancashire millworker said over the air, "If t'workingman takes half a day off to watch a football match or a dog race, stones is chucked at him, and it's absenteeism, but if bosses takes time off to go to Lords' or Wimbledon or Ascot, somehow that's different. It's all right and nowt's said."

From an economist comes the opinion that the shortage of consumers' goods since the end of the war is responsible for the stratospheric flight of the gambling curve, and that although few people expect to get rich by gambling, all hope for something for nothing.

Whatever the reasons for this upsurge in the gambling fever, the plain fact seems to be that it is here to stay for a good long time to come, and as one observer says, no amount of restrictions will stop it. It may be a social evil, he adds, but it is older and more deeply rooted than smoking and touches more people in their daily lives and thoughts (not to mention their pocketbooks) than any other industry in the country. It is no exaggeration to say that horse-racing form, dog-racing scratch sheets and soccer forecasts in the newspapers constitute as much as half the daily reading matter of almost a third of the adult population.

Gaming Habit Is Deep-Rooted

Surveys by the Churches Committee on Gambling and the National League for Education against Gambling in recent months have merely served to prove that the urge for a little flutter on the ponies, the dogs and the soccer games has become a national institution almost as deeply rooted in the British people as their affection for the royal family. Any government which tried to prohibit it would soon find itself on the outside, looking in on John Bull, Voter, as he sits home studying the pool coupon which may bring him fortune.

"It is not possible or desirable to stop betting," said a Member of Parliament the other day in response to the churches' demand that gambling should be outlawed; and blandly pointed out that the winning tickets in a public lottery for the building of Westminster Bridge were drawn in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey almost 200 years ago. "Furthermore," he went on, "my father-in-law enjoys his three shillings' worth of gambling every week, and I want him to continue doing so."

A more constructive attitude was taken by a right honorable colleague when he suggested that the government ought to pay a little more heed to the proper economic use by the gambling organizations of man power, and materials like paper, printing presses and office equipment. "It would not be putting it too high," he said, "to say that there were 150,000 whole-time employees of the bookmaking industry, plus another 50,000 working part time over the week ends, while the operation of gaming machines takes another 15,000 permanently from the labor force of the country"—a figure which is almost as high as the total number of people engaged in Britain's entire shipbuilding industry.

Illustrative of the use of man power by the gambling industry are the vast offices maintained by the big soccer pools in London, Cardiff, Liverpool and Manchester. One organization employs more than 11,000 people—mainly teen-aged girls—and sends out a total of more than 3,000,000 pool coupons weekly. Another outfit employs 3,000 men and women in its investigation branch alone where claims are checked and a specially trained staff keeps a lookout for frauds.

A description of the procedure involved in handling the millions of pool coupons when they are returned by the investors reads like a page out of Upton Sinclair's The Jungle.

"Immediately on arrival," it reads, "the baskets of mail are taken into custody by a corps of Security Men, most of whom have held high office in the police force. Under guard, the envelopes go to the embossing room, where a battery of embossing machines, each of which can deal with 20,000 letters an hour, clearly marks through the envelope and its contents the day of receipt. This ensures that everyone knows when the coupon was received. Then, under supervision, the envelopes are sorted into groups according to the colors or numbers on the label.

"After this they must be slit and they are run through electric opening machines which work so fast that the people feeding the machines have to be specially trained to keep up with the speed. These machines take the merest shaving off the envelope, but it is enough to slit the envelope without damaging the contents.

"So now we have the envelopes embossed, sorted and slit. Piled in baskets the envelopes are then escorted on to the main floor of the building, where the girls are seated at long tables, facing one another, and at the same time under supervision both from the inspection galleries which surround the building and from the floor."

Saddened by this get-rich-quick spectacle, an educator recently said: "The whole great fabric of the football pools weighs crushingly upon the life, mental, social and industrial, of our men and women. Zeal for work, devotion to the working community, along with the power to enjoy leisure, are killed by the overruling passion to be among those lucky ones who awake to find themselves both rich and famous."

Bookies Believe in Advertising

Most unperturbed by all the inveighing against gambling are the bookmakers and pool promoters themselves. Cheek by jowl with government posters in streets, subways and streetcars, pleading for more work, more national saving and less spending, are the blatant five-color streamers and stoppers of the greyhound tracks and the gambling barons. "Rocky never owes!" "Come to Wembley—the Ascot of Greyhound Racing!" "Pope's Pools—The Hallmark of Security!"

To increase his prestige with John Bull, Gambler, one well-known London pool promoter, whose offices are situated within a stone's throw of St. Paul's Cathedral, recently published a benevolent and unblushing article entitled How to Win at the Pools, which reads like a column of advice to the lovelorn.

"Choose the coupon or pool that suits you best," he advises, "and stick to it. Never mind what the other fellow has won. It's what *you* win that matters."

As a demonstration of his fellow-feeling for pool-ites, he declares that he would far sooner see ten ordinary men and women win £5,000 pounds each than one man win £50,000, and he cautions his readers against such things. "It is a fatal weakness to leap at what may seem to be an obvious result. If the seemingly obvious results always ran true to apparent form, the lure of the pools would soon disappear."

In spite of the lure of the pools, the ponies and the dogs for John Bull, the antigambling faction in Britain has made a good point in recent months by concentrating its fire on the hitherto unchecked diversion of man power and materials to the gambling industry. As a result of their clamor, the supply of paper and office equipment to the pool promoters and bookmakers has now been cut to the barest minimums, and the Minister of Labor, under the new Control of Manpower Act, is presently working out plans for a reduction of their personnel.

A Gesture of Co-operation

One of the biggest of the provincial soccer-pool organizations recently took cognizance of the pressing man-power problem in England by announcing their wholehearted willingness to co-operate with the government. In a great fanfare of publicity they piously announced that 500 of their girls were now engaged in the manufacture of steel kitchenware for export. A little investigation disclosed the fact that the pool promoters themselves were the owners of the factory.

"When England's on its feet again," one of the girls is reported to have said, "we'll leave the pots and pans and go back to the pools."

Made aware by constant questioning in the House of the enormous amount of untapped gambling money in circulation, the government finally decided to tax it, thus putting the seal of respectability on an industry which the churches have called "nonproductive, antisocial and morally indefensible."

Starting in January, 1948, both greyhound racing and the football pools are now taxed on a pay-as-you-go basis which is expected to yield something like £30,000,000 annually. Horse racing will not be taxed—first, because so much of the betting is of the illegal street-corner and factory-gate variety and cannot be properly supervised, and second, because most of the totalizator profits, it is said, are put back into the breeding and training of thoroughbreds.

There was a good deal of speculation in England on the possible extent and restrictive powers of the tax before it was made known. Members of the National Greyhound Racing Society and the Football Pool Promoters Association were prepared for the possibility that their business might be cut in half by prohibitive taxation.

In one pub where it was being discussed, a few of the drinkers were trying to analyze the mental processes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was to announce his decision on gambling that afternoon. Pretty soon one of the drinkers was ready to back his opinion with money.

In a few minutes a pool was made up and the prize money handed over for safekeeping to the barmaid.

"Gives it a bit of excitement if you put some money on it," said one—a statement with which everyone agreed.

THE END

UNFAIR TO THE SEX

A woman's bitterly maligned,
Unjustly on the spot,
For the ease with which she'll change a mind
She hasn't even got.

—Ethel Jacobson

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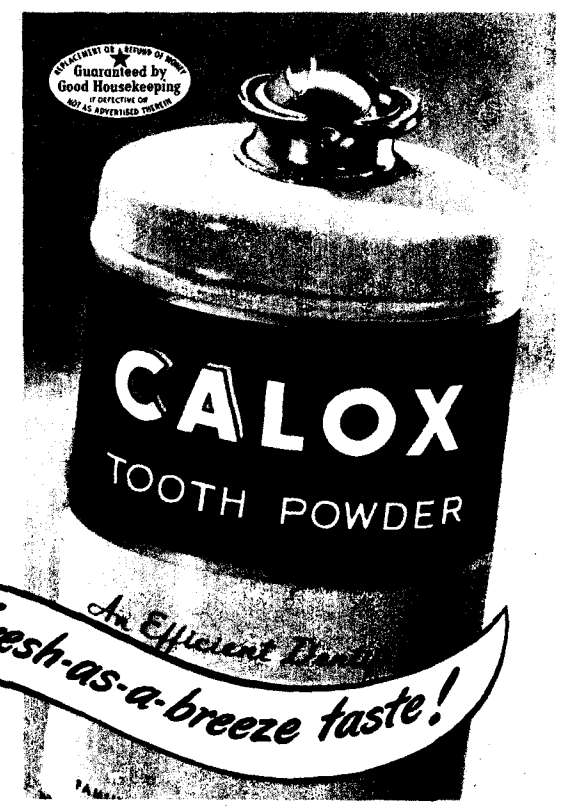

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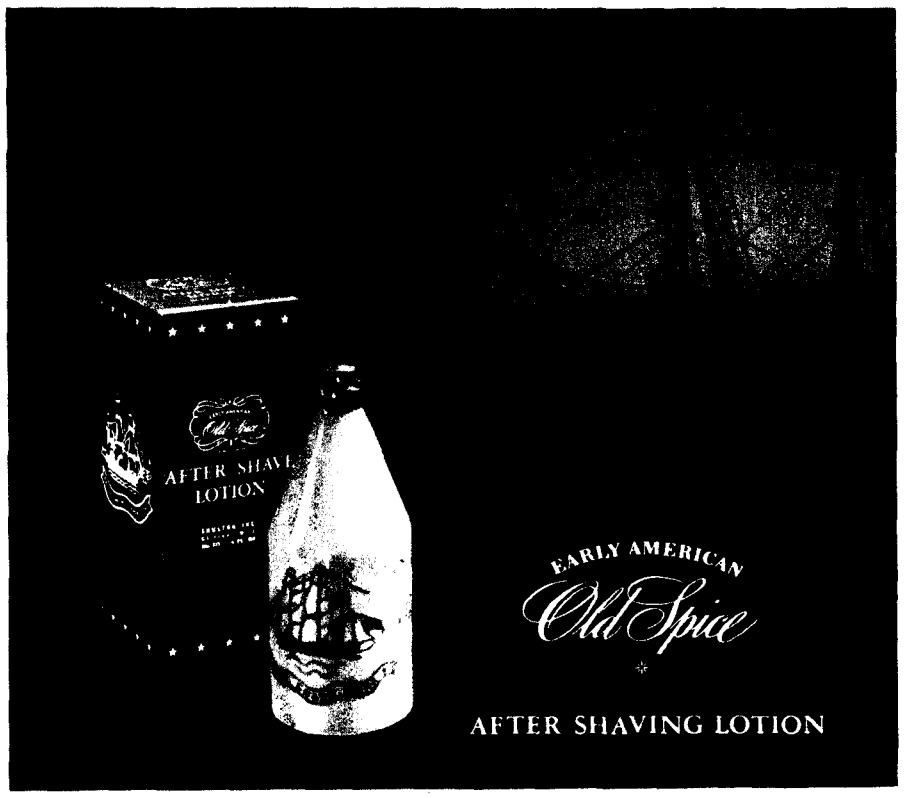

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SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, New York

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLIVVER FLIERS

Continued from page 28

Maybe we're just a couple of hicks but we've never traveled with the upper echelons, as it were. The mayor of Podunk is a celebrity to us. Often as not, our welcoming committees would be nothing more than the grease monkeys at the airfield, customs officials and a stray dog. We didn't get medals from monarchs or interviews from prime ministers, but somebody's chamber of commerce did make us honorary members, ordinary people helped us along everywhere, and we thought it was great stuff.

Eating curry with our fingers in the marble halls of the maharaja's palace was a piece out of The Arabian Nights. His Highness wore a salmon silk polo shirt, chocolate-colored slacks and sandals. After the meal we all went to a big bathroom, gorgeous as a ballroom, and washed our hands.

Machine Guns at a Premium

"Too bad," the maharaja said, "that you couldn't have brought a light machine gun along. You could have gotten $20,000 for it here. There's a shortage of arms to cope with the riots."

We carried no arms, not even a pistol; international regulations forbade it.

Between Allahabad and Rangoon, monsoons threatened and we put down at a Burmese place called Akyab, to play it safe. There was no hotel and we spent the night with two Catholic missionaries. One of them, Father Donovan, who had recently returned from leave in the U.S., broke open one of their precious cans of bully beef in our honor, a bottle of orange pop and some gin. He apologized for not opening their pantry prize, a 12-pound tin of ham, but we couldn't possibly have eaten it all and the rest would have quickly spoiled in the jungle weather. According to local superstition there, if you hear a lizard croak five times or more, it's good luck. George counted seven croaks from one during the night and Cliff heard another broadcast nine.

We needed the luck the next day. We had head winds all the way. It felt as if the little planes were nosing against stretched sheets of rubber, and when we finally skinned through a thunderstorm and made Rangoon, the visibility was only an eighth of a mile.

Bangkok, except for its majestic pagodas, looks much like a modern American city until you get to the plumbing. In a dazzling hotel we took baths out of wooden buckets. George remembers Bangkok because we had arranged to leave before dawn for Hanoï, Indo-China. From midnight until four, every hour on the hour, a Siamese boy woke him to ask when we wanted to get up.

At Hanoï, the American consul warned us to land nowhere in China without definite and specific clearance in advance because of the alleged danger of "incidents" in out-of-the-way territory. So we headed for Hong Kong, expecting to make it in one hop from that city to Shanghai, where we knew our credentials would be okay.

Going from Dhahren to Hong Kong we flew every day in the hope that when we reached the island we would be only two days away from Japan and the final preparations for the fateful, worrisome flight out to the Aleutians. Typhoon weather stretched the two days to two weeks and our bank roll began to give out. An oil man named Barney Farrier came to our rescue and took us in at Hong Kong. Food wasn't a problem except in figuring how not to overeat at a round of Chinese banquets given us by Barney and his friends. Shark-fin soup, we were surprised to find, was delicious and so were those old eggs that have been buried for 100 years or whatever it is.

Our routine with the weatherman at the Hong Kong airport developed into a farce. Every morning we'd call him and each time he would argue with himself. We named him Typhoon Tommy.

"Yes," he would begin, "I believe you cawn make it today. You'll have head winds, of course, 10 to 15 knots. But up the coast, it looks a bit thick. H'm. Winds there may be 30 to 40 knots, you know. Not too good, actually. On second thought, today is quite impossible. Now tomorrow, perhaps . . ."

So we'd swear and crawl back into bed. It wasn't until October 5th that we cleared Hong Kong. In the first four hours we made just 300 miles. And the next two only 100. That meant we were bucking 50- to 60-mile gales head on. It actually seemed as if the junks in the China Sea below were passing us up. We debated over our voice radios as to whether to turn back. But we'd sworn from the start never to do that except as a very necessary last resort. In the end we decided to make for Amoy.

We didn't know what we'd run into on the ground, how the field was or what our reception would be, and we were nervous as the devil. George went in first and buzzed the place. "Do they look friendly?" Cliff called.

"I can't tell," George came back, "but they're coming out on bicycles and I'm going to land." That seemed to snap the tension. We could picture bandits attacking us on foot or in automobiles but it didn't seem likely they'd be fighting us from bicycles.

Meanwhile we had become hours overdue at Shanghai, our announced destination. The word was flashed that we were lost and a search was organized.

How a Prayer Was Answered

As soon after we landed as we could we telegraphed Shanghai from Amoy. But it took 10 hours for the message to arrive and in the meantime the news of our disappearance had traveled to Washington, where our wives, Doris Evans and Loa Truman, were being besieged—we found out later—by calls from the news agencies. It happened to be a Sunday and when we heard about it, the minister in Doris' church had offered a special prayer for our safety. Then before the service was over, word of our telegrams to Shanghai came through and the minister promptly offered a prayer of thanks for our deliverance.

We were soon in a jam at the Amoy airport. Nobody spoke English. Cliff has a passing acquaintance with French and knows a word or two of Mandarin but neither helped. Then a small boy burst from the crowd shouting, "I speak English! I speak English!" That was fine until it developed, almost instantly, that those three words were all he knew.

Suddenly we remembered that Jane Marilley and Kay Turner, our two managers who were running a baby-sitting, telephone-answering service in Washington and trying to get us around the world at the same time, had prepared identification documents for us. They were written in English, French, Spanish, Italian—and Chinese. We fished them out of our brief cases and went to the airport officer, who until that moment looked as if he'd never smiled or spoken for several generations. His face lighted up like a full moon. Things were rolling again.

George rode into town on a gasoline truck, which had appeared magically when we landed, to see about a place to

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sleep, and Cliff stayed behind to lash down the Cubs. The gale was mounting and it had begun to rain. There was no hangar and the planes had to be left out in the storm.

We had almost forgotten it but Farrier, our godfather in Hong Kong, was in Amoy. This was lovely. We had just $16 of the $850 worth of traveler's checks we carried when we took off from Teterboro, New Jersey, on August 9th. When we found him, Barney gave us an evil grin.

"What the hell's all this I hear about President Truman having arrived in Amoy?" he demanded.

The Magic of a Famous Name

About that time a local newspaperman cornered us and in halting English asked whether it was true about Harry Truman. The rumor was all over town, he said. So that's why the airport man had beamed! He'd caught the name "Truman" in our identification and that was enough for him. We might be nipping a gigantic welcome in the bud but we had to admit that George was not Harry.

Next day a newspaper called the Kiang

"Dearest Mom:
"Yesterday we landed here on Okinawa — but I don't want you to start worrying . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Seng Pao, determined to let its subscribers down easy, carried the following headline:

TRUMAN HAS ARRIVED AT AMOY
—An Aviator, Not the President of the United States, Overtaken by Gale and Forced to Land.

There followed a lyrical description of the way the Americans' two tiny aircraft had dropped magically out of the clouds to grace a humble city with their presence. George was referred to as the pilot of both planes and Cliff as a mere mechanic.

The typhoon that had developed kept us grounded four days. We were unable to arrange for any guard for the Cubs and we feared constantly they would be stripped or blown over and wrecked. On the third day we managed to get a dilapidated taxi to take us the eight miles to the airport, after we had got part of the way by ricksha and sampan. Barney and the Chinese gas truck driver went along. Three miles from the airport the taxi bogged down and we had to walk. Rain soaked us to the skin and a 70-mile gale tore across the land. The wind had wrenched up the stakes holding Cliff's plane and snapped the anchor rope on George's, but they were both, miraculously, upright.

Working through the afternoon and into the darkness the four of us managed to push the ships into a kind of revetment, beside the field, and tie them down. Just as we finished and were slogging back to town, the rain stopped suddenly, the wind died, and the skies began to clear.

The flight to Shanghai the next day was a breezy anticlimax but because of the publicity we had received when we were thought missing there was a big crowd at the airport. L. K. Taylor, an American businessman and a China hand for 21 years, had arranged a series of parties for us, and at one of these we met General Claire Chennault, the old Flying Tiger chief, who said he was homesick for game hunting in Louisiana.

Cliff got the shock of his life when he went to get the exit visas five days later for our flight to Japan.

"That will be $600," the Chinese clerk told him.

"What?" Cliff shouted.

"Six hundred—Chinese money," the clerk added. It was approximately six cents, American.

We touched down in Japan at Fukuoka on the island of Kyushu and fell into the hands of the U.S. Army. A couple of ex-Air Force pilots, we never thought a time would come when we'd be glad to see the Army again. We got VIPI treatment from the start. (VIPI: Very Important Persons, Indeed.) Two officers were assigned to us to think up entertainment. We found that Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead, commander of the U.S. Far Eastern Air Forces, had ordered 80-octane gas (standard for Piper Cubs) made available to us at any field in Japan upon which we might land. At almost no other place during our trip had we been able to get the proper gas. Major General Kenneth B. Wolfe, commander of the Fifth Air Force, told us when we met him that we could have anything we wanted. "Just whistle," he said.

Jap Reporters Are So Persistent

We got our first sample of the meticulous Japanese at Fukuoka. Reporters followed us everywhere except to bed and they might as well have done that. Sample routine: "What time did you retire last night? When did you arise this morning? What did you have for breakfast? Did you like it? What is your program for today? When do you leave for Tokyo? At what hour?"

In exasperation we eventually cornered one of these quiz kids and, with the help of a little Scotch, interviewed *him*. He came out with an odd assortment of information, the most startling of which was that "most Japanese knew we were beaten after Guadalcanal."

Just as we started to take off from Fukuoka, George noticed a sharp magneto drop on his instrument panel; he was losing power, badly, somewhere. It took three days of checks by Air Force mechanics to discover that the insulation on the spark-plug wires had cracked.

On October 19th, the day we went into Tokyo, we were to rendezvous over Mt. Fuji with a newsreel plane but it didn't pick us up until we were about to land. There was a huge crowd at the airport—plenty of brass.

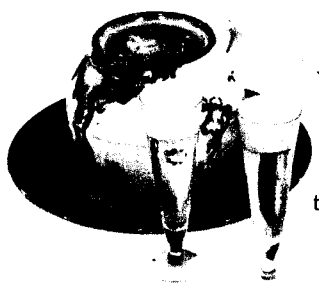
"Looks like the whole damn' town has turned out to meet us," Cliff said after we had landed.

It quickly developed that the wheels weren't there to see us at all. A Congressional delegation of some kind was getting an official farewell as it got aboard a C-54 and we'd happened along in time to nudge in on the party. When the word got around we were there, we began to receive more attention than the congressmen. We couldn't have had a better welcome if it had been planned.

We didn't see General MacArthur. The nearest we came was a glimpse of the spit-and-polish honor guard in front of his headquarters and from which our conducting officer got a polite but in-

KERLEE

Califlorida, here we come!



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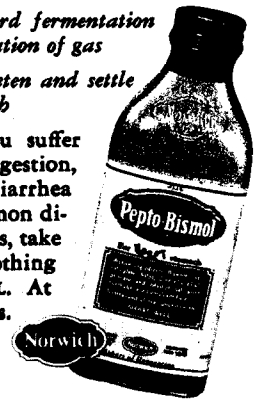

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tense reprimand for referring to them as MPs.

"Sir," a dignified corporal said, "we're not MPs. We're *guards.*"

Later Colonel Louis R. Hughes, commander of the 49th Fighter Group, told us two Flying Forts were going to take turns at escorting us across the North Pacific, from Japan to the Aleutians. After all the advance sweating we had done about that perilous stretch of the trip, we were going to get a conducted tour! Maybe it seems odd that the promised tender care didn't come as an anticlimax to our risk-taking. We might have resented it as belittling our cause but we knew no number of Forts would keep us from crashing if serious trouble should develop, anyway. In this part of the world we were the Army's responsibility. In which case it firmly chose to keep close tab on the situation rather than to spend days looking for us later if we went down alone.

Did Silence Signify Refusal?

An official request was sent to the Russians asking for permission for our landing in the Kurile Islands in case of a legitimate emergency. The Soviets were given a minute description both of the planes and our persons down, almost, to the pattern of our whiskers. The U.S. Army message then added that, whether permission were received or not, Evans and Truman *would* land in the Kuriles in an emergency. The request was never acknowledged.

However, the chances that we would have to impose upon the Russians were considerably minimized when the Army sent a crew out to open especially for us the Nemuro field in the northernmost part of Hokkaido, one of the main Japanese islands. This would cut a couple of hundred miles from our flight to Shemya in the southwest Aleutians.

We flew to Chitose field and then to Nemuro, under escort. Shemya, Chitose and Tokyo weather stations all had to agree on conditions before we were given the all clear to take off on the night of October 27th.

It was so cold and damp that we started to pick up carburetor ice as the engines turned over. We had to switch the carburetor heating apparatus on full. Somehow Cliff's stuck on "hot" but he didn't notice it until we were in the air. He couldn't get it off. This would rob the motor of some of its efficiency but we had waited so long for weather now that he elected against any further delay, although it was 1,690 miles to Shemya—via our route.

So Cliff took the lead and we had—oh, beautiful feeling—tail winds. A B-17 sporting the code name Juke Box 31 patrolled, like a faithful seeing-eye dog, up and down our course, moving miles ahead and then doubling back. It couldn't throttle down to our speed of a little more than 100 miles an hour without dangerously wasting gasoline. We rarely saw its position lights but were in constant contact over the intercom. The things we feared most were icing conditions and a sudden, unpredictable wind shift. Both were common on this route.

There's no way to equip efficiently a Cub, loaded as ours were, with de-icers. We had to be sure we were above or below ice-forming levels. A quick wind change might carry our light aircraft far off course. A cross wind that would be but a trifle to a bigger plane might throw us hundreds of miles wide of our destination, and we were not equipped with radar.

Although we were supposedly flying at a safe altitude, George soon discovered ice forming on his wing. He dropped from 4,000 feet to 500 to get rid of the ice, temporarily losing contact with Cliff and the Fortress. It took him more than an hour to get back up to 4,000 feet.

A couple of hours from Nemuro we hit a "warm front" of thick clouds. This eased our worries about ice but forced us to fly blind for six hours. The overheating carburetor checked Cliff's speed. George was therefore constantly dogging the tail of the lead ship and there was danger of collision.

"Can't you get a little more power into that damned firetrap?" George screamed impatiently once over the voice radio, hoping the FCC would pardon the informality of the language.

"The throttle is bent clear over to the fire wall right now," Cliff replied.

Then, in the middle of the cloud front, Cliff's engine sputtered and quit cold. The silence was ear-splitting. The plane lurched, like a car gone suddenly off the pavement into deep sand. Sickeningly, it dropped nearly a thousand feet.

Cliff had been using his left-wing tank. Instinctively he switched to the right tank and after agonizing seconds the engine caught hold. His left tank had simply run dry. The gauge was outside on the leading edge of the wing and in the dark and wetness he hadn't been able to read it.

The whole incident consumed little more than a minute but in that time, while he kept a hand on the controls, Cliff broke open a box of flares, cut his raft loose from an overhead strut, buckled on his life belt and seat straps, and thought of the headlines. When it was over and he was climbing again and pumping the left tank full from the reserve, he allowed himself a brief drag on a cigarette, which he doused quickly with his water bottle. It was the only smoke either of us had aloft during the whole trip.

Six hours and 45 minutes out of Nemuro, the second B-17, named Nursemaid, took over the patrol and went on with us to Shemya.

The Forts did a magical job of keeping track of the Cubs in the overcast. Rarely could they see us and the precipitation was so heavy that it completely "snowed up" their radar scopes, making it impossible to spot us in them. Nobody could tell whether they were ahead of us, behind us or to one side. They flew at a higher altitude so we weren't too worried about collision. If we'd been forced down in that stuff, Nursemaid could not have seen us. Lieutenant Claude Nelon, the pilot, and Lieutenant Bill Jones, the navigator, would have had to drop completely by guess the rescue powerboat carried under Nursemaid's belly. (The boat descends under three parachutes.)

In Sight of the Aleutians

Never did the light of day break more gloriously than it did that morning. A faint gray streak in the sky, pinking the east in almost an instant and then a golden flood of dawn. Ahead the Flying Fort sprang into view and below we could see the first dark dots of the Aleutians.

Our wives knew of our landing in Shemya almost before we did. Bert Fuller, a ham radio operator in Washington who had been following us faithfully for two months by eating supper in his radio shack, had raised a ham in Shemya and then had got Doris and Loa on the telephone. The Shemya ham broadcast the whole proceedings. Bert put his speaker next to his telephone and the girls heard everything clearly.

We had become the first to fly both major oceans in 100-horsepower planes, but the lonely island base at Shemya was no place to celebrate and we were anxious to get beyond the Aleutian archipelago with its unholy weather. Thanks to storms, it took us another week to reach Anchorage, via Adak, Cold Bay and Naknek.

When we were safely back on the mainland, Jane and Kay, our harried girl managers who had never tried to promote anything more complicated than a bridge party before this global odyssey was begun, had to make plans for our homecoming on a budget whose blood count was rapidly sinking to zero. We managed to become temporarily solvent in Anchorage when an imaginative and enormously trustful citizen named Pat Patterson cashed Cliff's check for $200. (Cliff had to radio Doris to borrow enough in Washington to cover the check and deposit it to the Evans account.) Trying earnestly to fatten our roll, George dropped $50 of it to some highly talented Royal Canadian Air Force fliers at White Horse, Yukon, in a crap game.

Los Angeles, George's adopted home town, was going to be our first principal stop in the U.S. and Jane was trying to raise enough funds to get herself out there from Washington. She got an Air Forces story assignment and talked the Air Transport Command into flying her out as a reporter. She long-distanced us promptly upon arrival and cautioned us that our return had to be as dramatic as possible if we were to capitalize on the publicity. (After all we'd been gone nearly four months. The public has a short memory.) She wouldn't settle for anything less than a nonstop flight from Alberta to Los Angeles.

Jane won the argument, but she woke up the next morning with a $56 telephone bill to worry about. Her luck began to brighten in church. There she met a schoolmate she hadn't seen for years who invited her to be a house guest, thus solving, temporarily, the problem of hotel tariffs. Another friend persuaded Jane to take a crack at a radio quiz program. Which she did, and won $120. Our reception was practically in the bag.

Spokane Offers Inducements

Meanwhile, as we made our way across Alaska and the Yukon to Edmonton, and down to Lethbridge, Alberta, we ran into a modest avalanche of letters, telegrams and even telephone calls from nearly every sizable city in the Pacific Northwest urging us to land there as our first stop on American soil. An insurance salesman, plumping for Spokane, wired:

"Whisky and women plentiful."

The promise to Jane had to be kept, and on November 26th we took off from Lethbridge for a 1,360-mile jump to Los Angeles. There are a dozen airfields in the Los Angeles area and our landing was cleared for Van Nuys. It was night when we arrived, the field was unfamiliar and it would be easy to sit down on the wrong one. So Jane got a pilot plane and sent it out to guide us in.

It was to be another two weeks, largely accounted for in weather delays, before we could bring the Cubs back to Teterboro and write an official finish to the first "100-horsepower" round-the-world flight of 25,162 miles in approximately 123 days. But to us that descent on Los Angeles, her myriad lights winking up at us through the darkness, was the symbol of success. We had made it around the world, at least from one edge of the U.S. to the other.

There was a handsome crowd at the airport. Mayor Fletcher Bowron was there. The individual who gave our hearts the biggest lift, though, was a man you've never heard of. Rhulin Thomas is his name. A linotype operator in Washington, D.C., Thomas is both deaf and dumb. George taught him to fly at the Maryland aviation school where we had in 1946 hatched the idea of trying to prove that a careful pilot could fly a "flivver plane" around the world.

Thomas had flown himself across the continent to meet us, and had nearly cracked up once en route.

"Boys," he scrawled on his little pad, after we'd shaken hands, "maybe your headlines weren't as big as Lindbergh's or Earhart's, or Wiley Post's, but an awful lot of amateur pilots in the U.S.A. are awful proud of you."

THE END

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TEACHER'S PET

Continued from page 26

grabbed him by the sleeve. "Well, come *on!*" she said, and threw the teacher a glance of sharp exasperation.

"You go ahead." He gave her a push. "I'm coming in a minute."

"Right now," Annie said.

"When I'm ready!"

"George, you know the ball and bat is put away, up there in the privy, and you're the only one that's tall enough to reach. Now come on!"

Annie pulled him out, and Ellen felt the cowardly sense of relief again. The first baseball game of the season should keep him busy for the whole period—but it didn't.

SHE was just beginning on her lunch when he came in again. He was carrying a dripping tin sirup bucket.

"I had it in the well, so it would stay nice and cool," he said. "My maw says you're bony." He dug up a pocketknife and pried off the lid. "It wasn't my idea. My maw said for me to bring it and see you drunk it."

"Drank it," Ellen said. The bucket was full of cream-yellow milk. "That was nice of your mother, but—"

"It doesn't make any difference to me," George said with elaborate unconcern. His look met hers for a moment, then wandered to the ceiling. "Anyhow—I never noticed you was bony," he said.

"You must have noticed *some* things you didn't like."

George knotted his brows and stuck his chin out. He looked very manly.

"No, ma'am," he said. His starch melted a little and he wandered to the ceiling again. "I always thought you was—just about perfect."

All right, Ellen told herself, there's the breach—now leap into it. Whatever a breach is.

"George," she said gently, "you sit down for a minute." She had to look right at him, too; this had to stick. "George, you know how old I am?"

"No, ma'am."

"Twenty-four." She let it sink in. "That's pretty old, isn't it?"

"I never even thought about it," he said, puzzled. "Why?"

"Well, practically ten years. You shouldn't—" The words dried up in her mouth. It would be different if he were heartbroken, wide-eyed and pitiful—then she could be a gentle and wise and superior lady. But he wasn't. He just sat there staring at her, frowning a little, with his chin thrust out. "George, you just shouldn't be—interested—in a woman, a very mature woman, like—"

His mouth slowly slid open.

"—like me."

He jumped up and spun around, so that his back was to her.

"Golly!" he said. The way he pronounced the word made it one of the most profane noises Ellen had ever heard. He rattled the desk with a vicious kick. "Hell!" he said. "Hell!" He fled down the aisle.

"You wait a minute, George—"

"I don't even know what you're talking about," he shouted from the door. "I'm going to play baseball!"

The door slammed behind him. . . .

It was three o'clock, just after recess, when Mr. Shaughnessy made his appearance. He didn't knock; just appeared in the door, in the middle of the eighth grade's geography lesson, and took off his hat. He was so tall his head almost scraped the top sash.

"Madam!" he said, and inclined the upper half of his body in a small bow. Ellen turned from the map and the kids jerked around as if their heads were on a single string. "I come to see about the water," he said, and ambled up the aisle. "Name's Shaughnessy. I'm with the gang."

They were cutting through a new road a half mile south of the schoolhouse; it was a new state highway, graveled and graded. Ellen had see the road gang for the last three mornings on her way to the schoolhouse; she had seen Mr. Shaughnessy too, but she didn't mention the fact.

"What about the water, Mr. Shaughnessy?"

"Well—" He shifted his hat from his right to his left hand and held it against his chest. "Don't believe I got your name, madam." Somebody in the back row giggled and Ellen scowled. Mr. Shaughnessy, after a slight pause, went on: "We wondered if we could draw water from your well. We been hauling it from the Rantoul place, but that's a mile and a half—"

"Help yourself," Ellen said.

"On behalf of my men—I'm the foreman—I thank you."

"You're entirely welcome," Ellen said, and turned to the map again. "Now this," she said, tapping with the pointer, "is Mexico. This is the capital." She

"We have a very short summer here. Last year it was on a Thursday"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

could hear the receding clump of Mr. Shaughnessy's boots on the wooden floor. "What's the name of the capital, Annie?" Annie told her. "And this part in here is Central America—and what's located here? It doesn't show on this map, but—"

"The Panama Canal," Mr. Shaughnessy said loudly. He was at the back of the room; he had replaced his hat, but he took it off again. This time they all giggled, and Mr. Shaughnessy winked elaborately at them and grinned.

"We're kind of busy," Ellen said, being every inch a lady. "If you wouldn't mind—"

"I helped build her," the tall man said.

"The Canal?"

"The ol' Big Ditch. Yes, ma'am."

THAT caught all of them. The waterway had been opened only a year before; for as long as most of them could remember the Des Moines papers that sometimes reached them had been full of it; even the Eaglehawk Leader had a piece almost every week, and Preacher Hill had preached about it—how with God's help man can even change the ebb and flow of the seven seas. And the struggle of the stalwart men who had fought the jungle and fever was a familiar subject. Even Ellen was impressed. Mr. Shaughnessy smiled modestly.

There was a moment of silence while they all regarded this superman with awe; then the questions came. George and Annie Lavicek and Ernie Hill and all the older ones, all talking at once. Mr. Shaughnessy walked back to the front of the room and laid his hat on the corner of Ellen's desk.

"I can tell you one thing," he said, lifting a hand for silence, "it's the biggest damn' ditch you ever saw." He glanced apologetically at Ellen. "Maybe I'm butting in—"

"I guess we're all interested," she said.

"The curiosity of the young, yes, ma'am," Mr. Shaughnessy said.

"How big?" Annie insisted.

Mr. Shaughnessy blinked at her. "My, you're a pretty little girl. Always did like them blondes." Annie made a face at him. "Well, it's plenty big." He thought a minute. "A hundred miles long—and practically a mile wide. It's the da— well, it took a lot of digging."

Ellen observed that he was a very neat-appearing man, considering. He had been freshly shaved and his hair was combed and his fingernails were clean. He also was wearing a necktie. He was a much tidier man than this morning, when she had passed the gang on her way to school. He was broad, with lots of shoulder and big square hands. And he was fragrant. Ellen was considerably surprised at this. Mr. Shaughnessy smelled like a flower garden.

They asked him about General Gorgas, and it seemed that he and the general were the best of friends. They asked him about the jungle, and he told them about forty-two-foot snakes and a crocodile that took three Indians at a single swallow, including their canoe. Ellen didn't know anything about snakes or crocodiles or canals, but she began to suspect that Mr. Shaughnessy stretched things. The kids didn't worry; they sat with their mouths open and their eyes wide and almost forgot to breathe.

BUT it was over the yellow fever that Mr. Shaughnessy got up a really big head of steam.

"They figured out it was mosquitoes," he said. "You know about that. Mosquitoes I guess have killed more men than bad whisky. The kind of mosquitoes they got down there don't grow anywhere else on this earth."

"You mean big?" Ernie Hill said.

"Sonny," Mr. Shaughnessy said, with a kindly smile, "down there they hunt mosquitoes with shotguns, like quail. Them creatures can cut through screen wire. Fellas that didn't get the fever got bled to death. Most villainous things I ever saw in my life, all except Oscar." He threw a glance at Ellen. "Like to tell you about Oscar, if we've got time."

"Well," Ellen said, "it's four o'clock."

"Go ahead!" the kids roared.

"Oscar was the pet mosquito of a friend of mine, fella named Ed Goldberg. He sure liked Ed; came around every night, and just made company. Never tried to bite him or anything; maybe he was lonesome. So Ed took up with him and called him Oscar. Well, Ed got the fever, and he was bad. Figured he wouldn't last the night. Right after dark ol' Oscar come around. He kept comin' and goin' all night, and you could hear him whizzin' over camp like a flying machine. I got up early the next morning and went over to see the corpse, and there was Ed, live and chipper as a bumblebee. You know what that damn' mosquito'd done, comin' and goin' all night? He'd pumped all that feverish blood out of Ed and then gone out and collected fresh to replace it. Flown all over the

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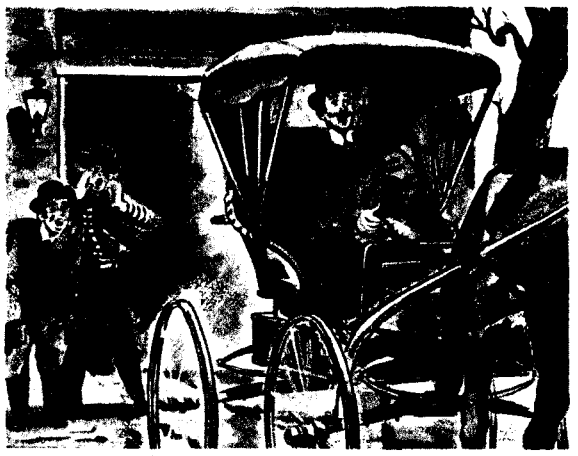
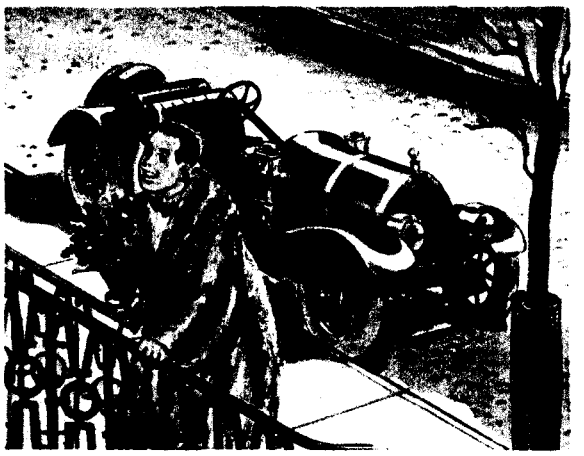
Which is your Valentine picture?



1890 **Age doesn't matter**—It's a bet your Valentine picture is here somewhere. Maybe this is it. In a hired "rig" you left for HER house, followed by cat-calls from the stable loafers. Remember? That Valentine's Day was some 32 years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



1921 **Or is this it?** You wormed into your pal's raccoon coat and borrowed your uncle's red speedster. This was in the loud and raucous twenties, around 63 years after the name Corby's became a Canadian tradition. But Valentine's Day was still a day for sentiment.

1942 **Recognize yourself** here? Perhaps "greetings" had just arrived from Uncle Sam and you were to be a G.I. soon. Valentine's Day in 1942, when Corby's had been a famed Canadian name for 84 years, is easily remembered because of the menacing rumble of war.

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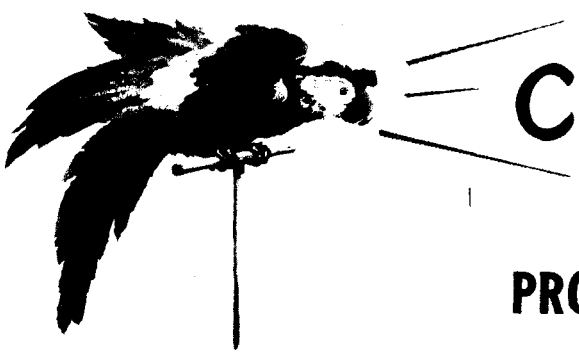

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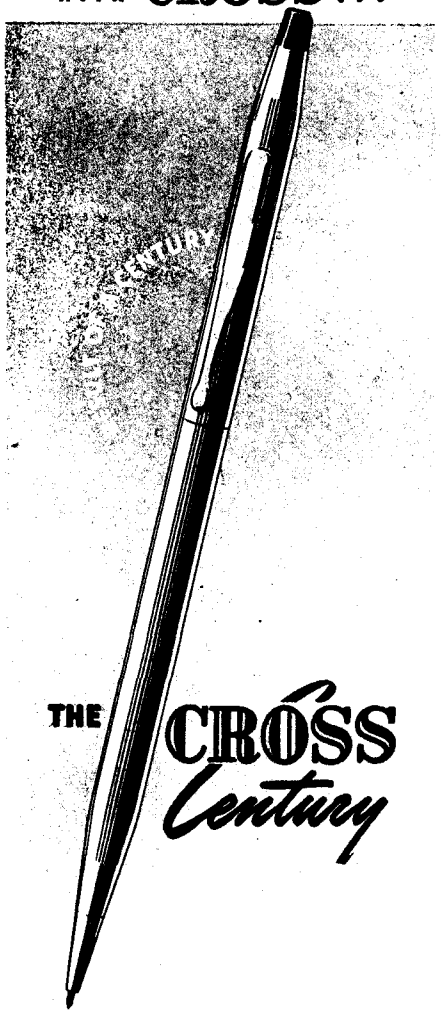

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There was a small silence.

"You mean he was well, just like that? All at once?"

"Sound as a dollar," Mr. Shaughnessy said. "Well, he did itch a little—"

Ellen stood up, very suddenly.

"It's past four. That's all."

Somebody started to protest.

"The class," Ellen said with finality, "is dismissed."

They straggled out unhappily, looking back in a plaintive way at Mr. Shaughnessy, who assured them that he would be back another day—real soon.

"That is," he said, looking at Ellen, "if I'm asked back."

ELLEN didn't say anything until the room was empty. Then: "I was wondering about that gang of yours. Some of those poor men must have died of thirst by now, practically."

Mr. Shaughnessy sighed.

"There's something I ought to tell you," he said. "I didn't come for water at all. Did bring a couple of empty buckets, but that was just for show. To be honest—I really come to get acquainted."

"All right, we're acquainted," Ellen said. "Now that's settled, I have some other things—"

"Name's Buck." Mr. Shaughnessy smiled. He had a fine smile, full of excellent teeth. "And that funny smell is lilac water. Barber put it on me, only he got too much. A little bit is fine, but not too much." He turned and spoke toward the back of the room. "Sonny, why don't you go on home?"

Ellen hadn't even realized that George was there. He didn't say anything, but he frowned hard and shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot.

"There must be a catball game someplace," Buck said. "Or something."

"Well," George said, "I got to bring in wood for tomorrow."

"You go ahead, sonny," Buck said. "I'll get the wood."

George thought hard for a minute.

"Got to clean the erasers, too."

"Judas Priest!" the big man roared. "It can wait till tomorrow, can't it?"

"I asked George to stay," Ellen said. She must have been a poor liar, because Mr. Shaughnessy lifted an eyebrow at her and grinned.

"You did?"

"Yes."

Mr. Shaughnessy picked up his hat. He put it on the back of his head and looked thoughtfully at her. Then he put his hands in his pockets and walked in long strides toward the door.

"You know," he said, when he got there, "when I took a shine to you, I figured on competition. A pretty girl like you." He scratched his head with one finger. "Only I never figured it'd be from the seventh grade."

He went down the steps. Ellen started after him indignantly.

"Now, wait a minute!"

He didn't even look around; just kept on walking. Ellen was too mad to talk. She banged the floor angrily with her heel. From the tail of her eye she saw George smiling proudly at her.

"You go home, George," she snapped. "Right now." She hurried around the end of the desk and behind the curtain that concealed her corner. George blinked in astonishment.

"Women," he said, and shrugged his shoulders. . . .

The tiny creek that ran a couple of hundred yards behind the schoolhouse had no name; people referred to it as "the draw." The little grove of willows and elms that shouldered up to it ran their roots to the water's edge. Ellen went down to the draw with her lunch the next day. She didn't exactly sneak down, but she did try to arrange it so that nobody saw her.

She had barely seated herself on the bank when George appeared. He leaned around a tree, grinned cautiously and said hello. Ellen sighed and started unwrapping the clean dish towel from around her sandwiches.

"I guess maybe you don't like baseball any more," she said.

"Oh, no; I like it fine. I said I'd be back in a minute. They're choosing up sides now. Only I wanted to see you, just for a minute."

The sunlight soaked through the trees and warmed a spot on her lap; the creek was bigger than she'd ever seen it before, and it was running fast and clear. There was a wild and yeasty smell in the air.

"Is it all right?"

"Yes, George," she said.

George had carried on his part of this conversation from the top of the bank, but now he came sliding down and stood beside her. He picked up a rock and pitched it into the water.

"He's a liar," he said loudly. "I thought you ought to know. He's practically the biggest liar in the world."

"Who?"

"That fella, that big-mouthed man. The Panama Canal is 40.7 miles long, not any hundred, like he said. It's not even half a mile across. There was a thing in the paper not two weeks ago, and I dug it up. And them mosquitoes—I got a book about insects, my dad brought it from Des Moines—it sure doesn't say anything about mosquitoes like that, nowhere. Cutting through screen wire!" George snorted. "He's a plain old out-and-out liar."

Ellen looked at him thoughtfully.

"Why'd you go to all that trouble to look it up and tell me?"

"Because," George said, "the way you looked when he . . ." His voice trailed off. "Just because. Golly, I don't see how a smart woman could like a fella that—"

"*Like* him?"

"George Engel, we're waiting on you!"

Annie Lavicek was on top of the bank, hanging onto a limb to keep from sliding down. George was annoyed.

"A-a-ah, you go ahead!" he said. "Go on, I'll be there."

Annie shook her head, her round face hard with determination.

"Can't play without you," she said. "Come on, foolish. You bat first."

"You'd better go, George." A sudden wild idea took hold of Ellen. She winked elaborately at him and said loudly, "You go get a home run—for me."

George lighted up like a lantern.

"Well," he said. "Well—"

"I don't care whether you come or not," Annie bawled suddenly. "It don't make any difference to me. You can stay there and make a fool of yourself till you rot."

ANNIE disappeared, leaving the bushes trembling behind her. "Come and watch me," George said.

"You go hit a good one, and you can tell me about it later."

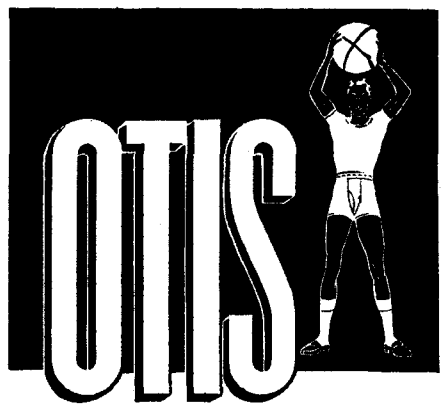
"You bet!" He went up the slope with the speed of a frightened deer.

So that's what you've come to, Ellen told herself. So now you're teasing nice little girls. That was a mean thing to do.

Only it was funny, too. It was so funny that she had to laugh out loud. She rolled over on her stomach on the blanket and laid her head on her arms and giggled. When she looked up again, she was looking at a pair of boots and the lower extremities of a gentleman's trousers. She sat up hurriedly.

"You're a liar," she said to Mr. Shaughnessy. "You're a liar about the Panama Canal. And it would be nice if you didn't come around bothering again."

"If you're going to tell a thing," Buck said, "you might as well tell it good." He glanced at the blanket. "If you'd move over, there'd be room for me to sit down. Ground's kind of damp."



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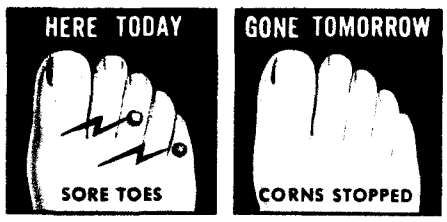

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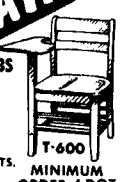

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"You're not sitting down here," Ellen said angrily.

"Then maybe you'd better stand up," he said. "Because this is the day. It feels like spring." He pushed back his hat. "On the first day it feels like spring, I always figure to kiss me a pretty woman. It's my custom. Like seeing the Number One robin."

"You what?"

He reached down and picked her up, hooking his big hands under her ribs, holding her in front of him. She had to keep herself from falling, and to do that she had to grab at his shoulders. She squealed indignantly, but not for very long, because a second later she couldn't. She kicked, though.

"I hit one, all right," a jubilant voice called from the top of the slope. "The first one he throwed up there, I—"

The voice choked off, and Ellen fought herself free. She fell down, and when she got up, George was gone. She could hear the thud of his feet on the ground. He was running.

Mr. Shaughnessy ignored all this. He looked immensely satisfied.

"Nothing personal about that," he drawled. "Just a custom. Like some people swing around a Maypole—"

She sat down on the blanket and began to cry. Mr. Shaughnessy took off his hat and, concerned, knelt beside her.

"I was just explaining—"

She cried louder and harder.

He got up. "Judas Priest!" he said.

She heard him stamping angrily away.

GEORGE wasn't in school that afternoon. He wasn't there when she arrived the next morning, and he hadn't arrived by class time. Ellen was worried, and she finally plowed through her embarrassment and asked Annie about it.

"I wouldn't know, Miss Hale," Annie said, ladylike and innocent. "Only I wouldn't worry none about it. He's not sick, or anything."

George came in a little after nine, slouching lazily through the door. He ambled up the aisle and dropped his books on his desk with a loud thump. He waved a casual hello to Ernie and slid into his seat without looking in Ellen's direction. She started to say something sharp to him—she was very stern about tardiness — but decided against it.

Finally he volunteered an explanation himself. "Slept late," he said, and yawned to demonstrate.

"What about your chores?" Ellen said.

"Done the chores, and it was only six o'clock, so I laid down for a while. Just lost track of the time."

He yawned again. Annie Lavicek held her geography book against her face and stared at Ellen, quivering with suppressed giggles. Ellen felt the red rising in her cheeks; she turned to the blackboard and picked up the pointer.

"Once more," she said.

"Three times two is six, three times three is nine, three times four is twelve," the third grade said dutifully.

For the rest of the morning George was very bored. He spent most of the time turned sidewise in his seat, looking out the window. Once he closed his eyes, as if on the verge of napping. When she threw a fast one at him during spelling, he recited letter-perfect in a flat, indolent voice. He tangled his feet around the iron legs of the desk. Sometimes he looked at the ceiling. He was almost sassy, but not quite, and after a while Ellen found that she wasn't paying any attention to him. Then she realized why: He was acting just like the other fifteen-year-old boys she'd taught at Piety Hill.

When she let them out at twelve o'clock, George went whooping toward the door with the rest of them. Then he stopped and came back. He hurried up the aisle without looking at her and picked up the black-and-bronze butterfly from the corner of her desk.

"Say," he said, "I was thinking, if you're through with this—"

"Yes," Ellen said. "It's a pretty thing."

"Well, if you're through," he said. "I guess I'll take it along."

He seemed to be in a hurry, but he stopped at a rear desk for a moment.

"You know something?" he said. "I think I was stuck on you. I guess until yesterday afternoon. Then I took a walk, and I did some heavy thinkin', and I got my eyes opened. I decided that women are fine, and it's fine to be stuck on a woman—but she's got to be worth it." He started out. "And excuse me, if that sounded nasty."

Then he said hello to somebody and dashed down the steps.

THE somebody was Buck Shaughnessy, who stopped near the door, as if he were afraid to come any farther. He took off his hat and smoothed his thick black hair with the palm of his hand.

"I come about two things," he said. "First place, I didn't intend to make you cry. Always hated to see a pretty woman cry. Second place, I got to thinking."

"Everybody seems to be doing a lot of thinking, all of a sudden," Ellen said. "What about?"

"Well—about your good name." He kicked gently at a desk with the toe of his boot. "What with that fool kid busting in yesterday, I suppose he tells his maw and she tells all the other maws and, bingo, you got trouble with the school board. I'm sure sorry about that."

"Are you?"

"Sorry that he seen us. Not that I done it. Get that straight."

Ellen got up from her desk.

"Mr. Shaughnessy, I'll thank you to let me do the worrying about my good name. I figure I can take care of myself, and it's none of your put-in."

He blinked at her.

"And George"—she smiled to herself—"I don't think he'll tell his mother, or anybody—but you had better be sorry about the way you acted yesterday."

Buck smoothed his hair again.

"Afraid not," he said. "Don't want to aggravate you, but I wouldn't want to lie."

Ellen stood and glared for a moment, then sailed down the aisle toward him.

"Mr. Shaughnessy," she said, "if a man kisses me and then says it was nothing personal, it was just because of the weather, I'm mad. And I'll stay mad!"

He backed away, startled.

"Apologize!" she said.

"All right, I apologize, only for lying. Not because I done it, but because I told you that. It was another reason altogether. Anyhow, I apologize."

Ellen wheeled around and gave him her back.

"Well, that's better," she said.

He just stood there, looking at her with his mouth half open. Finally she glanced over her shoulder.

"Well, why don't you go?" she said. "You must have *something* to do, and I've got a whole batch of papers—"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. He winked at her. Then he laughed, as if he couldn't help himself, and hurried down the steps.

"Only be back by four," she said, leaning out the door, "because somebody's got to get in some wood tonight. It may seem warm, but you need to get the chill off, March mornings."

He unhitched the black horse from the willow tree and swung himself up, and when he rode past he tipped his hat gravely to her. She watched until he trotted around the corner.

A glint of color caught her eye when she turned around. The big monarch butterfly looked alive in the square of sunshine, its fragile wings filled with the light of summer. She picked it up, turned it in her fingers and then carefully put it back where she had found it—on top of Annie Lavicek's desk.

THE END

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The fat girl is a Tibetan, the other a Nepalese. Both are nursemaids. In the background is a Tibetan Dagoba, a Buddhist monument shaped like a tomb

Mary Tenduf-la, a Tibetan woman of high birth, painted at Darjeeling

LAND OF CONTRADICTIONS

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Two old Tibetans from Ghoom. The beads are prayer beads, considered potent charms

THE plane dropped onto the airport for a perfect landing. This was India! Here I was in Delhi, with my paints and brushes, pencils and notebooks, about to begin the most fascinating assignment I'd ever had.

I'd flown almost halfway around the globe to get here, from New York, after being assigned by Collier's to cover India, Burma and China, making sketches, doing paintings, and writing.

In Delhi, someone told me about the town of Chabua, in northern Assam. Assam is a little land wedged in between Burma and Bengal in wild, mountainous eastern India. The Search and Rescue unit of the Air Transport Command was stationed in Chabua. This section is dangerous terrain for planes and many of them crashed there during the war while on the "hump run" to China. The job of the Search and Rescue people was and still is to find the missing planes and bring back the survivors —or, as happened all too frequently, collect identification tags or papers and bury the victims.

I flew to Chabua and did some pictures of the men in the Command.

I'd also been told of the Kachin Rangers, whose headquarters were in Burma, in a town named Bhamo. The Rangers were natives—Kachins—who had been trained for jungle combat by our Office of Strategic Services. I decided to have a look at them.

In Bhamo, I lived at a field hospital with some nurses in a bamboo hut. Some of the Kachins posed for me in a Burmese pagoda on the banks of the Irrawaddy. I painted them and made a sketch of the pagoda—the one reproduced here.

Then I flew to Calcutta, and from there to Darjeeling—a famous summer resort close to the border of Tibet, on the neck of India that separates Nepal from Bhutan.

The Maharaja and the Maharani of Burdwan have a summer palace at Darjeeling, and I painted their portraits. I also did one of Mrs. Tenduf-la, a Tibetan woman of high birth, and another of two nursemaids. At Ghoom, a village a few miles farther on, I did a picture of two old Tibetans. These last three pictures are shown here.

From Darjeeling—the most romantic, colorful place I've ever seen—I went to China. Then I started home, from India, on the Topa Topa, a freight boat. The trip took six weeks, the weather was awful, the gyro-compass went bad, but we hit America. It was Atlantic City instead of Jersey City, but who cared? We were back in the U.S.A., and that was all that mattered. ★★★

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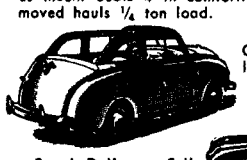

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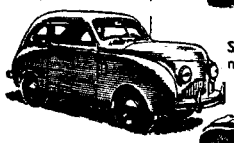

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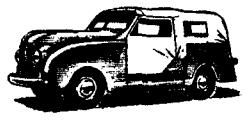

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THE OWL HOOTS TWICE

Continued from page 11

white owl whose quarters I had invaded, setting out on a night's hunting. It had dropped the body of a young rat on my head only a few nights before, and so I had a friendly feeling for the bird.

Rain had begun to patter on those parts of the roof that remained intact.

I was settling down again, hoping the downpour wouldn't reach the spot I had chosen, when I saw a faint light shining through a cranny in the wall.

Almost before I knew it I was flat on the boards, peering down.

Someone holding a flashlight was coming toward the barn.

There was no sound but that of the rain on the roof and a faint sighing from the fir trees which grew close up to the barn. Fir trees always sigh when it rains. Whoever held the light had come into the barn and was standing stock-still.

Then, came a call: "Jim!"

IT WAS Mary's voice, and Jim was the name by which she knew me. I had been in the Forester a number of times when the bar was empty, and she and I had got talking; she had the trick of making friends quickly.

I lay still. "Jim!" she called again.

I balanced the chances. She must have followed me. The bar had been closing when I left. Whatever her motive, she had cool nerves. I had to face it out.

"Hullo, there! Who is it?" I shouted.

"Mary Maguire. Did I wake you up?"

"You did. But it doesn't matter. I'll come down."

I climbed down the ladder. There was a plank there, set on trestles, which at some time had been used as a saw bench. She had put the lamp on the plank and was sitting beside it. She wore a raincoat and had a striped handkerchief tied over her hair.

I sat down beside her—and her eyes regarded me gravely. There was a depth of discernment in the gravity of her eyes that I found disturbing. There, in the dimness, I wondered why had she ventured after me. What did she suspect?

I pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered her one. She shook her head, and from under the wet coat produced a full pack. "Keep yours. They're hard to come by—and expensive."

She put a cigarette between her lips as I snapped my lighter.

"Why did you follow me, Mary?"

She blew a smoke ring. "I wanted to find out where you lived."

"Why?"

"Well"—she hesitated, her eyes searching mine—"it's a hard world the peace has brought us, and I thought I might be able to help you. Did you find anything today?"

I shook my head. "Not a thing."

"It's taking chances to employ a man except through the Labor Exchange."

"I know it is."

She regarded me in her grave way before speaking again: "Are you a deserter, Jim?" she asked softly.

Her eyes were almost eager as she waited; and I think if I could have given her an honest answer I would have been, for a moment, the happiest man in England. "Yes," I lied, and looked away.

"Oh!" It was a sigh of relief. "I thought that was what you were hiding. Whatever made you do it? Is there someone—you just had to get to?"

"No. No one. It wasn't that."

"Well, it's none of my business, and you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. But you're a stranger in these parts, and you couldn't be in a worse place just now."

"How's that?"

Her eyes searched mine again, almost fearfully. "The murder."

"What murder?"

"Surely you heard them talking about it in the bar? They talk of little else."

I conjured up what was meant to be a puzzled expression, then nodded slowly. "I remember—I did. But why should it bother *me?*"

She was watching me, intently. "The superintendent asked me, tonight, if I knew you, and where you're from."

I whistled, and silently cursed my carelessness. I could have got meals somewhere else. But I had been drawn to the Forester—and at this moment I knew it was Mary who had drawn me. Once I had found out that Stopes frequented the house, common sense should have kept me away.

"You told him you didn't know?"

"Of course. I didn't—then."

"Is—the superintendent—a particular friend of yours?"

She stared past me, dreamily shaking her head.

"Perhaps he'd like to be."

"Perhaps. But if you want to get arrested, stay here. And it won't be just a court-martial you'll be facing."

"What do you mean?"

Her eyes were fixed on me, again. "They think the man who killed old Pettigrew is still in the neighborhood."

"He's a fool if he is." I paused, doubtful if it would be wise to say more; then: "Who was old Pettigrew, anyway? I haven't been keeping up."

Mary watched me for what seemed a very long time before she started to tell me about the murder of Cyrus Pettigrew. Some of her statements were wide of the mark, and I had to guard my tongue. She never once looked at me while she related it.

Cyrus Pettigrew, she said, had lived the life of a hermit in a broken-down bungalow less than a hundred yards from the barn where we sat. He had no relatives and no friends and he had the reputation of being a miser. And, in this case, it was well deserved.

About a month before, his bungalow had been burgled during one of his rare absences. With great reluctance he had reported the matter to the police, assuring them he had no valuables in the place which could account for the burglary. And the ramshackle interior of the bungalow seemed to support his statement.

Three weeks later he was found dead in the lane beside his old push bike, and Superintendent Stopes had a job on his hands.

It was clear that old Pettigrew—he was close on seventy—had been knocked off his bicycle, for although the attack took place after dark, Pettigrew knew every foot of Quarry Lane and there was no obstruction which might have upset him. Furthermore, there had been some attempt to stanch the bleeding from a wound on his skull, as medical evidence proved.

Investigations threw more light on the mystery—but none on the identity of the murderer.

Cyrus Pettigrew distrusted banks and had a considerable fortune in notes hidden in the bungalow. Latterly, he had grown to distrust the Socialist government as well, and had begun to convert his hoard into diamonds, to purchase which he paid periodical visits to a dealer in Hatton Garden.

He had returned from such a visit on the evening of his death, coming down from London by the 6:45 train—third class—and reaching Lowerwood at 7:42. His push bike was parked at the little station, and the last man—excepting, presumably, his murderer—to see him alive was the Lowerwood stationmaster.

Further investigation disclosed that he had left the Hatton Garden dealer with four thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in his possession. Many other packets, to the value of twenty-five to thirty thousand, were found buried under the bedroom floor, together with a hoard of notes not yet converted.

WHEN his body was found—by a veterinary surgeon from Underhill who had lost his way in the dark—the diamonds were gone. Cyrus Pettigrew at this time could not have been dead more than ten minutes, the police surgeon said.

"He lay in the lane right outside this barn," Mary said, watching me fixedly.

She offered me another cigarette, but I shook my head.

I looked around me into the shadowy corners of the barn. Mary blew smoke which hung in the still air like a veil between us.

"And you knew nothing about it?" she asked.

It was hard, with her eyes on me, but I lied again. "No."

The rain was increasing, becoming a tattoo on the roof above. The sighing of the firs had risen to a whisper, so that I caught myself trying to hear what they were saying.

Mary stood up.

"Get away early in the morning." She pulled the raincoat over her shoulders. "Take my advice."

She moved to go.

"Mary—"

She half turned.

"Promise you won't say a word—about me being here."

Then she turned right around. She was holding the lamp to shine down onto the littered floor and I could barely see her eyes. But I thought there was a new expression there.

She was silent while I could have counted ten.

"All right," she said.

A shadowy shape swept past, silently,

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like a mocking phantom. The white owl's hoot echoed mournfully around the barn.

I followed Mary to where a sheet of rain curtained the doorway. And I began to wonder again.

"It's a vile night," I said.

She spoke with her back to me. "Did you ever hear a barn owl hoot twice? I mean just twice, no more."

I was puzzled. "I don't know if I ever did."

"They'd tell you, where I come from: If ever you do, look out. It means black luck—for somebody."

The light shone down onto the muddy path as she made her way out.

"Good night, Mary—and thank you."

But I heard no reply, although I stood there for a long time, listening to the firs whispering.

I passed an uneasy night. The rain stopped just as gray light began to creep in at gaps in the roof and wall. The home-coming bats had wakened me.

THERE are quarrelsome things in a man's make-up, I suppose, and few of us will take the trouble to analyze our impulses. All I know is I decided to shave off my two days' growth of beard that morning and leave the refuge of the barn. The odds against me, during the day, were high—whether I was in the barn or out of it.

Anyway, I made an attempt to spruce myself up a bit. I noted, from a spy hole I had discovered, certain activity in Pettigrew's bungalow along the lane. I believe a constable was still kept on duty there. But no one came into the barn.

Leaving the barn by way of some loose boards on the side away from the bungalow, I headed for the stile; it was around ten o'clock. I knew I was mad—but I was going to the Forester again. It was a dull, damp morning, and the mud came over my shoes as I crossed the orchard to the farther stile.

Once in the cubbyhole—a tiny bar with only one high-backed wooden bench, wedged in beside the more exclusive saloon—I felt temporarily secure. It smelled of beer and stale tobacco. Service was through a hatch. The hatch open, all that went on in the saloon could be heard easily enough.

When I rapped, Mary opened the hatch.

"Good morning," I said.

She stared at me very hard. There was no smile, no welcome in her eyes.

"So you didn't take my advice," was all she replied.

She set a tankard in front of me, swept the coins off into a till and turned aside impassively as someone came into the next room.

"Good morning, sir," I heard. "We don't often see you so early."

"No," said a man's deep voice, "I picked up a friend at the station. We're driving home—and it's a damp morning."

I knew the voice. Edward Larkin was an Underhill town councilor. When Mary had served their whiskies, I hoped she'd come back and talk to me. But she didn't.

"This is a tricky job, Larkin." I didn't recognize the other voice. "In fact, I hardly know where to begin. As a brother accountant, what's your own opinion?"

Someone struck a match.

"Well, Martin, frankly we fear he's been dipping pretty freely into funds raised for charity. He drinks hard, he's separated from his wife, and he runs another woman over in Minsted. Apart from which"—the councilor dropped his voice—"he has his eye on—" Larkin paused.

"H'm. Good-looking girl," said the other speculatively.

"He never misses one. Of course, he's a good-looking fellow, himself, and smart, too. But—"

"Suppose—I only say suppose—I find a serious deficit? Shall you give him time to make it good?"

"It wouldn't rest with me. But he'd certainly have to resign. In many ways, the higher-ups aren't satisfied with the way things are run in this neighborhood. Take the murder along in Quarry Lane, for instance. Whoever did it must have known the old man's habits."

"Have the police no clues?"

I suppose Mr. Larkin shook his head, for the man called Martin went on: "If the locals are stuck, I should have thought it was a matter for Scotland Yard."

"So should I."

There was a pause.

"To come back to my job, Larkin—am I to regard it as a confidential audit?"

"As much as possible, Martin. No scandal, if it can be avoided."

There came a sudden silence, and I heard someone else walk into the saloon. Mary reappeared. I could just see her, through the hatch, where she stood. She smiled at the new arrival, and I thought a faint blush came to her cheeks. When he spoke, I knew.

"Top o' the mornin', Mary!" came a genial voice, but the Irish brogue was a poor imitation. "Why, Mr. Larkin!" the new voice exclaimed. "This is a pleasant surprise, sir."

"Good morning, Super," Mr. Larkin replied. "Meet a friend of mine, Mr. Martin Aloys. Martin—Police Superintendent Stopes."

I heard murmured greetings.

"I'm on my way to Quarry Lane, Mr. Larkin, and I just looked in to say how d'you do to Mary. I'm not satisfied with the way the inquiry is going. You will join me in a drink, gentlemen?"

Mary, with her back to me, stood at the till writing something. Now, she came across, whisked my tankard away and dropped a scrap of paper on the ledge.

She was leaning over the adjoining bar, smiling at Stopes and waiting for his order, when I picked the paper up.

It said: *Get out. Quick.*

The words gave me a queer thrill. I went. And I went in a hurry. One false move, now, and I was lost.

From what I knew of his habits, what with Mary being there, I didn't expect the superintendent to leave the Forester in time to reach the lane ahead of me, although I had seen his car outside the inn.

I WAS right. I got back into the barn without sighting a soul, after I left the highroad and climbed the orchard stile. I wasted no time, though, getting inside. But I didn't forget to look carefully before I went in. Nothing was disturbed.

Up in the loft, I gave a deep sigh of relief. Every time I left it, even for an hour, I took tremendous chances—but I had to eat.

To get a view of the bungalow, through my spy hole, it was necessary to stand on a rafter and peer through a gap in the roof. It was tiring, for I could only support myself by holding on with both hands. But I stood there until I saw the superintendent drive up to the bungalow.

As a rule, a police sergeant drove his car. But Stopes was alone this morning.

I watched him go in. Then I lay down, with my eyes glued to the crack in the floor, waiting. If he came to the barn, he must hear no movement above. I got into as comfortable a position as I could.

There I waited. A sudden rustling broke the silence—and a huge rat crossed the floor below, halting for a moment by the bench where I had sat with Mary.

The minutes passed, and nothing happened. I don't know how long I had lain there when I heard the sound of an engine starting.

I got back on the rafter in what would have been good going for a squirrel.

The superintendent was driving away.

I don't think any day before had ever seemed so long as that day. I had nothing to eat, and no chance to get anything.

And thoughts of Mary haunted me until they became an obsession.

Shouldn't I have taken her into my

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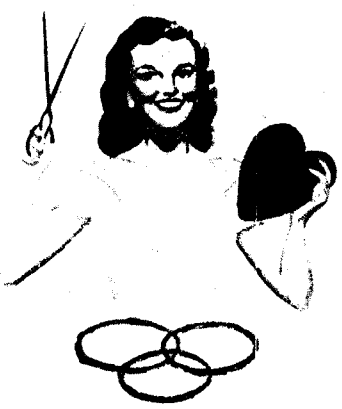

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confidence when she invited me? The facts, as I could have put them, would have changed the complexion of the matter. Why hadn't I trusted my instincts, which had prompted me to make a clean breast of it? I had been a blind fool.

As a result, she thought the worst of me, and I couldn't blame her.

About noon it grew very dark, and rain began to fall again. It went on steadily all through the afternoon, and only once was the lane disturbed by a footstep. A wild hope—that Mary was coming to look for me—died almost as soon as it was born.

In the first place, the footsteps were coming from the wrong direction. In the second place, they were slow and shambling.

A RAGGED object, a real tramp of the old school with a shapeless bundle swung on his back, pulled up just outside the door of the barn and stood there looking in, moisture trickling from the brim of a crazy felt hat.

I knew he was considering the idea of spending the night there, and I knew that at whatever cost, he must be kept out. I had too much at stake to be squeamish. But as if the dark, cavernous interior of the place had cast a chill on his spirits, he turned and shambled off down the lane.

From then to dusk no one came near the barn.

Rain ceased about nightfall. I was terribly hungry and hopelessly depressed. Lack of food was bringing on a sort of drowsiness, and I began to wonder if I should be able to keep awake. I clenched my teeth. Tonight, I *must* keep awake.

It was, roughly, at eight o'clock that I was disturbed again. As I heard those quiet, purposeful steps drawing quickly nearer, I jumped to my lookout in the floor of the loft and settled down to watch.

At the door of the barn the footsteps stopped. I knew that the man (the steps were those of a man) was standing there listening. I relaxed every muscle, breathing slowly.

He moved a little left of the entrance, shining the ray of a flashlight ahead of him. I saw him kneel down at the base of a fir tree which stood like a sentinel before the door—and I knew what he was looking for.

Less than a minute he stayed there, then got up and came into the barn.

He swept his light around the barn's interior. When he directed it upward, I closed my eyes—stopped breathing. When I opened them again the beam of light was once more directed downward. The man was bending down in the far, right-hand corner, scooping out ancient rubbish piled against the brickwork foundation.

I inhaled one deep breath. He was going to open the secret cache!

I saw him remove two or three bricks from their places and put his hand into the gap. He pulled something out and slipped it in his pocket. He pulled out something else and dropped it on the pile of rubbish beside him. Then, into the hole he thrust a coil of thin wire.

He paused. He seemed to be listening again.

I knew that the wire, which had been stretched across the lane just before old Pettigrew came along, was only intended to pitch him off his bicycle. It did. And the fall killed him. There was medical evidence to show that an attempt had been made to stanch the wound on his head.

Interrupted by the unforeseen arrival of a car, the man responsible for the killing had only time to grab the wire away from the road and run into the near-by barn. But the thin strand had broken as Pettigrew crashed. Part of it remained fastened to a tree—a clue never discovered by the local police.

Now, I had seen the fragment of wire being untied from the base of the fir tree, the stained handkerchief and the packet of diamonds Pettigrew had carried being taken out of their hiding place.

The game was nearly up. I watched more tensely than ever.

Satisfied that nothing stirred, the man in the barn below put the loose bricks back and replaced the rubbish. He wrapped the handkerchief in a piece of newspaper which he had with him and put the bundle in his pocket.

I could have told him it was useless as evidence—stained with the blood of a dead rat. The handkerchief that had been actually used to stanch Pettigrew's blood lay safe in my knapsack. Stamped on it were incriminating laundry marks.

Just as he had finished what he had to do, the man below me sprang suddenly upright and snapped out his light.

The white owl, circling outside, and disturbed by an unfamiliar light, had hooted—twice.

AT THE door of the Forester I checked for a moment, to get my breath. I had had nothing to eat all day, and it had been a test of endurance to sprint across the muddy orchard and so to the high-road. But I had all my possessions with me, and my knapsack on my back.

I inhaled deeply, clenched my teeth, and opened the door.

There were only three customers in the saloon. One, a local farmer, I knew by sight; another, standing bolt upright in a corner, I recognized as a sergeant of the Underhill police who lived hard by; and the third was Superintendent Stopes. His car stood outside. Both the police officers wore plain clothes.

There was no one behind the bar.

I rapped on the counter.

"A double Scotch and soda, please."

Maguire, who had been reading an evening paper in his armchair over by the window, gave me an unwelcoming glance but stood up to serve me. He still had his back to the bar when the superintendent spoke. "I think I have seen you before," he said.

I turned and looked at him. He was a good figure of a man in his well-cut tweed suit, and except that he was rather puffy under his brown eyes, his features were good, too, a touch of gray in the crisp dark hair adding distinction to his looks.

"It's possible."

"It's certain—and I shall be glad if you will show me your identity card, and any other papers you may have."

In a mirror across the saloon I could see Maguire, the bottle of whisky in his hand, staring open-mouthed. The police sergeant put his tankard on a table and took a step forward.

"Before I do that, Superintendent, I should like a word with you."

And, as I spoke, Mary came in. I saw her through the mirror and glanced back.

WHEN our glances met, she flushed hotly, then grew white as marble. Her eyes seemed to be alight as she looked from me to the superintendent. I turned away. If my heart had jumped when I got her note that morning, it sang now.

"Make it snappy. I'm waiting," Superintendent Stopes said.

"I should prefer it to be private—if you and the sergeant, there, would step outside for a minute."

Two blue eyes were fixed on me through the mirror. The superintendent and the sergeant exchanged looks.

"It concerns the death of Cyrus Pettigrew," I added.

Superintendent Stopes' expression changed as if a wet sponge had been swept over a painted face. He stared at me; I knew what he was going to say.

"Stand by here, Sergeant. I'll talk to this man, alone."

"I prefer the sergeant to be present."

The farmer looked riveted to his chair. Maguire still had the bottle gripped in his hand as though he'd been hypnotized.

There was nothing else for it. The three of us went outside. It seemed very dark, after the lighted saloon.

"The man who killed Pettigrew," I said, "was in financial difficulty. That was the motive. He must have tried, many times, to get alone to the spot, recover the diamonds and remove the evidence. But, for one in his position, it wasn't easy. He managed it tonight, though."

In a dead silence I swung my knapsack from my shoulder.

"The wire used in the crime is still in the old barn where the criminal hid it—and where I found it more than a week ago. There may be fingerprints. The packet of diamonds is in his pocket."

I opened the knapsack.

"You asked me for my identity card. Here it is. Sergeant, will you take it?"

I gave the card to the police sergeant and snapped on my flashlight to let him read it. What he read was:

Detective Inspector Jas. Yeoward
Criminal Investigation Department
New Scotland Yard, S.W.I.

"It's a painful duty, Superintendent Stopes, to arrest a senior officer. But I have to charge you with the murder of Cyrus Pettigrew on the night of the nineteenth of October. I warn you that anything you may say. . . ."

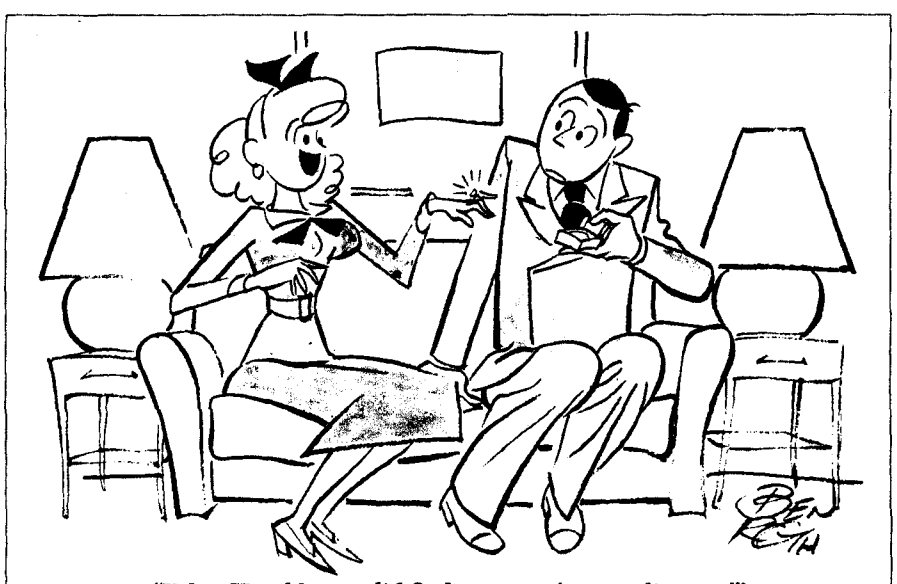
WHEN I got back to the Forester from Underhill police station (I was in a hurry and I came in a patrol car) the bar was just closing.

But Mary was waiting.

She whispered, "Jim, how could you do it to me? Didn't you trust me? Oh, I'll never forgive you—"

It's lucky that women don't always mean what they say.

THE END



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MR. LINCOLN'S BEARD

Continued from page 34

me very bold to write to such a great man as you are. Have you any little girls about as large as I am if so give them my love and tell her to write to me if you cannot answer this letter. I have got 4 brothers and part of them will vote for you any way and if you will let your whiskers grow I will try and get the rest of them to vote for you; you would look a great deal better for your face is so thin. All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President. My father is going to vote for you to and if I was a man I would vote for you to but I will try and get everyone to vote for you that I can I think that rail fence around your picture makes it look very pretty I have got a little baby sister she is nine weeks old and is just as cunning as can be. When you direct your letter direct it to Grace Bedell, Westfield Chatauqua County New York. I must not write any more answer this letter right off. Good bye.

Grace Bedell

Beards and mustaches were worn by many men in the fifties and early sixties, but most men of fashion were clean-shaven in this era. Abe Lincoln, like his father, Robert Lincoln, had never worn a beard or mustache.

Grace Bedell's letter made him think seriously for the first time of "raising whiskers." He was also touched by the little girl's concern, as is shown in his answering letter:

Springfield, Illinois
October 19, 1860

Miss Grace Bedell:

My dear little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now!

Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln

Apparently Lincoln decided to brave the criticism, for very shortly thereafter he began to sprout whiskers. An item in the Evansville Daily Journal appearing on December 27, 1860, comments on the subject as follows:

"They say that Old Abe is raising a pair of whiskers. Some individual of the cockney persuasion remarked that he was aputtin' on (h) airs."

A caption under a picture appearing in the New York Herald referred to "his new whiskers looking as if not yet naturalized." On January 26, 1861, a photograph of Lincoln taken by C. S. Germon, a Springfield photographer, shows a much heavier beard. A later photograph taken by the same photographer indicated that by the time he left Springfield for Washington he had quite a full beard.

The Little Girl in the Crowd

Lincoln did not forget the little girl. In February, 1861, when he made his famous trip from Springfield to Washington for the inauguration, his special train moved into Westfield. A large crowd awaited him, as it did at every stop. Her fair hair freshly braided, wearing her best pinafore and clutching a bunch of flowers, Grace had been at the station since early that morning. As the crowd grew larger she had been pushed farther and farther back. She heard Lincoln speak, but there were too many grownups in front for her to see whether her hero was wearing whiskers.

As Lincoln finished his greetings he called out in the informal manner that endeared him to the masses, "I have a correspondent here and if she is present I would like to see her."

No one came forward.

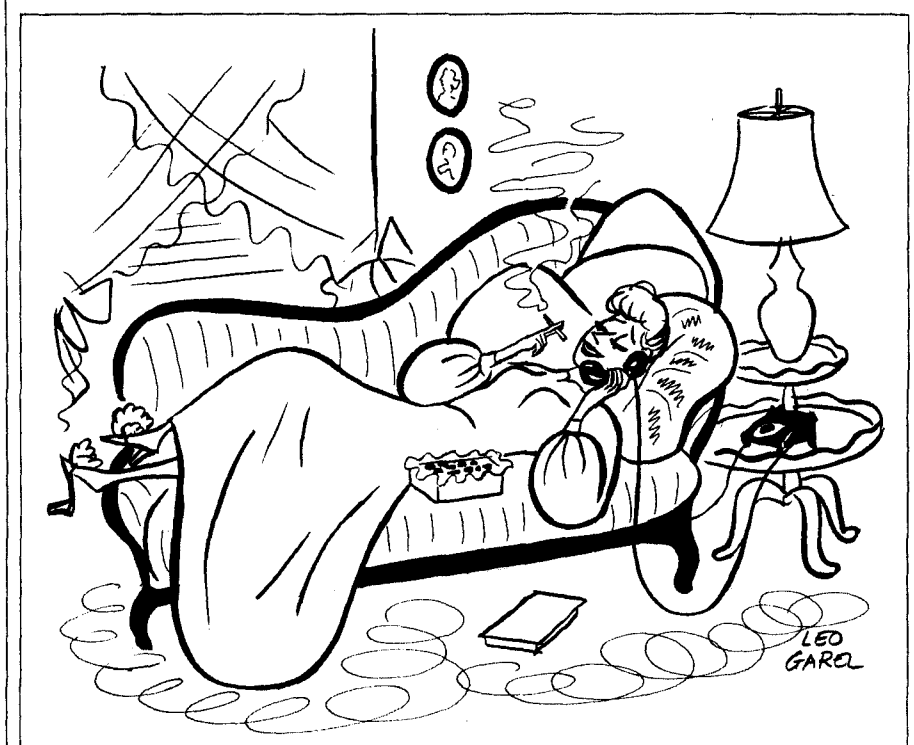
"Who is it? Give us her name!" came from the crowd.

"Her name is Grace Bedell. She wrote to me that she thought I would be better-looking if I wore whiskers."

Amid laughter Grace was led and carried toward the platform. The President stepped off the platform and shook the small girl's hand. Then he kissed her. "You see," he said, indicating his beard, "I let these whiskers grow for you, Grace."

Grace Bedell, who later became Mrs. George N. Billings of Delphos, Kansas, remembered all her life how surprised and embarrassed she had been by the President's unexpected conduct.

"I ran home as fast as I could, dodging in and out of horses and buggies and



COLLIER'S "My dear, I've never been so excited" LEO GAREL

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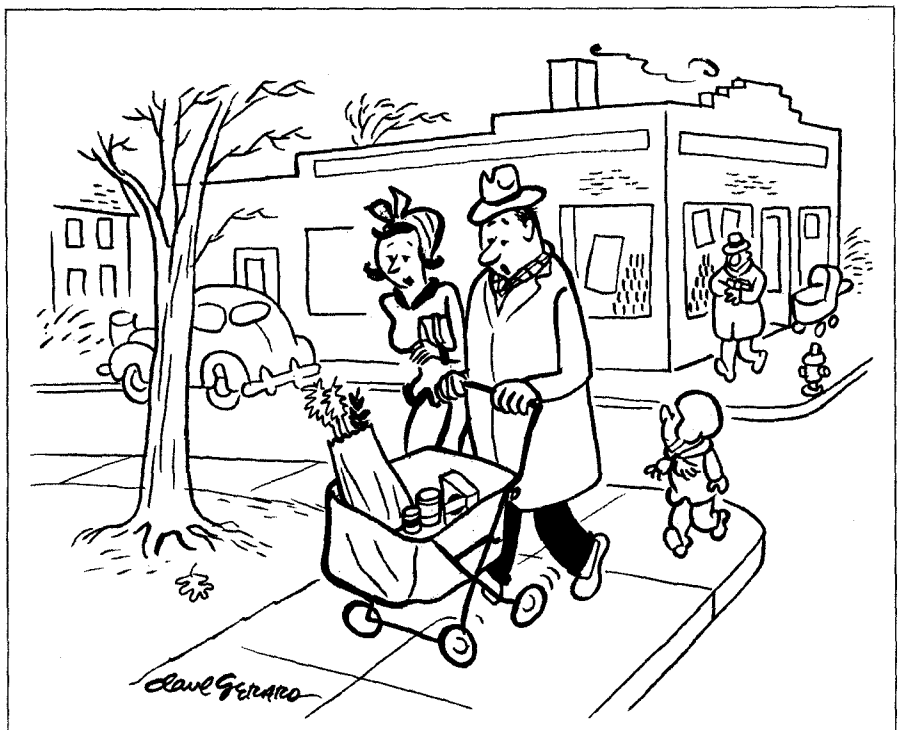


"Hard to believe that $5 worth of groceries used to make this buggy creak!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

once crawling under a wagon," she recalled later. "Such was my confusion that I completely forgot the bouquet of roses that I was going to give the great man to whom I had offered such rare advice. And when I arrived home I had the stems, all that remained of the bouquet, still tightly clutched in my hand."

The press made much of the incident. The New York Tribune headlined, "Old Abe Kissed by Pretty Girl" and the St. Louis Republican declared jokingly, "If kissing pretty girls is a Presidential privilege, Mrs. Lincoln, who knows her rights and knowing dares maintain them, ought to insist on a veto power for herself." There were no flash bulbs in those days to preserve the kiss for posterity.

The historic portrait showing Lincoln beardless is little known to the public. The painting was bought from the artist's studio in 1861 by Edson Bradley, Sr. Few collectors knew of its existence and it was thought lost.

In 1936 it was exhibited for the first time, by Mrs. Herbert Shipman, Mr. Bradley's granddaughter, at the Life and Time of Abraham Lincoln exhibition in New York.

Put up for auction in 1940, the painting was purchased for $11,000, the highest price ever paid for a Lincoln portrait. It will eventually go to the Metropolitan Museum.

Accompanying the portrait is a manuscript letter written by the artist, January 23, 1879, in which Mr. Hicks gives an account of the sittings.

Artist Describes the Sittings

"When I stood in the presence of a tall, gaunt man, with a pleasant expression on his well-marked features and had a genial, hearty handshake from his long, swinging arm, I saw that in my subject there was plenty of character with which to make a desirable likeness. . . . He asked me if I wanted a particular kind of light for my work. There was a very suitable light in his office and it was quickly arranged that I should do my work there. In an hour I had the easel up and had commenced the first sitting. Mr. Lincoln was already taking an interest in the work; and, at the conclusion of the sitting during which I had made the usual charcoal sketch, looking at it he said, 'I see the likeness, sir.'

"I found that Mr. Lincoln's temper was even, his voice mild and persuasive, and that the habit of his mind was to advise, rather than to rebuke. Mr. Lincoln was often silent and thoughtful, but he never wore a frown, and I loved him from my first day with him."

Mr. Hicks recalled that Lincoln, who had given up his practice that he might be free to campaign, had many visitors daily, most of them from the Northern and Western states. Lincoln, said Hicks, cracked jokes and told stories with a hundred men during the week he was there.

"Many of them were strangers who came to pay their respects to him and others came to re-establish old friendships or to strengthen new ones; but all were delighted to listen to his quaint remarks and humorous stories.

"The Democratic State Convention was in session the week I was in Springfield. After the daily adjournments the delegates used to come in squads of ten or twenty to pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and the odd thing about these calls was that, in shaking hands with him, they invariably addressed him as Mr. President."

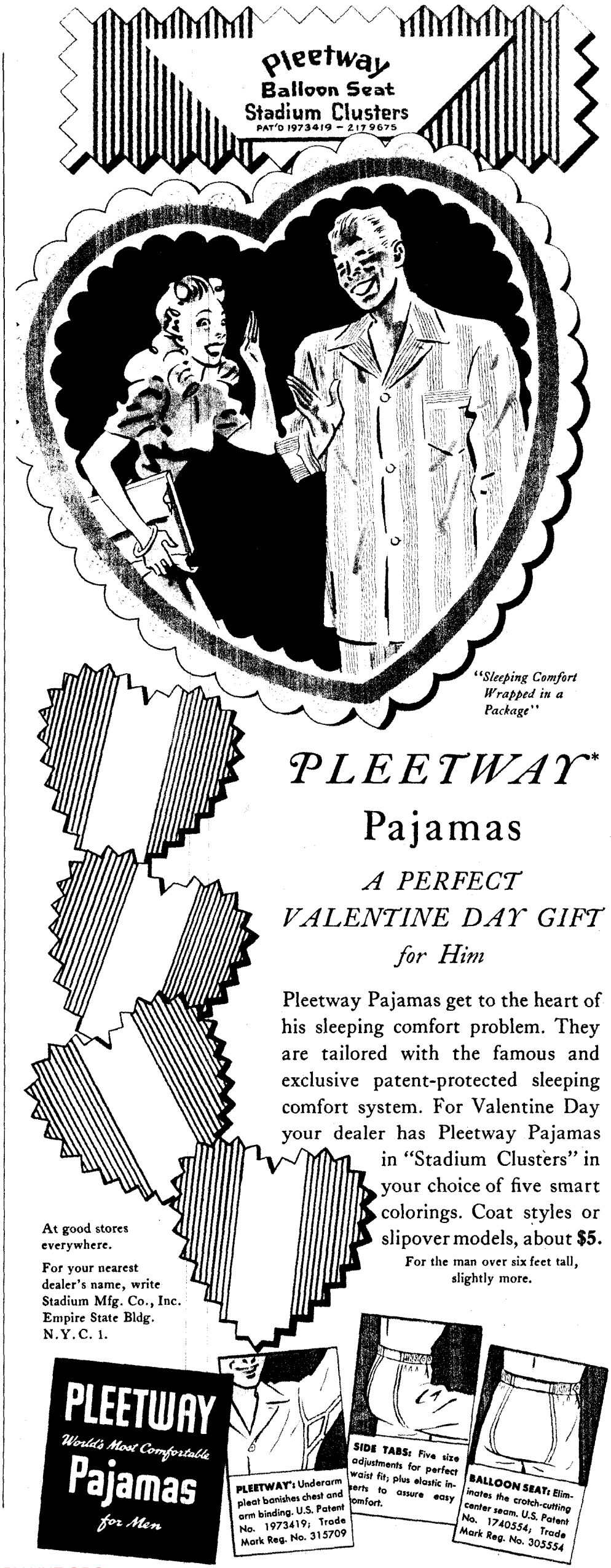
The portrait was finished on June 13th. Mr. Lincoln was pleased with the result. He remarked with customary candor: "It will give the people of the East a correct idea how I look at home, and in fact, how I look in my office. I think the picture has a somewhat pleasanter expression than I usually have, but that, perhaps, is not an objection."

Mrs. Lincoln did not agree that the picture flattered in any way. She was to come to the office to see the finished work, but on the day appointed it rained. Mr. Hicks took the portrait to her house. Describing the scene, Mr. Hicks said: "The portrait was carried to the drawing room where I put it in a proper light to be seen and placed a chair for Mrs. Lincoln. Sitting down before it she said, 'Yes, that is Mr. Lincoln. It is exactly like him, and his friends in New York will see him as he looks here at home. How I wish I could keep it, or have a copy of it!' "

The next time the artist saw President Lincoln was three years later. The War between the States was being bitterly fought and the President was weighted down with many burdens. Mr. Hicks, writing of the great changes that had taken place in the appearance of Mr. Lincoln, said:

"When I saw him in Washington the elements which I had studied in our intercourse at Springfield, and others, newly developed, were so broadened and sharpened by the great events of the time, both of success and disaster, that he seemed almost transfigured by the change."

THE END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HENRY WALLACE

REPUBLICANS will err if they think that Henry Wallace has relieved them of any responsibility to nominate the wisest and ablest candidate they can find. A strong tide is running against Henry. He can't do as much harm as he imagined to President Truman. He can't give Republicans such license as the party enjoyed in 1920 to nominate a Warren Gamaliel Harding of Marion, Ohio, or any other weak politician.

It is a very good thing, for the country first, and the Republicans second, that no such irresponsible freedom exists. What the Republicans did in 1920 explained much that the New Dealers did from 1933 onward. The violent political swings from black Republicanism to pink Democracy are not so good for our common country. Collier's hopes we can do better this time.

This year's Presidential race can be won and lost either by Republicans or Democrats. Two years ago the Republican turn seemed to have come, but President Truman has recovered friends that seemed to have been alienated in 1946. He can win more. Republican overconfidence can be a Democrat aid. We speak not as a partisan; Collier's endorses no candidates.

In retrospect, what Henry Wallace said is essentially what William Jennings Bryan said in 1916. But with a difference. Wallace like Bryan is for peace and plenty. Who isn't? Wallace like Bryan is a Middle Western product, but Wallace unlike Bryan follows the Communist line. In fact the Communist party provides his only important organized support. It is not enough.

Wallace is now against scarcity economics which, as Secretary of Agriculture, he invented. Henry was the official to advocate the killing of little pigs and the plowing under of growing crops to produce scarcity. Wallace is for aid to Europe but against the Marshall Plan on the thoroughly false assertion that the Marshall Plan is hostile to Russia. He adopts the Russian argument as completely as though it had been submitted to Moscow approval.

That is not persuasive enough for American voters. When the men's clothing unions and the automobile workers came out against the Wallace candidacy, the most effective union support for a third party was lost. Russia is not making it easy for the floating American voters to vote the Russian line. Henry Wallace's third party won't have the support or the respectability of the senior Robert La Follette's effort. La Follette, incidentally, did not defeat the Republican ticket as he hoped to do.

It is too bad to see Henry Wallace disintegrate, but that is his doing. His folly and confusion won't, however, excuse the blunders of any other politicians. He hasn't defeated President Truman, or made the nomination of Governor Dewey impossible, or made the nomination of Senator Bricker or any complacent smoothie possible. He has merely said his piece, and the country will be hearing from other wiser and more responsible citizens.

●

WHY NOT TALK SHOP? One of the favorite thou-shalt-nots among the multitude of people who write books or newspaper columns telling other folks how to be charming and interesting is: Don't talk shop. A businessman should never, never mention his own business, but should try to discourse on art, literature, music, etc.; a doctor should keep his mouth shut about medicine and be voluble on sports or the drama or politics; and so on.

We dissent, please. Some of the most horrific bores we've ever met were people who followed the don't-talk-shop prescription. Some of our most interesting friends and acquaintances talk about virtually nothing but their own activities and the things that go on in their daily lives.

A working newspaperman, for one illustration, is usually at his best when he tells of the comic, tragic or mysterious things he runs across on his job. Any kind of scientist is likely to be fascinating when he discusses what he knows intimately—and likely to be a conversational flop on other topics.

Lawyers, teachers, politicians, real-estate people, dress designers or sellers, ministers, salesmen—all of these lead inherently interesting lives, and their shoptalk is virtually sure to be interesting in consequence. The same goes, for that matter, for truck drivers, apartment-building superintendents, doormen, cops, caddies, waiters, barbers and stenographers.

We're holding no brief for the I-I-I guy who talks about himself, instead of reporting his adventures in this interesting world. But we are asserting that good, impersonal, objective shoptalk makes good conversation which can find plenty of listeners. Why not give it a try, the next time you're stuck for something to say? (Or, in a real pinch, why not just shut up for a spell?)

●

GOOD NEWS ON LYNCHING: A few years after the Civil War, a half dozen or so determined and courageous Virginians, including a college president and a newspaper editor, got together and decided to combat the lynching of Negroes, then a popular custom throughout the South. They stuck by their resolve, and swung their weight against lynching in every way they could think of. From that time to this, the State of Virginia has been virtually free of this particular crime against morals and human decency, not to mention the law.

We were reminded of the episode when we read the record of U.S. lynchings in 1947, as compiled early in 1948 by Tuskegee Institute, famous Negro college.

There was only one indisputable lynching in the United States last year—the infamous beating to death of colored Willie Earle by a mob of taxi drivers at Greenville, South Carolina, followed by their equally infamous acquittal at the hands of a jury of persons who were clearly the killers' peers.

The most encouraging feature of the Tuskegee report was this: In 1947, there were 39 incidents which might have degenerated into lynchings but were kept from doing so by bold, resolute and conscientious public officials who, in one way or another, defeated the mobs' purposes and saved the potential victims' lives.

It was not ever thus. Time was, and not so long ago, when sheriffs, jailers, etc., in most of the Southern states knew that to lift a finger against a lynch mob was to endanger their own lives, physical or political.

Nowadays, more and more of the substantial and influential people in traditional lynch areas are frowning publicly on this old custom, denouncing it, throwing their weight against it in every practicable way—just as that handful of Virginians did long ago. As a result, public officials' backbones are stiffening and justice is being better and better served.

In our opinion, this is the only method whereby the lynch-law barbarity ever can be sponged completely off the American scene. Attempted compulsion from outside—a federal antilynching statute, for example—might easily retard rather than hasten the cleansing. Here is a heartfelt salute to the lynch-area people who are working this improvement from the inside and from the grass roots; and may their tribe increase.

ANY WEEK

ONLY one communication appears in this column this week. The reason will at once be apparent. We are publishing it in spite of the fact that we shall doubtless be bothered by the F.B.I. which has been investigating the disappearance of this letter from the White House where it vanished as mysteriously as the anti-inflation bill.

Washington Square, New York City
1 January, 1948

My Friend:

I have just seen your picture in the newspaper. You look unhappy. You have just arrived at the White House from Illinois where you had nothing to worry about except what Colonel Bertie McCormick might at a whim decide to do with the country. Now you are in Washington where doubtless you will begin to worry on a much broader scale. As a veteran of a number of years at the White House, I would advise you not to worry at all. After all, you may not be in Washington very long—not more, perhaps, than another year. And at your age you should be able to bear up under a mere twelve months if so it be. But should you be unable to cheer up, think of me, my friend.

All you will have to worry about—you and your new boss—are items like the national debt, where the money is coming from, where it is going to, political radicals and getting yourselves elected to a Presidential term you can call your own. We—my boss and I—worried about none of these things. We had Henry Morgenthau to worry about the debt and so long as he did not worry about it in our presence we didn't mind. As for where the money was coming from we just couldn't be bothered.

Radicals? My friend, the place was crimson with them. Wonderful people—revamped Populists, ideological heirs of William J. Bryan, eccentric economists, mixed Marxists, loose Leninists and tough Trotskyites and a great assortment of Bright Unbuttoned Boys whose only fear was that they'd be caught thinking today what they had thought yesterday thus falling behind the parade. As for getting ourselves re-elected, my dear Feller, we never gave it a second thought. We just ran. We ran so fast over the opposition that people seemed almost ashamed to vote for the other fellow.

So I advise you to cheer up. I, too, had to listen to a great deal of singing in the White House. Scarcely a day passed that some brain truster didn't sing on some other brain truster. And as for piano playing—my friend, you may already be tired of the Missouri Waltz, but having heard Harry Hopkins for years pegging out Happy Days Are Here Again with one finger, I may assure you that, as Jim Farley used to say, you don't know from nothing.

You are surrounded by men who are relatively colorless. These days you may sleep almost anywhere in the White House without interruption. I was forced to snatch what rest I got under beds. Twenty-four hours a day college professors on their way out were striding through the White House halls shouting defiance and colliding with bright young students, whom they had flunked, who were coming in shouting new revolutionary shibboleths.

Feller, my friend, cheer up. When hereafter you find yourself on the verge of a worry think of me. When I arrived at the White House we had the job of ripping the world apart and giving it the New Look. All you and your new boss have to do is to make something useful out of what's left, and aside from a few Communists who have to do something to hold on to their jobs, I think—yes, I know—that you won't have too much trouble. Feed them, my young friend, feed them. Not with the old political hamburger that I got so tired of, but beef, Feller, beef. That's all for now, my friend. Just take it easy. You'll last longer.

Doggedly yours,
FALA

COLLIER'S

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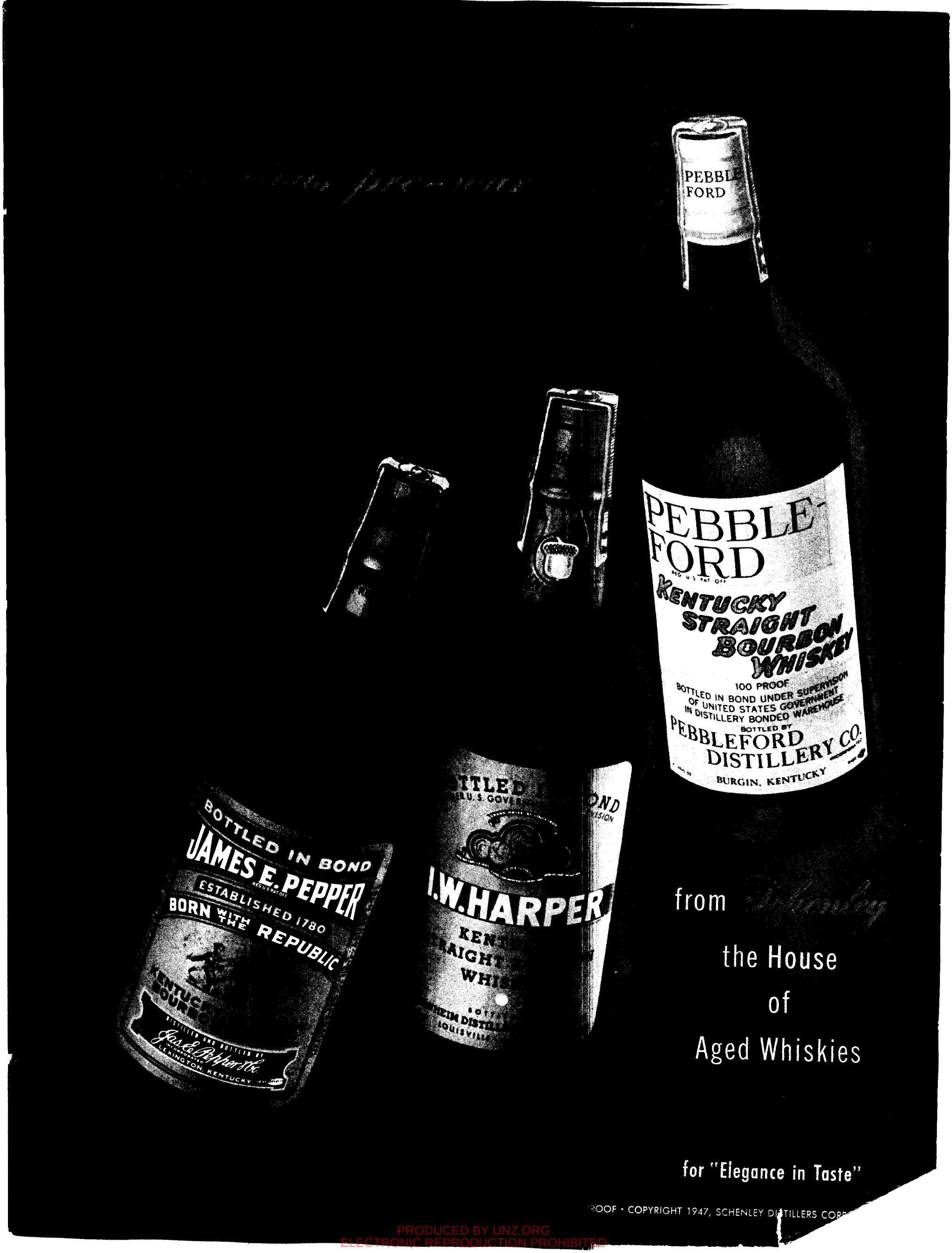

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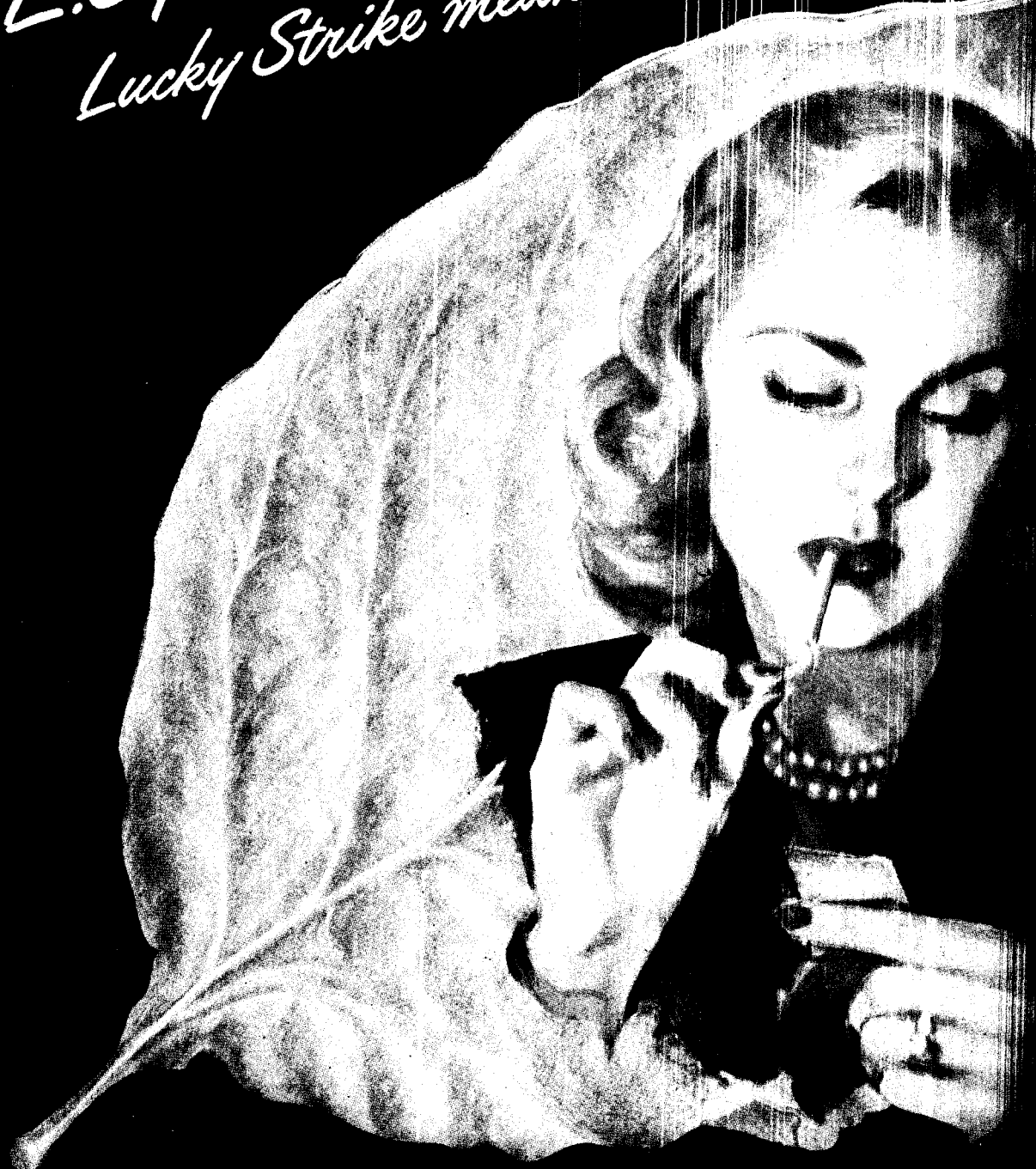

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